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Who's High



Our July roster of contributors is as talented and accomplished a bunch as has ever fit between two covers. Come meet some of them.

"Trying to keep up with Bill Lee is mentally and physically self-defeating," says writer **Ken Kelley**. "His mind is as fast as his fastball." Kelley's last big journalistic coup was the interview he did with Anita Bryant for *Playboy*. "That piece got more mail than anything they had published up to then. She didn't like me..." Kelley lusts for a shot at Billy Graham: "I know I could penetrate the farce he represents, go after his spiritual entrails with my psychic spear."

Legal toker **Bob Randall**, 32, first went to D.C. when fresh out of college with an M.A. in speech rhetoric. He drove a cab for a while, and in 1972 his glaucoma was diagnosed. It was while teaching speech at Prince George's Community College that he was busted for growing his own medicine; see page 42 for the rest of the story. Randall is confident in his mission to free the weed for medical use. "I'm gonna resolve this issue, no doubt about it." And when that occurs, "I'd like to go to Hawaii and resume teaching. They have some good vegetation there."

Tuli Kupferberg in his own words: "Ex-Fug, poet extraordinaire, semi-genius, semi-nihilist, semi-god, führer of the revolting theater, now working on four unacceptable books: *Die Laughing*, *Radical Humor*, *Listen to the Mockingbird* and a full-length version of 'I'm Glad I Didn't Say That.' Hopes to live to the age of 30." Three acceptable books of Tuli's (with coauthor Sylvia Topp) are *As They Were* and *As They Were Too*, collections of celebrity baby pictures, and *First Glimpse*, a compendium of the early works of well-known writers.

Longtime readers should be familiar with **Craig Pyes**, a former *HIGH TIMES* editor who interviewed Rip Torn for this issue. Pyes founded the revolutionary though short-lived dope mag *Sundance* back in the early '70s. His specialty is Latin American affairs (see "Tequila" in our December '78 issue and "U.S. Torture in Mexican Prisons," January '79), and he's the only reporter we know who was sprayed with paraquat while photographing federal helicopters from a field of opium poppies.

Toxicology editor **Dean Latimer** has affixed the ONCOLOGY sign from his "Marijuana Rx" ad to his office door. "I know it looks like a bummer," he admits, "but the fact is, grass has been shown to have definite antineoplastic—tumor-reducing—properties. So as long as you're only smoking it to avert or reduce tumors, you can self-medicate all you like in here."

British playwright **Heathcote Williams** first got turned on to Kirlian photography when a friend constructed a special camera for capturing the auric images. "I started fiddling around with it and have been electrocuting myself ever since." Williams's stage credits include *Hancock's Last Half Hour*, *The Immortalist* (an interview with a 278-year-old man) and *AC/DC*, which premiered to rave reviews last year in New York's Chelsea Theater. He also penned "Why'd You Do It?" for Marianne Faithfull's recent LP, *Broken English*.

Michael Antonoff's "Opinion" on paraphernalia legislation is the most recent manifestation of his interest in the protection of civil liberties. Previously he has spoken out in the *New York Times*, *More* magazine and *Moneysworth*, on the last of which he served as associate editor for three years. When not pontificating in print, Antonoff can be found prowling about town with his super-8, making films and stepping on exotic substances in the street.

This month's "Sex" column on the scandal-ridden origins of the confessional is the dirty work of San Franciscan **Margo St. James**, whose "Legitimized Prostitution Prevents Rape" made waves (tidal variety) in our August '79 issue. Margo founded COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) back in 1973 as an advocacy group for hookers' rights, and she produced the media-grabbing *Hookers Bail* annually for five years thereafter. At 43, Margo is a grandmother, accomplished marathon runner (she's raced up Pike's Peak twice) and licensed private eye. Her film about the world's oldest profession, *Hard Work*, won first prize at the American Film Festival in 1978, and ABC is preparing her life story for a televised treatment this fall. She sums up her philosophy with the motto "Ignorance is no excuse for a law." □



Kelley

Randall

Kupferberg

St. James

Photos by Tom Reffig, J.-L. Affan/Sygnia, Harry Pincus, Katy Raadtat



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36 INTERVIEW: BILL LEE by Ken Kelley

Once upon a time, Yogi Berra hawking Yoo-hoo was about as controversial as a baseball player got. Then came the revolution, free agents, soaring salaries, ballooning personalities. Bill Lee is one of the new breed. The star pitcher for the Montreal Expos admits to smoking pot ("It forces me to get going"), blows the whistle on blow ("Some ballplayers grind it up with Cheerios for breakfast") and drops a few names (baseball commish Bowie Kuhn, Buckminster Fuller, Linda Ronstadt) with an informed, articulate viewpoint that is as stimulating as extra innings on a cool summer's eve.

42 MR. RANDALL GOES TO WASHINGTON by Robert Randall

And by the time he left, glaucoma patient Randall had become the first person to be legally allowed to smoke government-grown marijuana for therapeutic purposes. But it wasn't easy. First came a bust for growing his own (the prosecuting attorney noted there is "no constitutional right to eyesight") and a tough court battle. Then Randall took up the cause for the 4 million other Americans with glaucoma as well as chemotherapy patients, some of whom are literally dying for pot. Randall is more than a landmark court case—he's a remarkable human being who cares, and this is his story.



48 I'M GLAD I DIDN'T SAY THAT by Tuli Kupferberg

But we're glad they did. Or else we'd have four more pages to fill instead of this delightful compendium of notorious gaffes, misjudgments and asinine aphorisms that put their authors to eternal shame.

52 CULTURE HERO: RIP TORN by Craig Pyes

Back in the '50s Elia Kazan called him "another Brando," but within a decade this gifted actor was virtually blacklisted from the screen for daring to organize strikes by performers, speaking out against the Vietnam War and refusing to compromise with the Hollywood establishment. Now Rip Torn is back, fresh from artistic triumphs in roles ranging from Richard Nixon in the TV miniseries *Blind Ambition* to Howard Hughes in Sam Shepard's play *Seduced*, and he's got the last laugh on them all.

55 CENTERFOLD: MARIJUANA Rx

Madison Avenue, by way of the folks who manufacture pharmaceuticals, finally discovers marijuana! Here's an ad we'd really like to see.



59 THE HIGH TIMES SECOND ANNUAL POT AWARDS by "R."

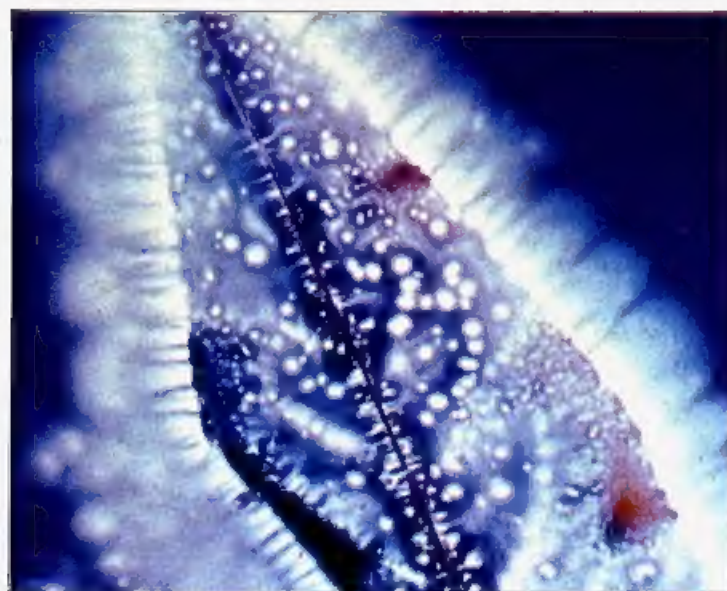
Our favorite pot taster bestows the coveted "Herbie" upon the cream of the crop. New this year are two categories for the year's worsts: Think of them as consolation prizes—consolation if you bought in, that is. The envelope, please...

Last month, if you looked real close at the Mick Jagger cover, you may have seen our logo, real tiny. Circulation went bananas: "Don't fuck with the logo, guys! We'll go broke!" So this month we go anxiously to the perpetrator of that very Jagger cover and explain carefully that though Bill Lee is a giant among men and sports, could he please run our normal logo with the rest of the cover? And so this month, if you looked real close, plunged down in the lower right-hand corner under tons of type and acres of lonely white space you may have seen Bill Lee.



63 KIRLIAN PHOTOGRAPHY by Heathcote Williams

You don't have to live near a nuclear reactor to glow—in fact, we're all clothed in a bioplasmic bodysuit that gives off energy all the time. For years enterprising experimenters have toiled to preserve this emission of energy on film, and thus was created the canon of Kirlian photography that we explore here. By the way, can auras say "cheese"?



68 HIGH INTERIORS by Eleanore Kennedy

Much has been written about the way pyramids enhance the aroma, flavor, freshness and intensity of objects that are kept within them. Imagine what wonders you could perform with your bedroom inside of one!

71 COMIX E Pluribus Pinhead— The Zippy Campaign, Part 5 Chicken Gutz



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Opinion

THOSE MOTHERS ARE TRAMPLING ADULT RIGHTS



ton people in the business of "drug paraphernalia" to answer for their "crimes." A Senate subcommittee held similar hearings two weeks later.

While penalties for personal pot possession have mainly been decriminalized, a whole new form of proscription is erupting around its accoutrements. The law is so lopsided that in places like Brookings, Oregon (the first state to decriminalize), if a person is carrying up to an ounce of marijuana and a packet of Zig-Zags, he can be fined for the pot but jailed for the paper.

The laws become even more absurd when a mirror is deemed perfectly legal until the word cocaine is imprinted. An alligator clip sold in an electronics store is fine until it is attached to a plastic marijuana leaf and thereby, according to the model law, becomes an illegal "roach clip." Obviously in these cases, argue the lawmakers, the intent has been given away. They don't seem to care that the most basic of American institutions—free speech—has been swept away.

The problem with laws directed against intentions is that what is really being legislated against are thoughts. In such a climate, the word cocaine has been substituted for communism; the witch-hunt is "Who does drugs in high places?"; the interrogators begin, "Are you or have you ever been a rolling papers-carrying member of the counterculture?" Drug laws, as always, are a potent political weapon.

A new kind of McCarthyism has surfaced in which a scale manufacturer issues a blacklist of dealers its distributors should avoid because they allegedly sell to "head shops." A Long Island, New York, newspaper asks readers to send in the names of stores that sell drug devices so it can "print the list for all to see."

The new book burner is Rep. Henry Hyde, an Illinois Republican, who said in the select committee that if he had known a booklet put out by the National Institute on Drug Abuse had cited NORML as a source of information about pot, "I would have burned them."

The New Right has in the last two years successfully shifted the public spotlight away from decriminalization to the plea of "save our children." No one wants children smoking pot, but to scapegoat by stigmatizing legitimate business makes as much sense as banning swizzle sticks to prevent alcoholism.

In Atlanta, where paraphernalia prohibition is the most militant, a score of stores have been wiped out. Loads of goods sit stacked behind bars. According to a retailer, police transferred from the homicide and robbery divisions to conduct the seizures confided to shopkeepers as they handcuffed them that it was the only way to get "those mothers" off their backs.

They carry signs and harass politicians. They circulate petitions. Their guerrilla theater occurs in shopping malls. They know how to commandeer the attention of the media. They're not in this to win friends. They're resigned to the possibility that another generation may hate them for what they are trying to change. They organize in PTA committees.

Mothers for a straight America have become the activists of the '80s while those of us who were the ones doing the marching a decade ago sit on our butts. While Atlanta burns, we roll another one and yawn.

Where are the millions of adult consumers? Some have stocked up. The vast majority don't seem to care that a right they have taken for granted is being taken away. They can always go back to pipes made out of aluminum foil and toilet-roll cardboard. People don't need paraphernalia to get high.

On the island of Jamaica, where cigarette paper is virtually unobtainable, users roll their herb in torn brown bags. The smoke and their lungs are blackened. In the United States during the 1920s, cost-conscious consumers conserved smoke under a paper bag. Are people ready to pull a bag over their heads again? It seems they already have. If the generation to whom pot was the symbol of causes shared does not wake up, it may soon discover that 1984 has arrived four years early.

Michael Antonoff

—Michael Antonoff

Editor of Accessories Digest, formerly Paraphernalia Digest.

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STROUP REPLIES TO "THE DRUG STOPS HERE"

This is in response to the article by Frank Browning entitled "The Drug Stops Here:



The Story Behind the White House Dope Policy" (HIGH TIMES, April '80). For the record, I was not "an informer" on Peter Bourne, nor did I "decide to call the Post" to report Dr. Bourne's purported cocaine use, as Mr. Browning alleges. My actual role in that affair will be analyzed in detail by writer Patrick Anderson in a book to be published later this year by Viking Press. I believe that an individual's private use of drugs is a matter that should remain private, and that other than in exceptional cases, such as where the drug use interferes with the performance of one's professional responsibilities, it should not be used as a basis to penalize anyone. Since I have been smoking marijuana for over ten years, I would not like to return to an environment best described by Harvard's Dr. Lester Grinspoon as "psychopharmacologic McCarthyism."

The struggle for power in Washington, D.C., is sometimes unattractive up close. Certainly the Bourne incident would meet that definition. Nonetheless, it would be more accurate to view that incident as a series of misjudgments involving sometimes difficult interactions between real people with real emotions, rather than as some evil conspiracy. Decisions made in the heat of battle are not as easy nor as obvious as are those made with the advantage of dispassionate hindsight.

At NORML we were sorely disappointed in the dismal record of the Carter administration concerning drug policy. We had thought that Jimmy Carter understood that otherwise law-abiding citizens who choose to smoke marijuana privately should not be treated like criminals. We were justifiably upset that he was willing to poison with paraquat the estimated 40 million of

us in the United States who do smoke marijuana. And we also expected that marijuana would be made readily available to those who need it for the treatment of glaucoma, the side effects of cancer and other ailments. We were wrong. There has been some progress regarding the therapeutic application of marijuana, but it has occurred despite the Carter administration, rather than because of it. And as to those of us who use marijuana recreationally, we were better off before Carter came to power. —R. Keith Stroup, Washington, D.C.

'SHROOMERS TAKE NOTE

In your item "Psychedelic 'Shrooms Legal in Canada" ("Highwitness News," March '80), a photo of *Amanita muscaria* is incorrectly captioned as being a natural source of psilocybin. *Amanita muscaria* is of interest to some because of its hallucinogenic agents, ibotenic acid, muscimole and bufotenine, but it can be quite dangerous in overdoses and can lead to serious mushroom poisoning. Watch those captions, people! —Warren Benfield, Thompson Falls, Mont.

Sorry about that. Somebody here evidently got hypnotized by those big, red, white-speckled *amanita* caps. See, when the psi-



locybin is very new and small, like the above, it tends to look like a miniature *amanita*. Soon the cap opens and turns brown, ready to get you high. However, since in the wild they tend to grow on the same cow patties as identical-looking poisonous 'shrooms, we don't recommend trying to gather them on the basis of a photograph. Better to get a kit and grow your own. —Ed.

WILL ROGERS SAID THAT

I note with distress an increasing shift to the right in the country's mood. All concerned marijuana smokers must bombard their legislators with letters as never before. After all, if pro is the opposite of con, then wouldn't that make progress the opposite of Congress? —J.R.R., Dade City, Fla.

THE THAI THAT BINDS

It's hats off to the Thais for supplying the Philippines with these tasty, tantalizing sticks. These bricks were successfully



smuggled into Okinawa, much to the delight of my GI buddies stuck on the "Rock." I'd gladly give it all up to be back in northern California puffin' that sweet sinsemilla like my fellow Sonoma County stoners. Alas, for the time being I'm just another GI staying high in the PI. —D. Henna, Republic of the Philippines

ZAPPED ON ZAPPA

Thanks for the great interview with Frank Zappa (HIGH TIMES, March '80). He is truly down to earth, and more people should show more respect for such an accomplished musician. My only disagreement with him is on his own description of his style of music as being "ugly," appealing only to those who get off on freaks. I would call Zappa one of the few realists in rock. So many others are into making a fantasy world with their music, whereas Zappa's sounds come from where we all are, the real world. —J. Galbreath, San Francisco, Ca.

CORRECTIONS

Due to a production error, HIGH TIMES science editor Dean Latimer's byline was omitted from the sidebar "Hydroponics: Science Fiction Comes to the Marijuana Market," which appeared in our May '80 issue in conjunction with "Spring Planting Guide" by Ed Rosenthal and Mel Frank. We regret any misunderstanding this may have caused.

A photo credit was inadvertently omitted from the article "Chile Peppers," which appeared in the May '80 issue. The photographs of chile peppers on page 65 were taken by Scott Johnson. —Ed.

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Firms like J.P. Stevens formerly busted unionists' heads, but now they just nonviolently ignore them.

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--Mercy Kandell, Stockton, Mo.

A: J.P. Stevens, which fled New England to escape such Commie plots as unions and worker safety, is the fabric conglomerate whose bloodsucking was dramatized in the film *Norma Rae*. For years the company has ignored federal court suggestions that they stop their racial and sexual discrimination, antiunion violence and exposure of

workers to brown lung disease caused by unfiltered air choked with cotton fibers. It's cheaper to stall the courts than pay the piper. The AFL-CIO organized the boycott, now several years old.

You never see Stevens because the firm has many aliases. Some of these are: Twist Twill, Forstmann, Fine Arts Utaco, Smtex, Academy, Boldeena, Windsheer, Blen Tempo, Carousel, Coachman, Consort, Gesture, Hockanum, Linebacker, 20 Below, Weftomatic and Worumba. In hosiery, watch out for Finesse, Hip-Lets and Spirit; in sheets and towels, it's Tastemaker, Beauticale, Beauti-Blend, Mohawk, Yves St. Laurent, Angelo Donghia and Dinah Shore.

GUIDE FOR POT CHEMOTHERAPY

Q: A close friend has just been told he has leukemia and is about to undergo chemotherapy. How can we get specifics about using cannabis against the nausea?

—J.K., Panama City, Fla.

A: First, ask the oncologist. Most have enough integrity to rate curing above informing. In Florida, the doctor may be able to get your friend into the state medical marijuana program. But while waiting for the wheels of bureaucracy to grind, send \$2.50 (postpaid) to Murray Publishing Co. (2314 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash. 98121, (206) 682-3560) for their booklet *Using Marijuana in the Reduction of Nausea Associated with Chemotherapy*. The section on timing grass use with specific anticancer drugs is especially useful, as are the lists of research papers and doctors studying THC in cancer treatment. Author Roger Roffman (P.O. Box 5651, University Station,

Seattle, Wash. 98105, (206) 543-5966) also solicits confidential personal experiences for a revised edition.



Will nars be raiding cancer wards now?

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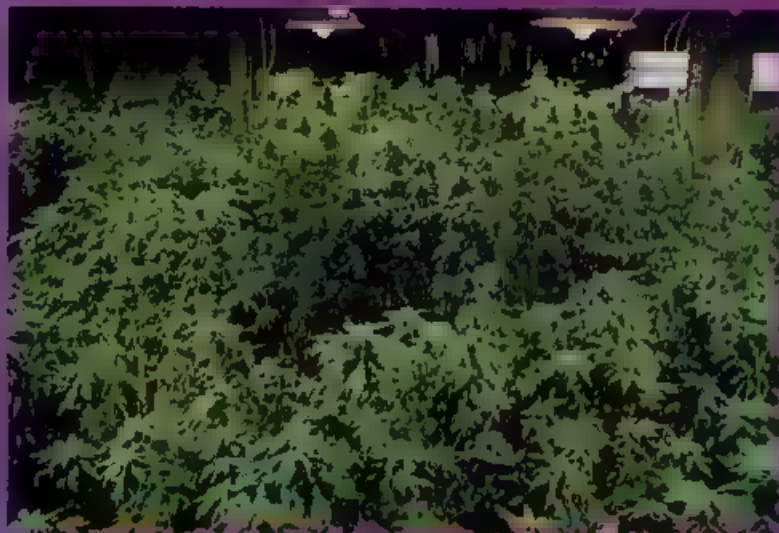
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TRUE CONFESSIONALS

by Margo St. James

I've always wondered where the expression "Holy Toledo!" came from, having checked out Toledo, Ohio, and not found any ready answers. At last, I've come across the probable cause in a very unlikely place: an article by Madalyn O'Hair entitled "Solicitation" in the *American Atheist* (vol. 21, October 1979, pp. 35-8). During the fourth century, A.D. 398 to be precise, at the Council of Toledo, a papal canon forbidding any familiarity between the virgins dedicated to God and the priests who heard their confessions was announced, but not surprisingly the custom of priests seducing the women coming to them for forgiveness became more widespread. The pope did not treat the women as partners in guilt, however, but as unfortunates who found destruction where they had sought salvation.

The sin came to be known as *solicitatio ad turpia* ("an enticement to vileness") or by the equivalent English expression "solicitation." Regulations imposed usually confiscated the possessions of the female delinquent and confined her to a monastery (to become a papal prostitute?) while the priests were merely warned (to be more discreet). Only if the facts became known in the community was the priest punished with suspensions and fines. The punishment was for the scandalizing, not the adultery. The Church feared men would keep their wives and daughters from going to confession (with dire results for the Church's fiscal well-being?), not to mention ending the prelates' supply of free pussy. St. Bonaventura noted there were few parish priests who were free from this defect (addiction?), yet according to historical accounts, the fault appeared to be consistently laid with the confessor.

During the 15th century an Italian reformer, Savonarola, commented that the cities were full of "wolves in sheep's clothing" who were constantly seeking to entice the innocent with the use of their spiritual directorship. Immunity was practically impossible for women. However, the



Church turned this situation to profit by selling absolution and dispensation even to the offending priests. The priests, in turn, often refused absolution to women unless they had sex with them!

Again in Toledo (not Ohio), in A.D. 1547, the first confessional box was employed to address the problem. (Up until that time the confessor sat next to the priest or knelt at his knee.) Later, in 1614, Rome prescribed its employment in all churches, but by the 18th century Spanish priests still refused to comply, as did the French and German.

Over the years the abuse grew and various rules were put forth by the pope, but they were for the protection of the priests, not the women. Embraces by the priests were interpreted as blessings, nor were winks or praises of her beauty considered temptations. Women were afraid to report the seduction (sound familiar?) because they could so easily be discredited without witnesses, since the accused were "men of God." Many priests took to writing ambiguous love notes, even asking (pimping?) for their buddies since the papal bull (made by Pope Benedict XIV in 1741) defined solicitation very narrowly.

Thus "vileness" was permitted as long as the seduction was not initiated in the confessional and the sacrament of con-

fession was not used as an instrument of seduction. Other customs developed too. The women, after being seduced, could go to the same priests and receive absolution upon confession. Also, the priest could get off the hook through self-denunciation prior to any complaint being lodged. Thus attempts by women to rid the parish of the deflowerer were thwarted by the priests beating them to the punch. The Church granted him immunity from prosecution if he confessed first!

I suppose the only logical way to rectify this problem, although it seems to occur less often these days, is to allow priests to marry and women to become priests. Although these problems are not discussed openly with any frequency, the

Catholics do not own the franchise. There have been many preachers with an eye for the ladies, even some who were married but still offered comfort to the female members of their congregation.

One such was the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher of Victoria Woodhull fame. She, my favorite heroine, was the first woman to run for president of the United States in 1872 and the publisher and editor of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, a small newspaper that ran the exposé on Beecher's love affairs. No other press dared print anything for years, due to the great prestige of the preacher and the fanatical faith of his admirers, but they were all willing to pick it up from another source. Woodhull condemned Beecher because he professed to believe other than he did believe and was helping to maintain the very social slavery under which he was chafing! The scandal was the largest of the century but did little toward actually ending the practice or altering the past and present attitudes of blaming the victim, even in rape and incest cases. It is still Eve's fault!

Holy Toledo! At last, I've documented the origin of sinful solicitation and the basis for modern day prostitution statutes—the Church!

Let's file for a separation! ■

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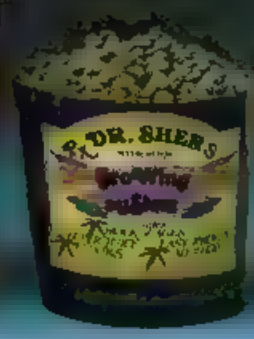
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High Signs

by John Wiser, AE

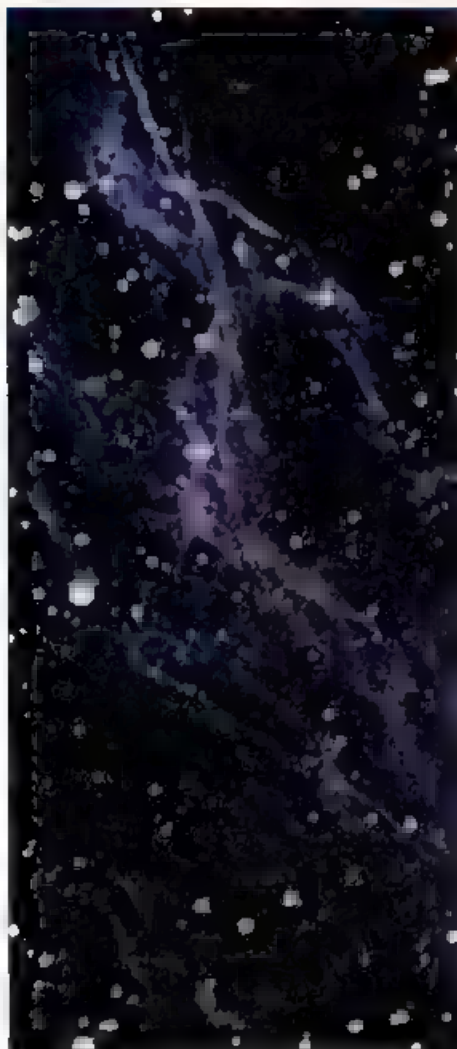
July promises to challenge the signs Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn to make themselves more appealing to other people. Don't worry if you're not one of these signs! Somewhere in your life you have a bit of Cancer or Capricorn. Maybe you'll be challenged in your Aries job or Libra home.

On July 8 Venus appears to begin moving forward, after going in the opposite direction of the sun since May. This optical illusion focuses attention on your changing likes and dislikes. Last month was a time to prune away ideas and feelings that were causing trouble. If you're a Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius or Pisces, it's time to make adjustments in your life that allow your new values to express themselves.

On July 10 Mars enters Libra for about six weeks. This can be a productive time but your tendency will be to waste energy trying to do too many things. For the next six weeks, it's your strengths, not your weaknesses you must guard against. You can underestimate your own effectiveness and be surprised by the violent response you provoke in others. In close relationships, arguments and rash actions are likely. This change will mostly affect the self-expression of the signs Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn.

Around July 12 you may have to deal with powerful pressures that test your self-control and force you to make changes in areas of your life that aren't working out. It's best to eliminate anything that doesn't work! If you meet the challenges successfully, you'll gain satisfaction from those areas of your life that are working. If you're an Aries, Cancer, Libra or Capricorn, you will be challenged and this is not the time to rely on others for support; it's your turn!

Since the end of June, Mercury has been retrograde—moving in the opposite direction of the sun. It continues retrograde most of this month, indicating a period of communication breakdown and no time to begin new projects. It's time to sum up the success or failure of your past projects, decide what mistakes to correct and what new factors to introduce into your life. On July 10 Mercury joins the sun, marking the midpoint in this month-long reevaluation period. You'll find it easy to make changes, so this is a good time to work out your new ideas and plans. If you're an Aries,



**Mercury is retrograde—
this is no time
to start new projects!
Correct your
past mistakes instead.**

Gemini, Cancer, Virgo, Libra or Capricorn, get your shit together and do something about your troubles!

July 12 is a new moon, with the sun and moon in Cancer. The emphasis will be on your home and how secure you feel. It can be a time of success, but what price are you willing to pay? If you're an Aries,

Cancer, Libra or Capricorn, it's time to examine your attitudes toward success, discipline your desires, and make your abilities more appealing to others.

On July 22 Mercury appears to begin moving forward, after being retrograde since the end of June. Communications will begin to flow and relationships will thaw. This optical illusion focuses attention on how cooperative you are. The area of your life that has been giving you the most trouble over the past month is where you must learn to cooperate! If you're an Aries, Gemini, Cancer, Virgo, Libra or Capricorn, it's time to get off your ass and make those changes you've been thinking about!

Also on July 22 the sun enters Leo, beginning a month when you'll need to express yourself. Leos have an air of self-assurance about them, but deep down Leo is the most socially insecure and childlike of the signs. We'll all have a bit of Leo for the next month and need a little encouragement and recognition. For the month of Leo, if you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, it will be important to take a break and enjoy yourself!

On July 27 there is a full moon and a partial eclipse of the moon. With the Leo sun and Aquarius moon, you'll be aware of your self-expression and how others respond to you. Does society allow you to express your true self, or are you locked into a job that stifles your creativity? You must maintain your own integrity and rely on things that have worked in the past, but this is no time to be conservative! If you're a Taurus, Leo, Scorpio or Aquarius, it's time to take decisive action!

July ends with Uranus appearing to begin moving forward after being retrograde since last February. This period has had far greater social and political implications than personal ones and showed the world that indiscriminate action and ruthlessness lead to problems. On a personal level, these five months have been a time to take command of your self-expression by making your abilities more appealing to others and your ideas work in the everyday world. If you're not in command, it's not too late! Take what you want!

Next month we'll talk about eclipses of both the sun and moon! ☐

THE PRIMORDIAL NIXON

by Dean Latimer

As 1972 approached, Haldeman began to rev up the image machinery for the re-election campaign. This reportedly involved, among other things, an in-depth marketing survey, which came up with the astounding discovery that the name Nixon generally turned people off. It was supposed to have something to do with the X, or the Nix. Any

way, bad vibes. Nobody dared to suggest that the lack of enthusiasm might be attributed, in some remote way, to the man who had made the name famous, for that is not how the advertising mind works. It would be like saying one declines to buy a breakfast cereal because he doesn't like the way it tastes, when we all know it's because he's

not attracted to the name or the design on the box. So, to get around the problem of X or Nix, Haldeman and his crew of admen came up with the idea that the bumper-sticker slogan for 1972 should be 'Re-Elect The President.' You know, what's-his-name.*

—Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates,
The Palace Guard (1974)

It's some name all right. Look at it from any direction, it's scary. Upside down and backward—NOXIN—is probably the very worst of all, shedding a distinct fragrance of mustard gas, and inside out—Oxnxi or Innox—puts a frost on your genitals too. It's hard to believe the Irish could come up with a name so thoroughly repellent, unless you step back and take a long, measured, realistic look at the Irish. Faith and awe, they've got it in 'em all right.

When I was very small, and fancied that the names that came out of the radio referred to folks just down the road, the same neighbors the grown-ups gossiped about over the supper table, I had a real dread of failing afoul someday of the Nixon. Yeah, I thought it was like the vestryman at the Grange or the alderman at the

town hall, some official functionary—the Nixon—whose office was only too obviously implicit in the title. Can you imagine all the terrific things a Nixon could keep you from doing?

So I grew up with a morbid, nearly obsessive fascination with this creature, and obviously I'm not the only one; at least I never voted for him (or anyone else, proud to say), so mine was clearly a healthier affliction than most folks'. But even before he made president in 1969 ("President Nixon?" we all guffawed unbelievably at first. "President Nixon?!"), I had already come across the following historicoliterary allusions to that abominable name. For over a dozen years, through the Cambodian invasion and the Christmas bombing, the Carswell nomination and the Saturday Night

Massacre, the Mao handshake and the Frost interviews, I have held these things privily in my heart and divulged them nowhere. I could've turned a buck on them any number of times, but I just never got around to it. Couldn't stomach the notion deep down, somehow. Truth to tell, I was scared.

That awful name has a karma behind it, fell and timeless, and it might be dangerous to stir it up. It's like astrology or numerology or the cult of Kali, contentless vanities, amusements of coincidence, but, when the time's ripe, dynamite when wielded by a properly devious imagination. God forbid these disclosures should become fodder for some incipient Nixon cult and wind up

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puffing some wind into the fiend's sail. But he seems harmless enough now. The carcass has been plucked pretty trim, from the looks of it. Oh, the lid isn't quite clapped on to the coffin yet. The stake really should be balpeened a little firmer into the sternum... But what the hell.

The recentest allusion to the mythically ubiquitous Nixon crops up in Watt, Samuel Beckett's novel about a weird Irish butler who works for a spell in the household of a Mr. Knott. In the opening scenes of the book, before Watt even materializes, we enjoy a park-bench conversation between Mr. Hackett, a taciturn hunchback, and Goff and Tetty Nixon, the rappy bourgeois. They both are as galactically empty and antilife as the name could possibly convey—Tetty Nixon fondly recalls how she once was fain to politely excuse herself from a society dinner, so as to discreetly give birth to an infant on the side stairs, ripping the carpet to shreds in nobly repressed agony, cut the cord with her teeth, and went back smiling to her place at the table as though nothing ugly had happened—and sure, what's so remarkable about an Irish writer putting this magnificently odious Irish patronym to its obvious post-lexical use?

It's about 20 pages further on that the real cosmic joybuzzer grabs you. By now we're following Watt himself on his effortful pilgrimage to the Knott estate, en route thither aboard a passenger train, sharing a compartment with a mercilessly pushy and insurmountably bagoted religious zealot. And this individual opens his mouth and identifies himself: "My name is Spiro, but my friends call me Dum. D-U-M. Anagram of Mud."* This was around 1943 this was written. Beckett composed the book as a mental recreation, to stave off boredom and anxiety while working as a day laborer in the south of France while the Nazis, who had wiped out his Resistance cell in Paris, searched for him. Nixon had yet to answer the famous newspaper want ad from the California Republican Party, and the very concept of an Agnew was hardly a gleam in the eye of the Silent Majority.

That's weird all right, but it gets lots worse. How is it, I've always wondered, that no one before now has ever remarked on Nixon's appearance in Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, composed circa 1872? Bored and pundits of all sorts pore continually over every word Sam Clemens ever wrote or publicly uttered, he's an American fetish right up there with Lincoln and Nixon himself, and literary drones do dote on portentous meaninglessness like this. I've been waiting for years for someone to scoop me on this one, but nobody ever does. When I think about it much, I nearly want to burst wide open.

Maybe it just slides past so quick, and in such an enormously enjoyable passage of the book that only a really hateful and su-

perstitious bore like me could stop reading, put down the page, and exclaim in horror. "It's him! It's fucking Nixon! Here he is again!"

The passage in question is a massive monologue, a veritable novella, a vast tract of hallbully free association uttered by a balmy old California prospector named Jim Blaine, dead drunk, endeavoring futilely to get the start on a story about his grandfather's old ram. Just to show how smoothly

**Nixon—that awful name
has a karma behind it,
fell and timeless,
and it might be dangerous
to stir it up.**

the terrible name slides past—and to pad out this column with some swell prose—let's reprint the fatal swatch at length:

I don't reckon them times will ever come again. There never was a more bullier old ram than what he was. Grandfather fetched him from Illinois—got him of a man by the name of Yates—Bill Yates—maybe you might have heard of him, his father was a deacon—Baptist—and he was a rustler, too; a man had to get up ruther early to get the start of old Thankful Yates; it was him that put the Greens up to jining teams with my grandfather when he moved west. Seth Green was prob'ly the pick of the flock; he married a Wilkerson—Sarah Wilkerson—good cretur she was—one of the likeliest heifers that was ever raised in old Stoddard, everybody said that knowed her. She could heft a bar'l of flour as easy as I can flint a flapjack. And spin? Don't mention it! Independent? Humph! When Sile Hawkins come a browsing around her, she let him know that for all his tin he couldn't trot in harness alongside of her. You see, Sile Hawkins was—no, it warn't Sile Hawkins after all—it was a galoot by the name of Filkins—I disremember his first name; but he was a stump—come into pre'r meeting drunk, one night, hooraying for Nixon, becuz he thought it was a primary; and old deacon Ferguson up and scooted him through the window and he lit on old Miss Jefferson's head, poor old filly. She was a good soul—had a glass eye and used to lend it to old Miss Wagner, that hadn't any, to receive company in; it warn't big enough, and when Miss Wagner weren't noticing, it would get twisted around in the socket, and look up, maybe, or out to one side, and every which way, while fother one was looking as straight ahead as a spyglass. Grown people didn't mind it, but it most always made the children cry, it was so sort of scary. She tried packing it in raw cotton, but it wouldn't work, somehow.

Now am I crazy, or isn't the Nixon mentioned here manifestly a shady politician, employing eager-beaver advance men to annoy the electorate into noticing him, through obnoxious measures of premedi-

tated intrusion into their community affairs? Dick Tuck tricks, by heaven, the primordial Nixon! Admittedly it's just a glimpse of him. A brief odor in the air. Two meager syllables in a line of type—Nick's son, spawn of Old Nick—but it's enough to keep me awake nights.

But the earliest of all Nixon precursors is the prophet Robert Nixon, called "the Cheshire Idiot," of whom you may read in Charles Mackay's 1841 volume, *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*—possibly the single most lovable nonfiction book of all times, available always in paperback from Noonday Press, 19 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Now this Nixon, it seems, was some sort of idiot savant with putative clairvoyant powers, who flourished in England in the late 15th century. According to Mackay (and I have gone so far as to check out his original source, which was a pamphlet published in 1719 by my very favorite scrivener of the period, John Oldmixon, and which pamphlet, in a 19th-century reprint, is available out of the back stacks to readers at the New York Public Library on 42nd Street), this Nixon was given to periodic fits of manic exultation, during which he would spout such doggerel as:

Between seven, eight, and nine,
In England wonders shall be seen;
Between nine and thirteen
All sorrow shall be done.

Through our own money and our men,
Shall a dreadful war begin.
Between the sickle and the sick,
All England shall have a pluck.

And in prose he'd say stuff like, "Foreign nations shall invade England with snow on their helmets, and shall bring plague, famine, and murder in the skirts of their garments."

This is all ominous-sounding enough, of course. But when inspecting it closely, anyone versed in deciphering prophecies will realize that actually this Nixon was only predicting things that had already happened long before his time. After the 5th century A.D. the Anglo-Saxons flourished in England; then from the late 8th to the mid 11th century the Danes invaded—with snow on their helmets, undoubtedly—and gradually established control of the whole land from Wales to Scotland.

Simple as that. Thus Nixon was so addled that he couldn't tell the past from the future. Sound like anybody we know?

But wait, hold on a second. It seems this jerkoff did grab the brass ring on two occasions, at least. He first got famous one afternoon when he dropped his rake in the pasture in Cheshire and burst out yelling. "Now Dick! Now Harry! O, ill done, Dick! O, well done, Harry! Harry has gained the day!" It was August 22, 1485; only late that

(continued on page 98)

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The 1980 California Marijuana Initiative

by Warren Sharpe

Californians will have the opportunity to usher in the most progressive marijuana laws in the nation if a statewide initiative qualifies for the November ballot.

In some respects, the measure is similar to Alaska's law, currently the most liberal in the country. But as well as allowing the personal and private possession and cultivation of the herb, the California proposal would also permit the transportation of grass, and set up, for the first time anywhere, a commission to study the benefits of a regulated marijuana market.

"Marijuana offers a tremendous source of potential revenue in an era of tax cutting and scarcity," says Gordon Brownell, Western Regional Director of NORML and campaign manager for the California Marijuana Initiative, 1980. "We expect to get the support of thousands of nonusers because of this section of the initiative. It has long been acknowledged that marijuana cultivation has had a profound effect on the economy of the state and it'll be possible for all of us to reap the benefits."

However, Brownell and other grassroots activists in the Golden State believe that the most important provision on the proposed law is the section dealing with personal cultivation. "Consumers will be given the kind of economic leverage they don't have now," says Brownell. "The impact on prices in the state will be dramatic once we are allowed to grow our



An enthusiastic crowd of supporters of the initiative to legalize marijuana attended a concert-rally at San Diego's Mariner Point. Four rock bands, including Steppenwolf, and several guest speakers were featured.

Photos by Paul Hughes and Barbara Richardson

own and share our own."

Brownell spearheaded the campaign to gather hundreds of thousands of voter signatures in support of the measure. Those petitions were filed in early May and supporters were anxiously awaiting the results of the state's validation process as this issue of HIGH TIMES went to press.

"We need the valid signatures of 346,119 registered California voters in order for the measure to appear on the presidential ballot,"

Brownell told HIGH TIMES. The campaign has inspired almost 100,000 new voters to register so that they can support the proposed legislation.

"This could have a very volatile effect on the presidential election," Brownell went on. "Hundreds of thousands of voters will be going to the polls, many for the first time, and they're going to be looking very carefully at the stance taken by the candidates on the marijuana issue."

Leo Paoli was one of the authors of this year's legalization drive. It was Paoli, now a deputy public defender in tiny Tulare County, who wrote the 1972 initiative, the only one of eight attempts to successfully qualify for the ballot. That measure was soundly defeated, but Paoli believes that this time around things will be different.

"If we qualify this year, we'll win," Paoli said. "The Fisk Poll and a private survey commissioned by

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NIDA Dusts off Old Propaganda:

PCP Horror Stories Serve as Advertisements

SAN FRANCISCO—After years of relaying sensational horror stories about phencyclidine (PCP), the National Institute on Drug Abuse may finally be prepared to take a serious, scientific view of the drug and its real perils. At a meeting here called the National Conference on the Problems and Prevention of PCP Abuse, NIDA assistant research director Dr. Robert Petersen hunted that lurid scare campaigns against drugs like PCP may actually enhance their attractiveness to many people; and that, in fact, the real effects of PCP—a trance-inducing anesthetic—may

make its users no terrific threat to anyone but themselves.

PCP is used mainly by very young kids, Dr. Petersen observed. The majority stop doing it at age 16, after a period of rather careful, controlled tripping. Most of them are aware of the memory clouding and tranked-out lethargy that afflicts chronic, long-term dustheads, and they also perceive that outlandish stories about users committing murders or frying and eating their own hands are hysterical propaganda. Such stories have "simply not been believed," notes Dr. Petersen, "especially by those di-

rectly familiar with PCP's effects."

"As with other drugs of abuse, the distinct possibility exists that the publicizing of a drug's effect may paradoxically encourage use rather than discourage it," declared Petersen. "The media and some clinical reports have emphasized highly destructive behavior, allegedly resulting from PCP use," he went on, observing that such stories are so far removed from the common experience of most dustheads that they appear fabulous. "Users themselves minimize this tendency. Most of them stress the fact that PCP is so disruptive of their coordi-

nation that their ability to be violent is very limited. In their view, the user was more likely to be the victim of violence than its initiator." Violence most commonly occurs, NIDA has learned, when the dusthead is physically restrained by cops or hospital orderlies and panics.

"It may be important to alter our guidelines for law enforcement personnel and others who come into contact with PCP users," Dr. Petersen concluded. Research may also finally be undertaken to determine why young kids like the effects of PCP, while most adults abhor the drug.

European Drug Counselors Seek New Treatment Modes

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND—The unprecedented growth in illegal drug use throughout Europe in the last ten years is finally being recognized, although official response to it has been exceedingly tentative in most countries. Heroin addiction has skyrocketed, while its consumption has fallen by half in the United States, and illegal use of marijuana, speed and prescription downs like Valium—commonly mixed with alcohol—has scandalized many people. Yet knowledgeable authorities have been reluctant to counter this phenomenon with U.S.-style "detox and rehab" procedures, which have not been conspicuously successful in handling the American dope plague and are thought by many to be based on unrealistic and puritanical prejudices about drugs.

"If drugs are an illness," observes Gaston Lefevre, founder of the landmark Centre Didro youth-counseling service in Paris, "they are an illness of noncommunication with parents and the society. The reaction of the young drug addict is an alarm signal against a society founded on consumption and competition."

Thoughtful observers have frequently noted that European doping began mushrooming after 1968, when youth protests against the general depersonalization and materialism of contemporary life swept the continent. However, though the youth movement devolved through the '70s into sporadic eruptions of leftist terrorism by the Red Brigades and such—and then petered out almost entirely—drug use continued to snowball apace.

To this day few countries in Europe distinguish in law between heroin and recreational drugs like coke and grass, which complicates treatment efforts considerably. In Italy, the federal Health Ministry has itself proposed that registered heroin addicts should be able to score cheap smack through hospital pharmacies, in order to cut down on the estimated 130,000 drug-related crimes committed annually.

Throughout Europe, much undue emphasis is placed on heroin as a prototype for all drug legislation. The prevalence of heroin has increased dramatically everywhere during the late '70s, with law-enforcement agencies attributing it to the success of U.S. dope chasers, who are supposedly keeping smack largely out of North America. People close to the smack scene in West Germany, though, attribute its rise partly to the establishment of "fundamentalist" religious governments in critical poppy-growing Mideast countries since "fundamentalists" tend not to pay much attention to the dope trade as long as the dealers pay off the mullahs, and also to the difficulty, in many European countries, of scoring soft drugs like hash and coke.

Overdose deaths are accordingly up all across the continent. 500 last year in West Germany, 87 in Denmark and 82 in Switzerland. Heroin refining labs, heretofore centered mainly in Amsterdam, have been cropping up in the north of Italy and the south of France: last year cops raided a lab near the Italian-French border and turned up one of the top chemists from the old Marseilles "French Connection" smuggling ring, broken up in the early 1970s.

Still, heroin is viewed as only one subsidiary element of the general drug phenomenon by seasoned counselors like Dr. Claude Olievenstein of Paris. In France about 18 million barbiturates and 40 million tranquilizers are consumed every year," he notes. "Drug addiction begins in Mom's medicine cabinet. Some \$1 billion has been spent in the United States and it has not done anything

to alleviate the problem."

According to Dr. Olievenstein, entirely new in sights into drugs and the syndrome of "abuse" will be required to deal with the phenomenon effectively: "I don't think we can resolve the problem. We will have to learn how to integrate it into society and consider it as a problem of the future. People will have to use drugs ethically, and society will have to recreate a certain conviviality." A therapist at the Versailles Departmental Center for Drug Addicts echoes this assessment: "We live in a civilization where we tend to proffer a drug when something goes wrong, rather than talk about the problem."

In modern society, one drug expert notes, people with real emotional problems are all too commonly treated mainly with drugs when they seek assistance; yet ironically, when people take dope themselves, intentionally or unintentionally, to cope with their problems, authorities are always eager to tell them the drugs are their problem.

Switzerland has only one drug-counseling

service so far, the Levant Care Center in Lausanne. Here director Pierre Rey concentrates on making contact with school-age youngsters. "Drugs have come out in the open," notes Rey. "Before, the problem existed but was hidden by schools and parents." The emphasis on drug education is not on lurid horror stories about dope, but a realistic appraisal of their effects. A tactic that's proven fruitful is to point out the subtle—but compelling—similarities between the physical effects of many drugs and the effects of industrial pollution.

"In the past," says Rey, "many cantons have tried to launch information programs in schools. But what often happened was that the information arrived either too early, provoking too much interest, or too late, when students had already been exposed to drugs. In the canton of Vaud we are now trying a new system whereby a teacher is trained to work with young people in the schools on their drug problems. The teacher is given less hours and is free to spend approximately five hours on counseling."



Narcs will be narcs. That's a Customs agent on the left along with a DEA man fondling and pointing to part of a 303-pound cocaine haul made at Miami International Airport.

The 1980 California Marijuana Initiative

continued from page 21

NORML show we have a solid majority of 52 to 58 percent who would support this initiative.

"Things have changed substantially in the last eight years," he said. "Up here in this conservative outback, marijuana use is more widespread and open today than it was in San Francisco in 1972."

The prevalence of pot use in the state facilitated the signature-gathering process, despite the dearth of funds that trickled into the campaign coffers. Many growers and dealers who might have been expected to kick in a small percentage of their profits were scared away by the rigid requirements of California's political disclosure laws. Anyone contributing more than \$100 to the campaign is required to provide information on residence, occupation and employer. Many not unreasonably, were unwilling to go on record as

major contributors.

Some marijuana professionals were, to put it mildly, lukewarm in their support of the proposition. "I've got a good thing going here," commented one north county grower. "Why would I want to see the law changed? This is my living and I got no complaints."

Others see it differently. Rick, a San Francisco refugee now living in a remote part of Mendocino County, explained to HIGH TIMES, "I'm 33 years old. I've got a family now and I'm tired of living outside the law. Sure, I could make a killing on a good harvest. But I also have to deal with ripoffs and I never know when the sheriff's gonna kick in my door in the middle of the night."

"We all know how astronomically high prices have soared here," says Leo Paoli. "If we pass this one, we can all get a little plot of our own and grow some of the best marijuana on God's green earth."

Jamaica's Watery Smuggle Capers



What was the ill-fated Calico Jack carrying?

by Phil Alloy

Misses are becoming more frequent than huts in Jamaica, as two recent fly-by-night smuggling attempts were given the deep six.

The first incident occurred when an overloaded pontoon plane flipped over on takeoff and sank, leaving only the two aluminum floats visible above water. All this took place within sight of the main north-coast highway from which boats had been dispatched to load the plane. No report was available on the fate of the pilots, but the fate of the cargo was well known. Local coral divers appeared on the scene ahead of the Jamaican Defense Force (JDF) and quickly salvaged an undersea bonanza of colli buds. Concerns that the submerged weed had been ruined appeared unfounded when, a few days later, the same divers appeared sporting the latest models of scuba equipment.

A second, unrelated crash happened when an inbound twin Skymaster incredibly ran out of fuel less than a mile from the Jamaican coast ditched into the sea and sank. Two soaking wet American flyers were met on the beach by the JDF after swimming to shore. Under interroga-

tion they revealed that in their haste to abandon the rapidly sinking aircraft they had left a considerable sum of currency on board. A JDF patrol boat dispatched to the area located the sunken plane virtually intact on the sea floor, but not before another enterprising group of coral divers had made off with the cash stash. Miffed at having missed the sunken treasure, the boat crew fastened a cable to the plane and started towing it to deeper water. However, the cable snapped and the plane once again sank into the depths where it presently rests.

Meanwhile, close to Negril, the 75-foot twin-masted sailing vessel *Calico Jack* sank in 20 feet of water just hours before an ocean voyage. The ship itself suffered only minor damage since Long Bay's sandy bottom cushioned the wooden hull. A total loss was prevented when the *Jack* sank in the bay instead of the mile-deep ocean nearby. Attempts to refloat the ship have been unsuccessful. Although the cargo was apparently ruined by seawater, onlookers were kept at a discreet distance when it was brought ashore. The *Jack's* owners have refused to comment on possible causes of the mysterious mishap.

Pot May Play Havoc with Your Contacts

Marijuana, or any mind-altering substance, no matter how mild, can cause severe discomfort and possibly damage to contact lens wearers, according to a noted contact lens specialist.

Dr. Harry Hollander, chairman of the Contact Lens Committee of the Optometric Council of New York, says, "Harsh smoke interferes with the eye's natural irrigation. Resultant dryness can cause corneal swelling and can warp the contacts themselves."

Whether your contacts are hard or soft, temporary pain, irritation and even corneal abrasion can occur. With hard lenses, friction between eyelids and corneal tissue increases. Soft

lens styles begin to rigidify as soon as the eye fluids are curtailed.

"The easiest way to avoid problems," suggests Dr. Hollander, "is to simply remove contacts before lighting up. Or if blurred vision disturbs you, try rewetting lenses with one of the artificial tear solutions on the market. Just a few drops of saline liquid will help restore the eye's normal 55 percent water content."

Dr. Hollander has other tips for contact lens wearers in his free booklet, *Consumer's Guide to Contact Lenses*, available from Sight Improvement Center, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036.



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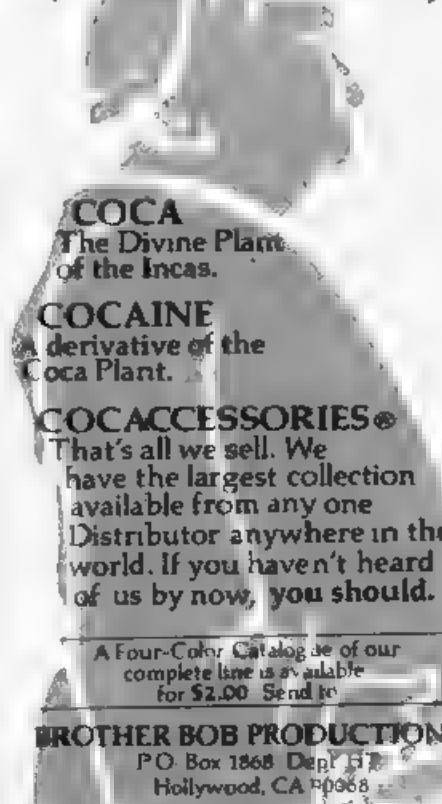
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Legalization: Friend or Foe?

by Alex Smart

It's June already. The last of the starts are in the ground, the earliest are beginning to declare sex. If you're on the West Coast, the grasshoppers are beginning to drive you crazy, and the rat traps need to be checked daily (rodents can do in a young garden in an evening). But the days are warming toward high summer and the seasonal raiding parties have not yet begun (though they get earlier every year), and the plants are getting tall enough to invite fantasies of the postharvest future.

With luck, you'll survive, bring in your harvest, reap the rewards of a long season both in good smoke and bucks. And you'll probably spend a bunch of that money in the local hardware and grocery stores, maybe buy that long-promised Rototiller from the feed store and a bunch of lumber from the building supply for the new shed. Since you can't bank what's left over, and it won't do anybody any good in a hole in the ground, you might loan some to a neighbor who needs it to build a house, or maybe to the food co-op that's buying a new building.

In growing regions all over the country variations of this story will be repeated thousands of times. Marijuana growers will make the difference between continuing rural economic stagnation and prosperity. The amount of revenue they generate will nose out established segments of the economy—ranching, mining, forestry—even though it still goes unreflected in the charts on bureaucrats' walls. Merchants, however, in communities across the land are rubbing their hands

in expectation of harvest and the resulting flood of spending money. They talk about it in their small town chambers of commerce and Rotary clubs. Many of them would still be outraged if they caught their sons and daughters smoking the stuff, yet they anticipate a profitable upswing in their businesses come October.

Money, certainly, has not been the only impact of the domestic marijuana boom. But when people talk about the effects, they usually pass over the cultural benefits that have accompanied it and point to the reduction in welfare rolls, the establishment of new businesses and the increase in sales and profits of established concerns. They talk about the millions in untaxed sales and income, the millions that circulate in underground channels without banks benefiting in the transaction, and the millions that attract "unsavory" elements into a community.

Economics is the language that the diverse elements in the marijuana conversation have in common. Growers should take advantage of the mutual interest they share with the business and commercial communities in their areas. These segments of the society are benefiting from the marijuana boom and risk a decline in livelihood should marijuana cultivation be removed from their areas. Thus merchants make natural allies, allies who can act in a far more public manner than can growers plying their clandestine trades off in the hills.

But there's a catch in getting merchants to actively work for the ultimate commercial legalization of marijuana cultivation. The initial reaction

of many business people might well be the same as that of many growers: Why work toward legalization when legalization will undoubtedly bring an end to present prosperity?

This is the pivotal question that must be answered if domestic marijuana cultivation is to survive. Most current marijuana production occurs in upland areas unsuited to large-scale farming. If legalization occurs without acknowledging the increasing economic dependence of these marginal lands on marijuana, then the current pot regions will lose their precious crop to the prime agricultural lands. Present small-scale, labor-intensive cultivation will give way to mass methods of production, agribusiness and the shifting of the economic benefits into the hands of those who already control most of the American agricultural complex. Agribusiness has yet to demonstrate that it can turn out the equivalent of the high-quality sinsemilla produced in the hills. Look how Colombian declined in quality as it was produced on a larger and larger scale.

The goal, then, is not simply legalization, but the creation of a mechanism to prevent the dismantling of the rural revitalization in the current marijuana-growing regions. This is an extremely delicate issue. If the intent of legalization is to crush illegal farming, then it will also revive the problem of widespread rural impoverishment and the consequent need for costly government programs. Pot must be legalized without losing sight of the economic balance to reduce the problems accompanying transition.

One solution that bears thorough discussion is the establishment of an acreage limitation that would restrict each grower or landowner to a uniformly designated number of acres upon which marijuana could be grown. A realistic first allocation would be around two acres. This figure is based on the intensive cultivation of present-day "patch" farming and supposes a hundredfold drop in prices from the present value. Even with this radical reduction in the value of prepared buds, a grower could make a substantial living (with much hard work) producing two acres of quality cannabis and associated products.

If this kind of legislation were enacted it would insure that highly capitalized, massive operations mounted by the American Tobacco Company or Tenneco wouldn't squash the small grower under a sea of flatland marijuana. At least the small grower would be able to compete in the open market. In a legalized economy imports would soon give way to domestic, thus opening up the field to more growers. If a program such as this were adopted nationally, it would not only solve the thorny cannabis crisis, but also provide new methods of stimulating declining rural economies.

But this isn't going to happen by itself. Growers in league with other interested parties are going to have to do the political groundwork necessary to establishing these kinds of changes. The concept of acreage limitations (or weight limitations) gives growers a handle—a positive answer to the question of how legalization can be structured to enhance the present economic impact.

There is much work ahead. Lobbying is not an easy job in the most favorable circumstances. It is more difficult when those most concerned are considered criminals under present law. The importance of building alliances should be apparent. In a future column I'll discuss methods that can be used to accomplish this.



Torch song. Another northern California pot field bites the flame thanks to trigger-happy narc.

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A High & Mighty SPECIAL REPORT

Paul's Pot-Bust Shocker Makes Him Jailhouse Rocker



January 16, 1980: Beatle Paulie makes unscheduled appearance at Japanese public prosecutor's office praying for a ticket to ride.

by Harry Wasserman

"I think we could decriminalize marijuana and I would like to see a really unbiased medical report on it," said pop singer Paul McCartney after being deported from Japan for bringing almost half a pound of marijuana into Tokyo for an 11-concert Wings tour that had to be cancelled.

"I spent my time [in the Tokyo jail] making a mental list of all those drugs which are legal but dangerous. We're all on drugs—cigarettes, whiskey and wild, wild women. Society thinks alcohol is terrific, yet it kills. Cigarettes can kill. They are worse than marijuana. It is just not true that marijuana can kill. What about all the little old ladies on Valium? Think of aspirin's danger to the stomach.

McCartney said he preferred the limited decriminalization of pot in the United States to Japan's harsh drug laws, under which he had faced up to seven years of imprisonment and a possible fine of up to \$2,000.

The former Beatle's stand on pot first surfaced in the heady days of *Sgt. Pepper* and the *Summer of Love*. McCartney helped pay for a full-page advertisement in the London *Times* of July 24, 1967, that called for legalization of pot possession, release of all prisoners on possession charges and government research into marijuana's medical uses. The ad, sponsored by a group called Soma, was signed by 65 Britishers including all four Beatles, their manager Brian Epstein, author Graham Greene, psychologist R.D. Laing, 16 doctors and two members of Parliament.

McCartney used to be an active supporter of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign, the British NORML, whose current sponsors include rock star Commander Cody, actress Julie Christie and classical guitarist John Williams.

Prior to the mishap in Japan, McCartney was busted three times for pot. He paid a \$2,000 fine for smuggling hashish into Sweden in 1972, was fined for pot possession in Scotland that same year and was fined \$240 for growing pot on his Scottish Highlands farm in 1973. His wife Linda was arrested in Los Angeles for pot possession in 1975, but the charges were dropped.

These busts had resulted in Japan denying McCartney admission to the country on previous occasions, but Japanese Immigration Bureau officials changed their minds after continual pressure from music promoters such as Udo Music, which eventually booked the Wings tour. McCartney's arrival in Tokyo was his first visit since a Beatles tour there in '66, and Japanese police confirm that he was a marked man because of his past busts.

On January 16, McCartney was arrested by Japanese customs officials at Tokyo International Airport when they found two plastic bags in his suitcases containing 219 grams of marijuana (approximately 7.7 ounces).

"I didn't try to hide [the pot], says McCartney. "I had just come from America and I still had the American attitude that marijuana isn't that bad. I did not realize how strict the Japanese attitude is."

McCartney was taken in handcuffs to a government office while Japanese officials decided what action to take. There is no immediate bail in Japan. Customs officials quoted Paul's first admission of smuggling after five hours of questioning: "I brought some hemp for my smoking." He spent the night in the Tokyo jail.

The next day, says Paul, "I was taken to the narcotics headquarters, handcuffed and a rope tied around me, led along like a dog." While McCartney was interrogated for six hours, 200 fans



Flashback Venus and Mars learn they're busted for pot possession in 1972

held a vigil outside the bureau, some weeping, others screaming "Paul! Paul!" Linda and other Wings members were also questioned but not charged. Narcotics officials say McCartney was "relaxed and cooperative," insisting to the narcs that he brought the pot into Japan for his own use.

After the interrogation, narcotics agents tried to return McCartney to jail but were forced back into the bureau by hundreds of screaming fans who blocked the way in a hysteria reminiscent of early '60s Beatlemania. Riot police were called in to restore order, and McCartney was eventually taken away.

On January 18, the Tokyo District Court permitted the public prosecutor's office to detain McCartney for up to ten days for questioning.

"At first I thought [the jail] was barbaric," McCartney said. "But underneath their inscrutable exterior the guards were quite warm. We joked and had sing-songs, songs like 'Baby Face' and 'Red Red Robin.' I also got a few requests for 'Yesterday.' I would sing, they clapped. It was a bit of a laugh."

He described a typical day in jail: "I was woken at six in the morning, then had to sit cross-legged for roll call. It was like *Bridge on the River Kwai*. They shouted out '22' [his prison number] and I had to shout back 'Hi.' But I did it. I wasn't going to go against the system."

After inspection, he was given a bowl of seaweed and onion soup—"not the greatest thing in the morning if you're used to cornflakes." Breakfast was followed by 20 minutes of exercises. Lunch was bread and jam. In the afternoon came questioning by narcotics agents.

At night he read in his cell, but lights went out at 8 P.M. He said he tried to sleep on a thin mattress and admitted, "I like a soft bed. But I have no complaints. All in all I was very well treated."

McCartney was denied a request for his guitar but was allowed to have his entourage bring him extra blankets, clothes and hot food. He made friends with two fellow prisoners, one doing time for murder and the other on a similar pot charge.

Paul's lawyer, Lee Eastman, was flown into Tokyo to plan the defense with the help of Japanese

lawyer Tasuko Matsuo. The prosecutor, Keiji Yonezawa, was discussing the case with D.W.F. Warren-Knott, a first secretary at the British embassy, on January 19 when a call came in from Sen. Edward Kennedy back in the States. "Senator Kennedy said that he wanted to inquire about McCartney's case," says Warren-Knott, "because McCartney and his rock group, Wings, might be giving a concert in the U.S." If McCartney had been convicted, he could have been refused a U.S. visa under current immigration laws.

McCartney was finally released and deported on January 25. When asked why he was turned loose, McCartney balked. "Don't ask me, ask them. They just told me I could get out." Japanese authorities said they decided against the jail sentence because of his ignorance of their strict laws. "We always give some weight to clear signs of repentance," one official added.

The incarceration cost McCartney the revenue from the canceled Wings dates, plus an additional £200,000 to cover losses incurred by Udo Music, as well as £10,000 a day expenses for his lawyers and family.

This was McCartney's second deportation. His first occurred nearly 20 years ago, when he and George Harrison were expelled from West Germany after starting a fire in a Hamburg rock club by igniting a condom.



Japanese teens clutch their now-useless Wings tickets

John and George Know How It Feels

On October 18, 1968, John Lennon and Yoko Ono were arrested in Ringo's basement apartment by the Scotland Yard Drug Squad for unlawful possession of cannabis resin (a lump of hash). John pleaded guilty; charges against Yoko were dropped. Lennon was fined £150 plus 20 guineas court costs. In March 1973 Lennon was ordered to leave the United States by immigration officials due to the prior bust, but in October 1975 the U.S. Court of Appeals overturned the deportation order, ruling that the British law under which Lennon was convicted is unjust by U.S. standards.



1968: "They're gonna crucify me!"



1969: George and Patti cried frame-up.

In March 1969, George Harrison and wife Patti were arrested in their London home following a raid by police whose dope-sniffing dogs allegedly dug up 570 grains of marijuana—enough for 120 joints, claimed the cops. George and Patti were fined £600. Harrison told reporters that the dope had been planted by the police and that he never would have buried it: "I'm a tidy sort of bloke. I kept records in the record rack, tea in the tea caddy, and pot in the pot box. Those who think this is a lowdown dirty thing to smoke pot will be further convinced they're right and we're wrong. But it will strengthen the others who follow us."

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(A public service message from the editors of **High Times** magazine)

HIGH CRIMES

Scandal Aboard Top Coast Guard Dope Spotter:

Crew of the Steadfast Busted for Marijuana

by George R. Wilkens

ST PETERSBURG, FLORIDA—A dozen members of the crew of a U S Coast Guard cutter praised for drug-busting prowess on the high seas have been disciplined for possessing small quantities of marijuana aboard ship.

But Lt. James Morton, administrative officer of the *Steadfast*, a St. Petersburg-based vessel, called the incident "minor," saying pot possession among junior crew members is to be expected in this day and age when an estimated 50 million Americans use the weed.

"We don't feel as though it taints our image at all," he said. "The people we have on board are a reflection of society. Our people are not better than society," said the officer of the ship whose former commander was decorated for outstanding service after the cutter seized 15 smuggling vessels, resulting in 80 arrests and confiscation of 401,685 pounds of marijuana in a year.

The disciplinary action was actually the result of separate incidents occurring aboard ship, involving two groups of crewmen.

The first incident involved six crewmen being caught with what Morton described as "only a small part of a reefer, a joint," which he later referred to specifically as a "roach." However after a "captain's mast" (an administrative procedure likened to a criminal trial) the commander of the ship, Thomas E. Braithwaite, found all six guilty of failing to report the weed, although he could not confirm a separate charge of possession of marijuana.

"It was not proved that any of them has used it," Morton explained.

The crewmen were reduced one grade in rank and pay, restricted to the ship and given 45 extra days of duty, 15 of which were suspended. One crewman reportedly had only 12 hours left to serve before discharge.

They were caught around 8:00 in the evening, as the engineering watch officer was making his regular rounds. When the officer opened the hatch of the after steering room, he found the crewman "with the marijuana there... on the deck," Morton said. That precipitated an investigation.

The second incident occurred two weeks later when stalks and seeds were found in lockers during a routine health and safety inspection. Those crewmen were fined, and Morton said the sentence handed down by Braithwaite was lighter because of the small quantity of pot involved and the fact that all were first-time offenders.

Morton said the two unrelated incidents have nothing to do with the ship's highly publicized snooping for marijuana smugglers in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. While conceding it would be nearly impossible to ascertain whether the pot came from seized shipments, Morton called the chance "so remote, it's unbelievable."

Morton said no officers were involved, and those crewmen disciplined were predominantly first-time enlistees who have not yet gone to sea. Such junior crewmen, he stressed, are not among those who board pot-laden smuggling ships halted by the *Steadfast* on the high seas.

Although the marijuana in the crewmen's lockers had been discovered when the other six were disciplined for failing to report the roach

REEFER REFORM

Defense Department Eases Stance on Prior Pot Use



Deputy Secretary of Defense W. Graham Claytor testified before the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control that the prior use of cannabis didn't necessarily disqualify a person for enlistment or appointment to specialized military jobs. Stating that "unless the use is chronic or the user is psychologically dependent," such a person may enlist and handle any assignment including nuclear weapons and sensitive intelligence tasks. The Department of Defense (DOD) had changed its policy toward GIs with past marijuana experience because, as Claytor put it, they were aware of the "changing social mores regarding the use of cannabis."

Dr. John H. Moxley III, assistant secretary of defense for health affairs, said that the DOD had to reevaluate their old policies because of studies such as the 1977 National Institute on Drug Abuse Survey. In it, 47 percent of 16-to-17-year-olds polled said they had used pot, and 59 per-

Deputy defense secretary Claytor finally realizes the value of tokers in the armed forces. Now, if he could only convince more of them to join up.

As the
thysse



me-honored maxim says, "Ocean-going narc-pig, heal the crew of the Steadfast (above) learned it the hard way."

Coast Guard officials did not inform the news media about the second discovery. Asked why, Morton said reporters did not "specifically" ask about the later inspection.

Morton released the names of the crewmen disciplined for the first incident but said he "screwed up" in doing so and has since been advised to keep identities confidential. All were said to be in their 20s and live either aboard the vessel or in St. Petersburg.

cent of the 18-to-21-year-olds confirmed that they had smoked it. Further, Dr. Moody said, the DOD now pushes for a nonjudicial penalty rather than a court-martial for offenders who have otherwise good records.

• For the first time, the president of the American Cancer Society has come out in favor of using marijuana to ease the discomfort of cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy. Dr. Saul B. Gusbert, a New York gynecologist, said, "Anything that alleviates the pain and suffering of advanced cancer is acceptable. It can be the difference between agony and tranquility in a person." Gusbert said that the debate over cancer patients using pot is "almost psychological rather than medical-scientific, because not many people want to allow the patient to take it on his own."

• The Marijuana Users Association of America, Inc., will sponsor a free concert at JFK Plaza in Philadelphia on July 19, 1980 (rain date, July 20). The occasion will mark a citywide call for the legalization of marijuana against a backdrop of rock and reggae music. Interested volunteers and bands should call (215) 729-4467 for information.

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TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

Colombia Spring Harvest

The Colombian connection is rebounding with more strength than ever this year after a catastrophic 1979. By this spring primo Colombian gold appeared on the market in abundance for the first time in two years at around \$550 to \$600 a pound on the streets, up about \$50 to \$75 from top-notch gold in the spring of 1978. Commercial Colombian is still \$30 to \$45 an ounce unchanged. Colombian dealers have not kept up with inflation, and the effects clearly show. Many Mercedes have been traded in for Pintos and the Jacuzzi bathtubs forestalled for a pulsating shower. Since sinsemilla has arrived and knocked them from their catbird seat many have had to adopt a more austere lifestyle. The consumer, for once, is the big winner as the sun and Colombian pot titans battle it out for supremacy in the marketplace.

American Gothic. Meanwhile a lot of scouts are crisscrossing the country with an eye peeled for sinse garden spots. Hot spots are out West and two or three surprising states that are better left unidentified. At the time of this writing word was dribbling down the New York pot line that people interested in joining pot-growing collectives should contact Mr. X at spot Y. Like sharecroppers, the growers get to keep from 30 to 50 percent or more of the crop. And no rips. The landed gentry in some of these cases are entrepreneurial middle-echelon dealers of Colombian pot who have seen their yearly incomes choked from \$150,000 to \$30,000. They see which way the wind is blowing and are turning their sails. A boon to the sinse market but isn't this how the green giant got started?

Seedy Characters. As a result of all this there is a market in seeds. Seeds from Southeast Asia and Hawaii top the line, followed closely by seeds from Southwest Asia, the Mideast and Persian Gulf areas, Colombia and Mexico. There are some mixed hybrids circulating in Hawaii and California but you've got to be plugged in like a toaster to find them. It's not that easy getting the real McCoy from Asia or Hawaii either, and the problem is only compounded when phony pedigrees are foisted upon the consumer to start with. How do you know that the alleged Thai that yields a few seeds is not California sinse whose second generation seeds have lost most of their potency?

Old hands chip in and send someone off to the origin and reward them handsomely on their return. There are a few independents who make the trip and a few who claim to but don't. Indicus seeds from these sources are priced at two bits each and up.

Coked Up, and Up, and Up: Good too, you may note from the USA price list, has crept up to \$2,500 an ounce in some areas, notably the dominant New York City market. Insiders say though that an anticipated large spring harvest will cause prices to drop.

Bouncing off Walls: So goes methaqualone. Soapheads can still find their favorite dope but prices and quality tend to roller-coaster. One reason—almost universal confusion over boots and bathtubs. You see, when the DEA put their thumb on prescription Rorer and Sopor methaqualone and the domestic supply dried up, dealers started getting them from foreign countries where they are sold over the counter and then smuggled back into the United States. Boot-

legged. Get it? These "boots" used to sell for about the same or a little more than the domestic scripted ludes, \$3 to \$5 each, a little cheaper by the hundreds or thousands.

When U.S. D-men stepped up their campaigns abroad and at Customs, it was discovered that methaqualone is fairly easy to produce illegally; hence, bathtub ludes. These are usually misnamed "boots." Some are good and some not so good. They usually sell at the lower end of the lude market, about \$3 to \$5 while the boots—which are real but imported—are sold as script ludes for \$5 to \$9. Bonafide script ludes are almost unattainable, particularly since the public roasting of Elvis Presley's Dr. Feelgood George Nichopoulos.

Mushroom Magic: A little-recognized but huge homegrown mushroom culture exists in this country. Legal mushroom kits have become so prevalent that almost all parts of the country report brisk sales activity in the \$25-to-\$40-an-ounce range. Homegrown psychedelics seem to be following the path beaten by homegrown pot. They're better, cheaper and more fun.

Flashback. Last month we predicted, based on our worldwide intelligence network that the Russian occupation of Afghanistan would not disrupt the hash supply. Now it turns out that the Russian occupation may have actually increased hash output. Afghan hash is flowing into European and American markets at a high rate. One expert said a recently arrived shipment was "the best Afghan hash in almost ten years." Reason: The mountain tribesmen and guerrilla groups sell hash to raise money for arms.

Bad Trips: Just because that acid you took made you feel like somebody put you in a microwave don't think it has speed in it. The knee-jerk response for all bad acid is that it had speed in it, but this is almost never the case according to the guys who run lab tests on acid. It's just no good.

Last Call: The pot selected as the best at the northern California growers' harvest festival this year was auctioned off at the end of the judging for \$4,000 a pound. Pot lobbyists are gearing up for the campaign trail, hoping to peddle the pot-bloc vote for a few concessions. Mike Moran's Grass Roots organization is back in business after a brief period of dormancy. The Yippies are pressuring for pardons for all POWs (Prisoners of Weed) and even NORML is doing a little juggling of the bank books to get some more clout out of their organization, following a threatened cutoff by one of their main angels. With little fanfare, Mexican pot has crept back onto the market and is now everywhere available, but who cares. A major hash, cash and stash rip of an East Coast dealer has caused a temporary drought in a large city.

Letters, We Get Letters: But we want more. Wherever you are and whatever you're doing, stop right now and write down how much you paid for your last high and whatever else you think might enlighten our market analysis. Pay attention you people in England, Amsterdam, Paris and down under to specify whether your dope prices are in dollars or whatever. Send them to "THMQ," c/o HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003. PS Try to be a little more specific than "grass \$10-\$200 a lb." Quote prices by the ounce or the gram.

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	Kangaroo boo	oz	30-40
Colombian pot	mostly mesh	oz	350-550
		lb	75-225
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	800-1200
Pseudo sticks	useless	one	15-20
		100	1000-1200
		one	8-13
New Zealand homegrown	budding market	oz	100-120
Domestic hash	rotten	lb	75
		oz	800-750
		lb	50-100
Putty hash	adulterated	oz	300-500
	Lebanese	lb	210-250
Nepalese fingers	slabs too	oz	2800-3000
Indian hash oil	top-notch	lb	250-400
	at 1 mes	gm	3000-4500
	primo	oz	20-45
Pakistani hash	knocks your socks off	oz	420-620
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	lb	350-400
LSD	seek and ye shall find	oz	50-75
		one	4-6
Mandrax	rare but there	100	300-500
		one	2-3.50
Cocaine	almost nonexistent of late	100	100-200
		oz	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial	sky high	oz	65-90
Colombian		lb	600-800
Gold and red	zitch	oz	80-100
Colombian		lb	750-1000
Hawaiian buds	aioha	oz	250-350
		lb	2500-3500
Jamaican pot	in the cities, but rare	oz	75-125
Mexican tops	yo-yo market	lb	800-1200
		lb	60-100
		lb	600-800
Cal fornia sinsemilla	top dog on the streets	oz	175-275
Homegrown pot	decent, considering	oz	1750-3000
Hash	lots of Leb	lb	25-35
		lb	100-250
LSD	choice of varieties, a good	one	1200-2000
		100	4-10
MDA	mostly PCP	one	200-450
Cocaine	disco foot	gm	3-5
		oz	85-150
		oz	1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Maria	vintage year	oz	7-15
golds, reds		lb	80-100
Commercial domestic	megatons	oz	2-5
Colombian hash	still trying	lb	50-80
Hash oil	a loser	oz	10-30
	surprisingly	oz	100-250
Mushrooms	neglected of late	lb	150-200
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		lb	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	pretty shabby	oz	75-200
		kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	not bad	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	passable	oz	75-125
Lebanese hash	conventioneer's choice	kilo	1250-3000
Black Afghan hash	top banana	kilo	75-130
Pakistani hash		oz	1500-2500
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	180
		oz	190
		gm	100
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum	oz	120-150
Colombian grass	seedy and leafy	lb	1250-1300
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	120
Thai sticks	great, rare	lb	1000
Homegrown	good year	one	6
		oz	25
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	lb	free to 50
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	100-350
Moroccan hash	nothing to write home about	lb	90-120
Pak black hash	black slabs	lb	900-1200
Hash oil	in milligram	oz	180-225
	on ts too	oz	90-100
		lb	950-1000
		lb	120
		lb	1450-1500
		gm	25-30
		oz	480-540

LSD	back in business late y	one	4.50-7.50
Cocaine	scarce but there	100	300
Opium	around of late	gm	135-180
		oz	270
Mandrax	limey ludes	oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
		one	2-4

JAPAN

Colombian pot	Marine's bag	oz	120
Philippine pot	plentiful but shitty	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	90-120
Thai sticks	taste-test first	lb	900-1200
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one	30-40
Philippine hash	not bad for firsts	oz	300-600
LSD	much blotter, some dots	one	40-60
Speed	lots, all varieties	gr	25
		oz	300-350
		one	4-12
		one	1-3

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz	5-10
Mexican sinsemilla	much poll nated	lb	50-90
Acapulco gold	soon to season	oz	5-10
		lb	50-80
Guerrero gold	mucho pesos when around	oz	10-20
Emerald hash	seldom seen	lb	50-100
Cocaine	sucker's buy	oz	7-12
Opium	searching for a market	lb	65-125
		oz	35-75
		gm	400-500
		oz	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

NEW ZEALAND

Buddha sticks	chewed-looking but great	one	12-15
Homegrown heads	ace pot	oz	50-85
Afghan hash	inferior grades	gm	20
Hash oil	good stuff	oz	120-175
Psychedeic cactus	local varieties	cap	15-20
LSD	less than impressive	oz	80
		oz	30-50
		one	4-6

PERU

Brown buds	powerful pot	oz	4-5
Gold buds	mucho bueno	lb	40-60
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot	oz	10
Coca leaves	from the coast more fun than gum	lb	70-80
Coca paste	for pros only	kilo	35
Cocaine	top-notch tool	gm	150-2
		kilo	1100-1300
		gm	8-20
		kilo	7000-8500

USA

Top-grade Mexican	renaissance	oz	50-75
Mexican sinsemilla	dormant	lb	475-650
Quality Jamaican	East Coast mostly	oz	50-65
Jamaican sinsemilla	slim pickins	b	500-600
Commercial Colombian	much al cheap	oz	40-60
Connoisseur Colombian	prices on the rebound	lb	475-550
Colombian shake	look for it in the fall	oz	75-125
Colombian seeds	take your chances	lb	800-1250
Pseudo Thai sticks	phhhll	oz	30-45
Thai sticks	super	lb	450-500
Loose Thai	good buy if leg 1	oz	50-85
Hawaiian	top dollar	lb	550-850
Moroccan hash	huge, mediocre	oz	20
Lebanese hash	sh floods	lb	200-275
Black Afghan hash	costly but boss	lb	25
Nepalese hash	seems to have ebbed	oz	75-125
Pak hash	suitcase slashes	one	750-1250
Indian hash	from the old masters	oz	15-20
		lb	150-175
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2250
		lb	200-320
		lb	2000-3200
		oz	90-125
		lb	1100-1750
		oz	100-150
		lb	1400-1750
		lb	150-200
		lb	1600-2200
		lb	140-180
		lb	1600-2000
		lb	150
		lb	1350-1800
		oz	125-160
		lb	1500-2000

Hash oils	good but slow movers	gm	30-60
Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	500-1000
Peyote	strong supply	oz	25-45
		lb	100-250
		lb	25-40
		lb	200-500
		one	150-5.00
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	100	150-300
Methaqualone	boots and bathtubs	gm	75-125
MDA	best to analyze	oz	1800-2500
Crystal meth	upstage	gm	5-9
PCP	dangerous stuff	100	400-600
Opium	much top-notch ranian	gm	65-90
		gm	60-75
		gm	40-60

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	grabbed up fast	oz	65-90
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce as sea	lb	525-650
Domestic weed	leathers	oz	90-125
Mexican weed	good AM smoke	lb	650-900
Hawaiian	surfaces occasionally soon to come	oz	25-40
Mainland sinsemilla	considered low-grade here, tops there	lb	100-200
Lebanese hash	standard issue	oz	50-75
Hash oil	like snowflakes in hell	lb	550-750
Cocaine	sometimes	oz	275-375
Methaqualone	mainland boots	lb	3000-3800
White cross		oz	200-350
		lb	2000-3500
		gm	15-20
		oz	130-200
		gm	50-75
		gm	125-175
		oz	2000-3000
		one	6-15
		one	50
		100	20-35

California

Boinas County	nice, low supplies	oz	150
Humboldt County	popcorn buds	lb	1700
Mendocino County	pin, off season	oz	180
Orange County	border grass	lb	2200
Fallbrook special	red-haired beauties	oz	175
Skunkweed	purple buds	lb	2000-2200
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Amphetamines	bzzzt	one	2-4
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NATIONAL WEED

Quadriplegic Jailed for Pot



"Everybody's been giving me hell about it all day" chuckled Kansas district judge Wayne Phillips after sending a 23-year-old quadriplegic to jail for a year for possession of marijuana. "Well he got a lot less than anybody else would have. Don't make me look like an ogre."

The defendant, paralyzed from the neck down after a traffic accident about five years ago, was originally charged with selling weed from his bed at home in Wyandotte County. Kids would come in," says a cop, "tell him how much they wanted, and he'd tell 'em to put the money down open a drawer and pull out however much they were buying." He copped down to a guilty plea and was sent up for three counts of possession for a year by Judge Phillips. "The whole purpose," explains Phillips, "was just to get his attention and maybe get him to make some kind of change."

Even local sheriff's deputies were appalled when Phillips consigned the man to the violence-ridden county jail. They booked him in at the jail and took him to Bethany Medical Center, but he was refused admission and spent the night in jail. The next day, though, Phillips committed him to Osawatimie State Hospital for a month's observation which relieved the cops. "He would have died up here if he'd had to spend any time here one said. "We can't take care of him."

The defendant's sister expressed satisfaction with the transfer to the hospital: "I'm not trying to say what he did wasn't wrong. I'm not trying to say he should not be punished. But they are putting a responsibility on that jail they will never be able to handle."

Horatia Alger Story

"Don't try to go into business without money!" self-improvement author Sandra Brown admonished would-be millionairesses in a 1977 Redbook article counseling readers on how to make a million before the age of 34. At the time, helpfully enough, Brown was running the First Women's Small Business Investment Corporation, set up to channel funds from the federal Small Business Administration (SBA) into little corporations. But according to federal prosecutors, the author of the article was actually engaged in a colossal

mulcting of the public till. They charged that while Brown, her accountant and her attorney got \$5.8 million out of the SBA, it all went into bogus corporations they'd made up by themselves, so the three are up on fraud charges now. And Brown's how-to Redbook article was doubly iniquitous, they point out, since when she made her own first million, she was already pushing 40.

From 'Ludes to 'Quins

You won't see the former Lew Alcindor doing ads for it, but Quaaludes are changing their name too. The Lerrmon Company of Philadelphia, who took over manufacturing the sedative-hypnotic from Rorer last year, is rechristening their product Mequin. Lemmon says only the name and the imprint on the white tablets will be new, the main ingredient, methaqualone, remains the same.

Petticoat Discipline

Prospective jurors at the Orlando, Florida, trial of Robert Morgan were asked by his defense lawyer what they thought of tennis champ Dr. Renee Richards, and of saliva tests administered to Olympic athletes to determine their genetic sexual identities. When a woman said of Dr. Richards, "if the papers say he's a female, I'll say it," she was approved for jury duty. When a man said of the saliva assays, "I take a look at them, I don't go around testing their spit," he was bounced.

Morgan was on trial for standing on an Orlando street corner "in a dress not belonging to his sex with the intent to disguise his true sex." After the jury had been impaneled, defense attorney Steven Brady asked them, "What is male dress, what is female dress?" On his direction, "Pam"—as he called Morgan—changed out of jeans and appeared in the courtroom wearing a flowered dress, curly wig, silver earrings and high-heeled shoes.

At this point she is breaking the laws of the city of Orlando," Brady observed. "Is anyone being hurt? And yet she is being prosecuted as a criminal."

Four women on the jury, in fact, were wearing pants suits. It took them less than 45 minutes to bring in a conviction under the 1948 law, which levies a max of 60 days in jail and a \$500 fine.

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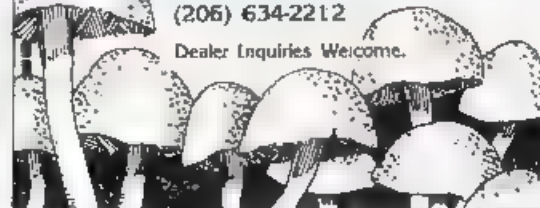
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"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE" At last it can be revealed (partially, anyway) that Jane Fonda has seen the light—inspired by the Iranian crisis—to adopt the Flag and the American Way. Sources close to the reconverted patriot hint that last April Jane offered to trade herself for the hostages in Tehran and was actually accepted. A fatal last-minute snag in the negotiations scotched the deal, though: It seems Teddy Kennedy insisted on driving her to the airport.

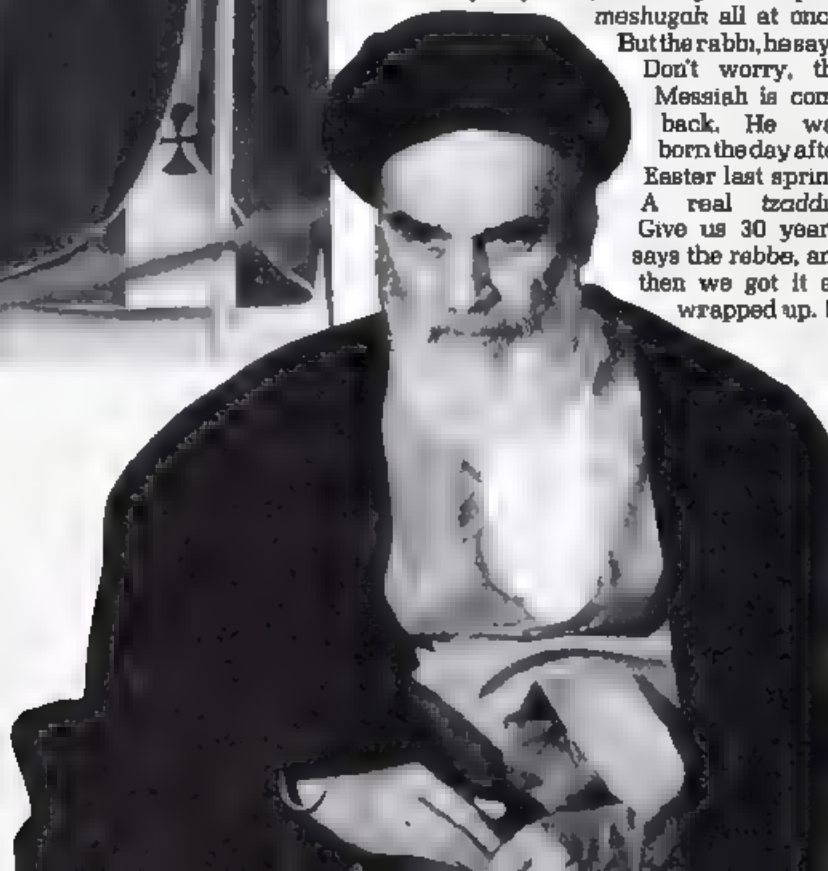
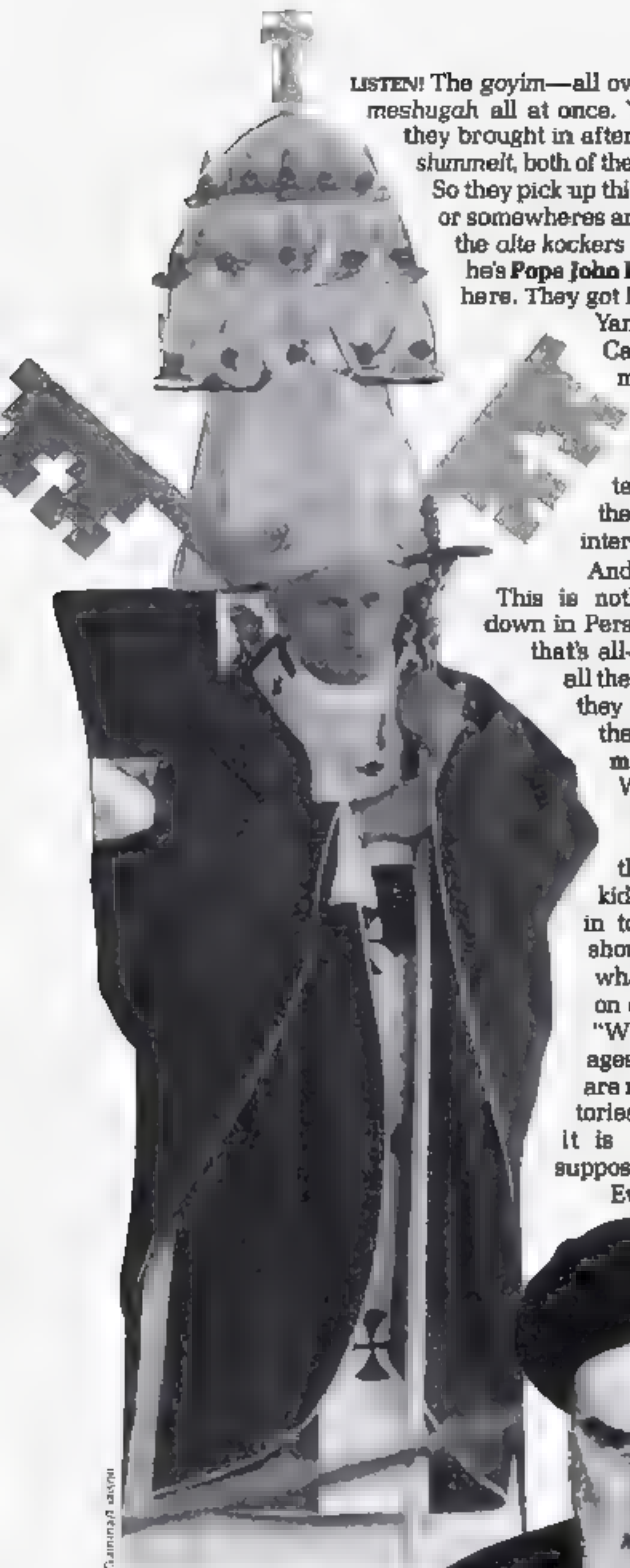
GIVES GOOD HUMP: Still reeling from her much-touted breakup with studsy Chinga ("Asshole from El Paso") Chavin (see "High Society," April '80), slender comedienne Laraine Newman vanished into the lonesome desert for months to piece her tattered heart together. With her in the torrid wilderness was Dudley Moore. They were working on Columbia's forthcoming biblical blasphemy, *Wholly Moses!* There was talk of a Moore-Newman linkup, but when she settled on a stately unknown from central casting (see photo), the gossipmongers were foiled. "Dudley only rated her 4.5 anyway," reveals a former Newman insider.



LISTEN! The goyim—all over the world they're going absolutely meshugah all at once. You know the pope? He's this Polack they brought in after the last two alte kockers was so fershumelt, both of them, they go drop dead in the same week. So they pick up this muzik character actor from Warsaw or somewhere and they give him the two names of both the alte kockers what is now dead—I wouldn't kid you, he's **Pope John Paul II** he's called—and he comes over here. They got him in this fershlugginer clown suit in Yankee Stadium, and all these goyim, Catholic and Protestant, it's like they so much don't want him to croak, too, they're singing and yelling and going, "We love you, John Paul!" So then he goes back to Rome in Italy and all he talks is dope after that. "The children of the world," he says, "are menaced by the international traffic in drugs."

And you think things couldn't get crazier? This is nothing from what comes after. See, down in Persia—you go to Tel Aviv and turn left, that's all—is where those bunch of goyim got all these shahs and you don't know half what they got. And one is this awful alte kocker they call an ayatollah, the **Ayatollah Khomeini**. Oy, a real paskudnyak this one is. When he sees this Pope Two-Names getting headlines, this ayatollah says, Hey now, some Polack gonif is copping the crazy-goyim market. So he goes and kidnaps all the U.S. spies and soldiers in town and such a tzimmis you never should have to hear it again. But you know what? You thought the pope was shazbat on dope, listen what this ayatollah says: "Wine and all other intoxicating beverages are impure but opium and hashish are not." And he says, "The use of suppositories is not forbidden during the fast, but it is preferable to abstain from opium suppositories."

Everybody ain't Jewish is gone complete meshugah all at once. But the rabbi, he says, Don't worry, the Messiah is come back. He was born the day after Easter last spring. A real tzaddik. Give us 30 years, says the rebbe, and then we got it all wrapped up. ■



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Interview:

Bill Lee

The "Spaceman" of Montreal goes to bat for marijuana, balks at baseball bosses and strikes out at Bowie Kuhn

by Ken Kelley

Bill Lee is not your typical left-handed fastball superstar pitcher. The only thing typical about him is that he's an atypical jock: His heroes are not Babe Ruth or Sandy Koufax, but Albert Einstein and Kurt Vonnegut. Since his debut with the Boston Red Sox in 1968, the press has had a field day trying to pin down the personality of the 32-year-old, gangly iconoclast. He set something of a mark at Boston with a tongue that was almost as quick as his redoubtable fastball. And an acid tongue, at that.

Acid in more ways than one—his psychedelic-Zen vernacular quickly earned him the sobriquet "Spaceman." He is liable, in the course of one meandering sentence, to cover everything from duck hunting to the state of affairs on one of Jupiter's moons. His wry wit is often self-directed—although it also finds a myriad of other targets, particularly the pooch-bahs of baseball management. Although he set a Boston pitching record for three consecutive 17-game-winning seasons, in 1979 he was summarily banished to the National League, with the then-lowly Montreal Expos. This because he was quoted as calling Red Sox manager Don Zimmer "a gerbil." "Actually, I never said he was a gerbil," Lee told HIGH TIMES interviewer Ken Kelley. "But he does have those puffy cheeks that gerbils use to stock food in. And he waddles a lot."

While such pronouncements do little to endear him to his victims, to his legions of fans and his teammates he is something of a folk hero. In his first year at Montreal, he kindled an excitement that nearly led the Expos to a pennant. ("This year we'll be in the World Series. Last year was just a dry run.")

A change of geography did nothing to quiet his notoriety. Barely had spring training begun with his new team than he was admitting to a sportswriter that he had "used" marijuana. Bowie Kuhn, commissioner of baseball, levied a \$250 fine against him (to be paid to the charity of his choice), and the headlines over that and Lee's subsequent lawsuit against Kuhn raged for most of the season. Sports columnists across the country railed against Lee, accusing him of turning young kids into dope addicts with a fervor that must have had Harry Anslinger doing handsprings in his grave.

Lee is nothing if not eminently quotable—as he proves in this candid HIGH TIMES interview. He freely expounds on his use of drugs—and the rest of society's, including athletes—as well as philosophy, religion, racism and The Meaning of Life.

High Times: So let's begin with a discussion of drugs.

Lee: Whatever's cool.

High Times: Let's rehash, so to speak, your dispute with Bowie Kuhn, the commissioner of baseball, over your "using" pot.

Lee: I was approached in spring training at Daytona Beach last year. A writer comes up to me, out of nowhere, and says, "I've always been afraid to ask, but people have been saying there was a problem with drugs in baseball." And I said, "Definitely. Players have been abusing caffeine, nicotine and alcohol way too long." I was very low-key, monotone, and the guy says, "No, I

was talking about marijuana." "Oh, yeah," I said, "I've been using marijuana since 1968." I didn't use the word smoke.

The media jumped on it. They said, Smoke, smoke, smoke. So pretty soon Kuhn sends down this guy he'd hired from Nixon's Operation Intercept. He wanted to know if what I'd been quoted as saying was true. I said, No, I never said I smoked it. You can ingest THC other ways as long as it gets into your system and provides the beneficial ingredients. I told him I sprinkled it on organic buckwheat pancakes before I went on my daily five-mile jog. I said it made me impervious to gas fumes.

High Times: The guy fell for that?

Lee: Yeah. He says, "I think Bowie will like that answer." Then Bowie fines me \$250. The ACLU thought it was a good issue—constitutional and all. So I'm launching a civil suit against Kuhn for defamation of character and I'll make some money on that and I'll give it to the antinukers. Anyway, I paid the fine. Actually, I paid \$251, one dollar over, to an Alaskan mission run by a friend of mine. Because I figured if I



gave it to Bowie it would end up in the Nixon campaign fund.

High Times: What would happen if Bowie Kuhn levied a \$250 fine against every player in baseball who smoked dope?

Lee: He'd be a rich man.

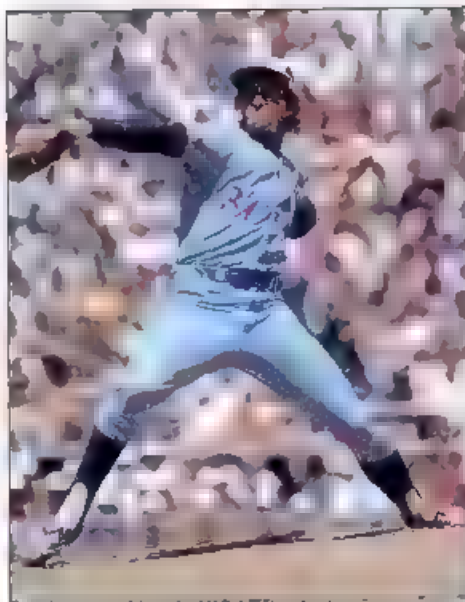
High Times: So it's safe to assume that lots of ballplayers smoke it?

Lee: Who doesn't? Smoking's a way to let you down slowly from a ballgame. It also makes you use less of the resources around. It makes people better in the way they act towards society. Everybody's nicer. It's hard to be mean when you're stoned. It's made players a lot less alcoholic.

High Times: Does smoking dope help you to overcome muscle stiffness?

Lee: Yeah, because it forces me to stretch, to run, forces me to get going. Tells you that you're human, that time is marching on and that you're getting older and have to defy gravity. It's nature's alarm clock, gravity. It reminds us we're all mortal.

In my case, it enables me to transfer energy: I have good communication with certain muscles and I'm able to bypass the



nervous system and exercise at the right speed at the right time. I jiggle a lot, loosen up. But really it hasn't affected me one way or the other before a game, psychologically, because when it comes down to the actual contest, the object is to cut your head off and let your body do the work. Free your mind and your ass will follow.

The thing about drugs is that they should

"Cocaine—ballplayers grind it up with Cheerios for breakfast. As long as he can do his job, it sure beats coffee."

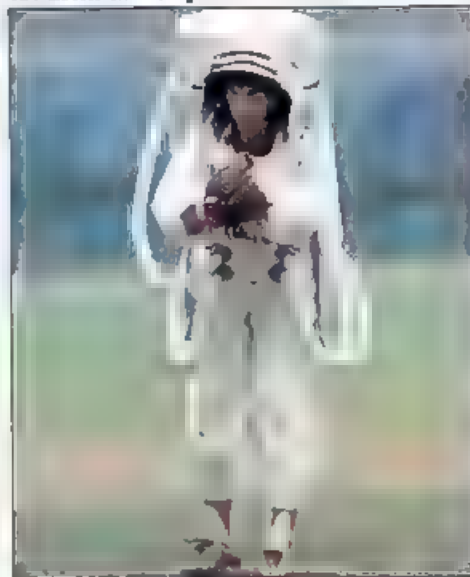
never even be discussed. Know why?

High Times: Why?

Lee: Because it's like brushing your teeth. Do you talk about brushing your teeth?

High Times: With the dentist once a year.

Lee: Exactly. All drugs are just a mood elevator for a short period of time. You can't let them defeat you.



High Times: Speaking of mood elevators, let's talk about cocaine for a minute. Some people have a rule about it: Never buy it, but never turn it down.

Lee: That's a great rule. I like that. Good point. I like that theory. Cocaine—some ballplayers grind it up with Cheerios for breakfast. Gotta keep it on the up and up, though—as long as he can do his job, and it's an ally of his instead of an adversary, it sure beats coffee. (Laughs.)

High Times: One newspaper columnist, after Kuhn levied the fine against you, said, "It makes you wonder what Bowie did before he took up stuffing shirts for a living."

Lee: Some people clean the laundry; some people do the laundry. Doing the laundry means not really understanding the concepts that are involved. That's Bowie.

High Times: Another columnist, Dick Young, from the New York Daily News, said that you have the right to the First Amendment, but that because you "advocate" pot, every kid in America will run out and use it.

Lee: I don't advocate it for anybody until he's



got the educational background to learn how to deal with it. Once you've learned how to cooperate with the planet, you can do anything you want, as long as you don't lose perspective. Dick Young is also an alarmist. And a bad writer.

Look, the only reason kids look to ballplayers as role models is because their parents make them do it—and television. The parents haven't learned to separate the person from the job that he does. Actually, I don't think anything I say affects kids at all. They're smart enough to figure out what they want to do on their own.

High Times: Now that you live a lot of the year in Montreal, tell us this. Is pot as big in Canada as it is in the United States?

Lee: No, not enough sunlight. It's more hash there. It's easier to transport. It's used freely, and the police realize it's not a problem and that it tempers the alcohol conduct and makes people more nonviolent. When I first came to Montreal, the fans would throw little tinfoils of hash at me. It was nice. It was kind of like the hats going to the matador. Bravo, good game.



The Bill Lee family: Who says marijuana reduces testosterone levels?

High Times: Good shit?

Lee: Oh, yeah, always. It was the same thing as the older guys putting a beer in your pocket. Very nice atmosphere. Very friendly gestures. I love Montreal fans. French fans temper their emotions better than, say, Boston fans. Not so negative, not so heartbroken. Boston fans are probably the most heartbroken fans, year after year. They try too hard. A watched pot doesn't boil. Montreal fans are more tolerant of mistakes.

High Times: You now live in Oregon. It's known that, come the rain, psychedelic mushrooms sprout a lot there.

Lee: Oh, yeah, just like trees. They're not that potent, though. You have to have the chemical process, really, to synthesize them out. I like them because they cause a periodical cleaning out of the system. Roto-Rooter type of thing. They do that for me. I also go on a fast at the drop of a hat to clean me out, off season. But mushrooms are kind of like a psychedelic enema. I think probably HIGH TIMES readers do the same thing.

High Times: Who do you think HIGH TIMES readers are?

Lee: True botanists at heart. Connoisseurs. Is that a good answer? You really wanna know? They're yoga masters. They're able to stare and visualize the concept of the flower, and through that visualization transform those things into the energy of THC and get high without even necessarily having to smoke it. There.

High Times: Let's talk for a moment about the drugs that are sanctioned—indeed, virtually mandatory—in organized sports, such as novocaine, cortisone, the steroids—

Lee: It's all rotgut. Your kidneys produce enough cortisone. As far as the management is concerned, the short-term goals outweigh the long-term ones. Novocaine and steroids, especially. It's ironic that Bowie Kuhn gets upset about pot when, every day, ballplayers are being shot up with drugs that actually destroy players' systems. He's thinking short-term. He's not tak-

ing into consideration, for instance, that steroids are congenital and that the people who take them are passing on heart failure to their offspring that will make them die at a much earlier age because of inability to absorb cholesterol. He's thinking, "This guy is more of a burden, costs more on society in the long run based on our insurance..." It's strange, isn't it?

High Times: So you're saying that baseball management is abusing drugs, in effect?

Lee: Yeah. Because they create the system whereby the ballplayer knows that if he does good, he's gonna get x number of dollars and then he can worry about it later. Overachieving at a faster rate. It's the same thing as marginal buying on the stock market, which created the crash of 1929.

High Times: Did management ever get you to take drugs you didn't want to take?

Lee: Kind of, but I had the ability to regulate them myself, and not take as much as they suggested. I knew it was harmful for me to take cortisones, but it was something I had to use because of my arm injury with

the Red Sox. I was very lucky that the Red Sox gave me two years to come back from my injury. They had to give me the space to try and heal. But they don't have to do that with everybody. I was lucky I had so many established years in so they couldn't do that—boom boom boom. I had three 17-game-winning seasons in a row with the Red Sox, which was a record in consistency for Boston pitchers. I was a worthy investment.

High Times: You've already mentioned liquor, nicotine and caffeine as harmful drugs. What else, in your opinion, are the most harmful drugs in America?

Lee: All are bad if you don't neutralize them with another one. It's the things that are not able to be metabolized. The pharmacists know when they're cheating a little bit, when they're crossing over too much, cutting off natural connections in the body. We're all put together by charges and by molecular arrangement, and when you tamper with the natural ones, you're up the creek. The harmful ones—steroids, amphetamines. Anything that affects genetic body patterns, and any drug that becomes addictive. It's like a black hole. It'll suck you in. Heroin. They're not all bad, really, if you can control them, if you have the ability not to become addicted to them, but to use them, as [Carlos] Cestaneda says, as an ally.

High Times: From what you say, it sounds like management treats a player as a commodity rather than a person.

Lee: A commodity first, a person second. They wink out of "commodity" once in a while, but when it comes down to the books at the end of the month, you slip into what Bob Seger calls "a number to the telephone company."

High Times: You once said that to make it in baseball you have to be an asshole. Why is that?

Lee: Nice guys get treated with less respect.

High Times: Is that why nice guys can't be managers?



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Lee: They never give you any positive reinforcement. Or seldom.

High Times: You also once said that all managers are .220 hitters and that's why they hate pitchers so much.

Lee: Not all of them are. Ted Williams hit .406. Of course he was a lousy manager. I want to say this, though. I believe in clinical and physical psychology. You have two hemispheres in your brain—a left and a right side. The left side controls the right side of your body and the right controls the left half. It's a fact. Therefore, left-handers are the only people in their right minds. Does that sum it up?

High Times: Since you're a left-hander, it certainly seems a convenient outlook.

Lee: Whatever. What do I know?

High Times: What do you consider your most significant accomplishment?

Lee: Probably making people smile. Taking their minds off things that aren't going well. Give them something to work from. Kind of a premise—

High Times: Who would you like to meet that you haven't met yet?

Lee: Everybody's so close in this day and age that you don't have to meet people to know them. I'd like to meet Sarah Miles. (Laughs.) I've never met any real actors.

High Times: You've met Reggie Jackson.

Lee: Bad actors don't count.

High Times: Ever eat a Reggie bar?

Lee: No way! He's turning to cancer in minors. Weakening their bodies by giving them sugar.

High Times: What do you think about Reggie's arch rival, Billy Martin?

Lee: He's a misguided person. I visited China a couple of years back and their philosophy of athletics is totally different from ours. I loved it. They extend their hand to the guy that didn't do as well. It's a nonhumiliating thing. Friendship first, competition second. That's my basic philosophy of athletics. One time when I was a kid I asked my dad, "How come all the good guys always get screwed?" And he said, "It's because of the jerks who run it."

High Times: The people who run baseball are jerks?

Lee: Uneducated ones, at that. Nincompoops. But you know what? Baseball is a great way to get paid for playing a child's game. That sounds cold, doesn't it?

High Times: Sounds like cold cash.

Lee: I think the game could be a lot more fun if the fans could have more say in it. The game should be incorporated into electronics in each game so that fans could play against kind of a giant computerized Pong game. That way you're playing two games. One you're watching, one you're playing.

High Times: Let's talk about politics for a moment.

Lee: I believe in a bumper sticker I saw. It said, "Don't vote. It only encourages them." Don't vote for president. Don't vote for a supreme being. Vote for everything else. I

mean, what's the difference between Ted Kennedy and Jerry Brown? As far as I'm concerned, eating out Linda Ronstadt would be just as bad as Chappaquiddick. Oops. You can't use that. Because I'd do it too.

High Times: Sorry, it's on the record. Seriously, though, you were born in Belmont, Massachusetts, headquarters of the John Birch Society, and in fact you used to be pretty conservative politically, no?

Lee: I'm a modern conservative. I believe in recycling your trash. I'm a radical left-wing conservative.

High Times: Meaning?

Lee: I don't believe in political systems the way they stand. I believe in interrelation, like Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé Indians. He was the most sage, the best fighter, the best defensive in staying out of jams. He was as good a general as Robert E. Lee because his basic premise was survival for his people and causes. I think we've got to communalize. I know it sounds like the '80s, but the '80s are gonna need that again. Barter systems, sharing in foods, community property, victory gardens. You can't have a self-consuming system the way it is now, because it's a closed system, and it destroys everything else around it.

You know who said it best? Walt Disney. When Bambi's mother said, "Beware, Bambi, there's evil out here in the forest. Fire." Bambi says, "Fire, what do you mean?" Bambi's mother says, "The evil is man." Whoa! Freaked me out as a kid—first TV show I ever saw. Look, the earth can keep replenishing and adapt if you treat it right. You can't poison the atmosphere because you have to burn more coal. The balance of nature is a very fine thing. Your main priority is not energy, it's balancing your systems on planet earth. That's where my politics are at.

High Times: Who would you like to see as president?

Lee: Bucky Fuller. I believe in a world club. I work for antinuke stuff—the Clamshell Alliance, the Abalone Alliance. I don't believe in nuclear plants at all, in any way, shape or form. What kind of container can you make that will never let the rot seep out into the atmosphere? I go and speak for those groups any time they ask. I say, "Hey, I don't know jack shit. I just have these few beliefs." I like to fish and because of acid rain, the salmon can't spawn anymore. I think the planet is shaped by its poles and the fragile ecologies will die first and it will cause a chain reaction, and everything will die and we'll all be huddled in one part of the globe fighting off this monster green plague that comes down.

High Times: You think of yourself as a proselytizer, somewhere, don't you?

Lee: Look, I'm not right on everything. But I try and speak as a disciple of people who do know stuff, like Einstein and Chief Joseph. I don't believe in experts. Experts know nothing. I believe in "imparts"—people of one field who branch out into other fields and who know the right way to use



"Oh man, Bill. I thought that fastball would never reach the plate."

"Don't vote for president. What's the difference between Ted Kennedy and Jerry Brown? Eating out Linda Ronstadt would be as bad as Chappaquiddick."

all our knowledge. What's the alternative—just drop the bombs and we'll all sit around with shit-eating grins on our face and nobody says anything?

High Times: Because of your outspokenness, as well as your pitching, and your public image, you're something of a superstar in Montreal. Is that a hard thing to deal with?

Lee: Shit, I don't even think about it. I look in the mirror every morning and say, Who the fuck is this guy? I don't let the folk-hero part catch up with me. I keep myself separate from my image. A lot of rock bands get so fucked up because they start believing their own press. The rule is this. Believe nothing of what you hear and only half of what you see.

High Times: Religion seems to be a big part of sports these days, and baseball is no exception. Particularly among the born-againists. It's like, "I didn't hit that home run, God did."

Lee: Yeah, and so who struck you out the last time at bat? Me. I don't want to go to heaven. Heaven's a place where all these guys are playing harps and flying around. I don't even like to fly on airplanes. I like to keep my feet on the ground. I do believe in an afterlife, though. I believe that you come back as whatever you've abused in the previous life. But you'd be happy, you know? If you're a dope smoker, you might come back as a tree, and get processed into a Zig Zag or something. You'll be a wrapper. Maybe a tree's whole goal in life is to get smoked. I hope I come back as grain in the field and get turned into some of the finest Dortmunder Union beer in Germany. And that then Pelé will drink me. (Laughs)

High Times: What about the so-called new consciousness?

Lee: You mean like Esalen and eat and stuff? They're too specific. For everyone that tries to be as good as he can be, he tries too hard in one area and he totally fucks up in another so bad that he's just a complete mess. It's all closed minds, that stuff.

High Times: Is there still much prevalent racism in baseball?

Lee: On most levels it's just a joke. The contracts take care of that. But on management (ownership) levels, it's known that there are certain teams that don't have many black players. We sure didn't have many at Boston. And Calvin Griffith, the owner of the Minnesota Twins, virtually drove Rod Carew out of his town. He said something like There are more lakes than blacks in Minnesota. A lot of the older owners are totally racist. They're fools. Look at who won the World Series last year. The Pittsburgh Pirates are at least half black.

High Times: So, in summation, what's the meaning of life?

Lee: Play to win and always adhere to the law of averages. The strange may occur. But just because things may happen and the sun comes up and gravity pulls on you and you age, resist age and stay healthy and go easy into the future. And keep laughing, and be kind to people on the way up because you're gonna see them again on the way down. Actually, I don't know what that means. I don't know what nuthin' means. English is not my trump card. That's why I get quoted a lot like Casey Stengel. I walk the tightrope between two worlds. Between the oral and the doing, which I think are contradictory worlds.

High Times: How do you resolve the contradictions?

Lee: Do 'em both. There's a time and a place for everything. And keep your mouth shut at all times. ☐

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Mr. Randall Goes to Washington

How one glaucoma victim became America's first legal pothead

by Robert Randall

Once a week I go to a pharmacy located near my home in Washington, D.C., to pick up 70 prerolled cigarettes containing two and a half ounces of marijuana. The transaction is perfectly legal. My marijuana dealer is the U.S. government.

I have glaucoma, a painless, incurable eye disease. Uncontrolled, it results in blindness. In 1973 I accidentally discovered that smoking marijuana significantly reduces the eye pressure associated with my disease. Armed with the medical knowledge of a tenth-grade biology student, I conducted trial-and-error tests to determine if a drug I enjoyed using could prolong my sight. By the spring of 1974 the evidence was too persuasive to ignore and I added marijuana to my complement of conventionally prescribed antiglaucoma drugs. This illicit program of medication worked reasonably well. But marijuana purchased on the black market is always expensive, often unavailable and seldom of high quality. To offset these hazards I grew my own marijuana.

In August 1975 I was arrested by the District of Columbia vice squad for cultivating four marijuana plants on a second-floor sun deck. My first impulse was to plead guilty, pay a small fine for my indiscretion and return to my career as a college professor. But within a week of my arrest I learned the federal government also knew of marijuana's potential value in the treatment of glaucoma. Several officials actually encouraged me to continue smoking cannabis on the sly. So I freely admitted smoking marijuana but pled not guilty for reasons of medical need.

To support this claim I underwent 13 days of controlled medical study in December 1975 at the Jules Stein Eye Institute at the University of California at Los Angeles. I was hospitalized for six additional days of observation in March 1976 at the Wilmer Eye Institute, John Hopkins University.

Ophthalmologists at the Stein and Wilmer institutes found I was suffering a "conventional medications failure," and submitted the same prognosis: Unable to establish adequate control over my elevated eye pressures, I would suffer a rapid progression of sight loss ending in blindness. The physicians at Wilmer proposed surgical intervention as a last resort. The research ophthalmologists at UCLA, licensed to test marijuana, recommended cannabis therapy.

In May 1976 I used this information to petition federal drug-abuse agencies requesting immediate, legal access to government stocks of marijuana for medical use. Robert Rosenthal, acting chief counsel for the Drug Enforcement Administration, rejected this appeal saying, "Mr. Randall is an individual and a criminal." He did not indicate for which of these twin sins relief was denied me. After reconsideration, the Drug Enforcement Administration decided my petition was a medical request and bucked it to the Food and Drug Administration. FDA followed DEA's example and forwarded my appeal to the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

While my petition was being dispatched into bureaucratic oblivion I went on trial in Washington, D.C., in July 1976. The purpose of the trial was to determine if I, as an individual, were indeed "criminal." My



personal physician, Dr. Ben Fine of Washington, testified he had no firsthand knowledge of marijuana's potential benefits (such knowledge being illegal for him to possess). He could, however, relate the primary facts of my medical history. My glaucoma was beyond the control of conventional medications; surgery presented grave risks. He concluded by telling the court, "As a physician I believe it is in the best interest of the patient to pursue avenues of possible pressure control, if they are effective, regardless of their conventionality."

Dr. Robert Hepler, then the nation's only ophthalmologist licensed to investigate marijuana's effect on the eye, went further. "Without marijuana he will go blind," he told the court. "With marijuana his sight might be saved."

The U.S. attorney prosecuting me did not question the medical fact marijuana might save my sight. Nor did he bother to offer any concrete evidence to show marijuana was not safe. Instead, he alleged marijuana could cause "[Mr. Randall's] legs to fall off," then added the evidence was irrelevant because there is "no constitutional right to eyesight."

After four months of deliberation Judge James Washington, Jr., ruled my use of marijuana was not criminal, but a consequence of medical "necessity" protected by law. The court declared in part, "While blindness was shown by competent medical testimony to be the otherwise inevitable result of defendant's disease, no adverse effects from the smoking of marijuana has been demonstrated....[It] is doubtful," the court reasoned, "that [marijuana's] slight, speculative and undemonstrable harm could be considered more important than defendant's right to sight."

It was the first successful case of medical "necessity" ever brought in an American court and only the 13th successful defense of necessity (a rare legal doctrine) in the 750-year history of English common law. Judge Washington's verdict

also marked the first time in 40 years that any branch of the federal government acknowledged marijuana to be a therapeutic agent. Within the month federal drug-abuse agencies answered my petition by granting me legal access to government stocks of quality-controlled cannabis. I became America's first and only legal marijuana smoker in November 1976.

I smoked legal marijuana for Walter Cronkite and Tom Snyder and appeared on "To Tell the Truth." *Midnight* magazine headlined, BOB SMOKES POT—AND IT'S LEGAL. The *Washington Post* wondered why "a man losing his sight has to rely on the courts to get the right to smoke marijuana to stave off total blindness." Dorothy Storck, a columnist for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, wrote, "One has the feeling the marijuana millennium is near." Muckraker Jack Anderson paused between scandals to declare me "America's most famous pot smoker," a dubious distinction at best.

I did not mind being the free world's first legal pot smoker, but I deeply resented being the only American with medical access to marijuana. It left me feeling much like the man who makes the lifeboat and then finds he is alone. Four million Americans have glaucoma, a disease that is this nation's second leading cause of blindness. According to the National Eye Institute 10 percent—or 400,000—of these glaucoma patients are unresponsive to conventional medications.

But the question of marijuana's medicinal use extends beyond glaucoma. Historical records and modern clinical data indicate there is a wide range of maladies that may be responsive to cannabis-based therapies. The most significant of these potentially beneficial applications for cannabis lie in the plant's ability to lower the elevated eye pressures associated with glaucoma, to reduce the nausea and vomiting generated by cancer chemotherapies and radiation treatments, and to lessen the spasticity endemic to certain types of multiple sclerosis and other neural and muscu-

lar disorders resulting in convulsion. Many patients afflicted with glaucoma, cancer and multiple sclerosis are now demanding legal access to marijuana. Growing numbers of their physicians, medical researchers and health-care professionals are also calling for marijuana's release for medical applications, and the general public, media and politicians are increasingly supporting extensive reform measures.

Recently, the National Center for Telephone Research of Pennsylvania and respected Nebraska pollster Joe B. Williams, found that 83 percent of the registered voters in both states approved of marijuana's medicinal use. Farmers and ranchers in rural Nebraska were the least enthusiastic group surveyed, but by a sizable 69 percent they also supported legalizing access to cannabis for patients and physicians.

On January 26, 1979, *American Medical News*, an American Medical Association-sponsored publication distributed to physicians and health-care professionals, reported that, almost unnoticed, the question of marijuana's legalization for therapeutic applications "is becoming one of the top medical issues this year."

The public demand for reform, while subtly expressed, has sparked a dramatic political response. In 1978, four states (New Mexico, Florida, Louisiana and Illinois) abandoned federal models of prohibition to enact laws permitting marijuana's medical use by glaucoma and cancer patients confronting "life- and sense-threatening" disability. The tempo of reform has accelerated. Fifteen additional states—Alabama, California, Colorado, Georgia, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Nevada, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Texas, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia—have enacted similar laws. Approximately 15 more states are considering measures to release marijuana for medical purposes before the end of the 1979-80 legislative session.

While this mushrooming political activity is impressive, the depth of legislative support commanded by these reform actions is more instructive. The Louisiana



State Senate voted 34-4 to release marijuana for medical use. In Oregon both houses of the state legislature gave unanimous consent. The conservative Florida House of Representatives approved that state's new law by a resounding 96-6. Illinois governor James Thompson signed his state's bill into law by calling the measure "a step forward in the practice of medicine."

Despite these innovative state laws, I still remain one of a handful of individuals with legal access to cannabis. But from my protected niche of privilege I have watched other individuals, denied similar care, suffer needlessly and go blind.

Ara Cron of Wichita, Kansas, is 65, retired and suffers from glaucoma. Like many who wrote to me, Mrs. Cron wanted to know if marijuana could prolong her vision. Ara feared surgery and not without good cause. Her father had glaucoma and was blinded by ocular surgery. I could not answer her question, but instead provided her with the available research data, some general information on marijuana and the names of various federal officials.

Over the next several months Mrs. Cron and her doctor contacted these officials in an effort to secure legal access to marijuana. They failed, but as a result of her efforts she attracted local press attention. Shortly after articles appeared detailing her plight she found an ounce of marijuana, a pack of cigarette rolling papers, and instructions on how to roll a joint in her mailbox.

That evening Mrs. Cron's husband, Gerald, a retired Wichita high-school principal, measured his wife's eye pressure as he had done nightly for six years. Then Ara Cron smoked marijuana for the first time in her life. An hour later Gerald rechecked his wife's eye pressures and found marijuana had dramatically reduced her ocular ten-

Muckraker Jack Anderson paused between scandals to declare me "America's most famous pot smoker."

sions. In Mrs. Cron's case, as in mine, the reduction was significant enough to lower her pressures into the "safe" range.

In the following days Mrs. Cron's ophthalmologist conducted several informal tests and reached the same conclusion. With access to adequate supplies of quality-controlled cannabis he felt surgery might be avoided. Both he and the Crons recontacted the Food and Drug Administration, the Drug Enforcement Administration and other federal agencies to request legal supplies of marijuana. The Crons also wrote to their federal and state legislators and the Carter White House seeking assistance. They received kind responses but found no help.

Within several weeks the mailbox marijuana was gone and Mrs. Cron's eye pressure became uncontrollably elevated. Unwilling to break the law, frightened of the illegal black market, the Crons waited until

they could wait no longer. By June, Mrs. Cron was forced to resort to surgery. Technically, the operation was a success. But as a consequence of surgery Ara Cron, like her father, lost most of her remaining sight.

"I'm very resentful," she told UPI months later. "There are days now I can no longer read." The Crons do not understand why no one moved to help them. "My doctor was more than willing to treat me with marijuana in the hope surgery could be avoided or at least postponed," Mrs. Cron explains. She sighs. "The lack of a reasonable response to his and my repeated requests for legal access to marijuana has, I feel, cost me my sight."

Ara was the first glaucoma victim I watched go blind. She has not been the last. Victims of other diseases for which marijuana offers relief have fared no better. Lynn Pierson was 25 years old and dying of cancer when I met him in December 1977. He was a tall young man who looked old beyond his years. He was bone thin and completely bald as a result of chemotherapy. The medical philosophy behind chemotherapy is both simple and savage. A patient is larger than his disease, the theory goes, so if you begin killing the patient at a cellular level, his cancer will die before he does.

Chemotherapeutic agents are brutal drugs that hold out the promise of prolonged life but subject patients to violent, nearly lethal side effects. After receiving





chemotherapy some cancer patients collapse or go into convulsive shock. Most suffer devastating attacks of nausea and vomit for hours or days. In some instances the trauma is so intense patients begin to vomit as soon as they enter the hospital.

Lynn Pierson, like many cancer patients, received chemotherapy once, then considered abandoning the treatments, preferring death to the debilitating consequences of the cure. Fearing Lynn would abandon further treatment, his oncologist suggested he smoke marijuana to reduce the nausea and vomiting. Lynn tried marijuana, it worked, and he continued receiving his anticancer injections.

"After Lynn discovered smoking marijuana made chemotherapy tolerable," his wife Cindy explains, "he tried to get one man, a close friend, to smoke with him. The man was twice Lynn's age and chemotherapy was killing him. But he refused to smoke marijuana, not because he doubted it worked but because it was illegal. When that man died there was just no stopping Lynn."

Pierson approached the New Mexico legislature and asked for help. His appeal received broad public support, was backed by the state's major media, and endorsed by the New Mexico Medical Society, which called for reform. In February 1978 New Mexico adopted the nation's first law permitting marijuana's medical use. But repeated efforts by the state to secure "legal" marijuana from federal drug-abuse agencies proved futile. Seven months after the law's enactment Lynn Pierson died be-

fore smoking his first legal joint or benefiting from the legislation inspired by his efforts. He was not alone.

By October 1978 Dr. George Goldstein, New Mexico's secretary for health, bluntly informed Joseph Califano, at that time secretary of the federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare, that "every patient certified by the state as eligible to receive marijuana has died before receiving the relief promised." Goldstein put Califano on notice that "further delays on the part of FDA are neither morally nor ethically defensible."

In a Health Department report issued in January 1979 New Mexico's chief of substance abuse, Dr. Edward Deaux, complained that "it was definitely the intent of the [state law] to establish a program through which glaucoma patients and cancer chemotherapy patients could receive marijuana. Not to establish a program to deceive these patients into believing that they were receiving marijuana when, for the purposes of satisfying federal requirements, many were not."

Upon receiving the report, the New Mexico legislature reaffirmed the state's decision to create legal, medical channels of access to marijuana and renamed the law in honor of Lynn Pierson.

While public attention is beginning to focus on the question of marijuana's use in the treatment of glaucoma and as an adjunct to chemotherapy, patients with less dramatic but equally sinister maladies are also unable to obtain relief.

Meredith S. is a stunningly beautiful young woman who appears vital and filled with life. But like a million other Americans Meredith is afflicted with the spasticity that is frequently the result of multiple sclerosis. Like glaucoma and cancer, multiple sclerosis is incurable and the available medical treatments are limited.

Multiple sclerosis disrupts nerve tissue and impairs the transmission of messages to and from the brain. It eventually cripples an individual by inflicting accumulative damage to the nerves.

Introduced to Meredith through a mutual friend, I was skeptical when she told me she smoked marijuana to calm the spasticity caused by her disease. "Without marijuana I was in and out of the hospital every six months, growing weaker with each attack," she said. "But if I smoke marijuana when I feel an attack coming on, I'm able to relax until it subsides."

Current therapies for multiple sclerosis involve the use of sedating, tranquilizing and narcotic substances, many of which are highly addictive and impair a patient's ability to function normally. Meredith's physicians knew she smoked marijuana and did not object. "Since I started smoking marijuana," she told me, "I've learned to ski. Two or three nights a week I go dancing. Those are things I never thought I'd be able to do."

Marijuana was once prescribed as an antispasmodic, but there was no modern data on the subject when I spoke to Meredith in early 1977. Yet within a month of speaking with Meredith, I received letters from three other multiple sclerosis patients who made precisely the same claims.

After months of appealing to the government for help Meredith found it easier to buy marijuana illegally. Early in 1979 the first study evaluating marijuana's utility in the treatment of multiple sclerosis was published. Seven out of nine patients given marijuana experienced a reduction in spasticity.

Dr. Tod Mikuriya, one of the nation's pioneers in the field of marijuana research, is one of the most articulate critics of present policies. In *Marijuana Medical Papers*, a book devoted to cannabis's therapeutic use, published in 1973, Mikuriya charged, "Medicine in the Western World has forgotten almost all it once knew about the therapeutic properties of cannabis. The treatment of a disease is far more important than the irrational prohibitory law which forbids marijuana's medical use."

In Mikuriya's mind, our present problems stem from "the illegitimate removal of cannabis from medical use in 1937, and a continuing attempt by federal agencies to rewrite history by seeking to create the impression marijuana is a 'new' drug."

Until the introduction of morphine, marijuana was the major painkilling drug used by the Union soldiers during the Civil War. Marijuana was available by prescription in this country for



nearly a century. Between 1850 and 1940, several hundred articles extolling cannabis's healing properties appeared in reputable medical journals. As late as 1924, the Merck Manual, a popular health guide, advised the use of marijuana for conditions including "eyestrain, nausea, vomiting, digestive distress and convulsive disorders."

During this same period almost no public concern was expressed about recreational use. The *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, a fair measure of cultural concerns, lists no articles on cannabis between 1917 and June 1935. In 1937, however, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics encouraged Congress to enact a prohibition against marijuana's social use. Coincidentally, Harry Anslinger, the bureau's director, published a book titled *Marijuana: The Killer Weed*. Borrowing from the popular detective fiction of this period, Anslinger's book was laced with descriptive gore ranging from rape to murder. And it was effective. The *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* for 1937-1939 boasts more than a dozen articles condemning marijuana's social use. This sudden, well-cultivated surge in public concern over marijuana's potential, if unproven harms galvanized Congress. Legislation outlawing the drug's use was drafted.

The only organized resistance against the prohibition came from the medical profession. Dr. William Woodward, a lawyer-physician and the American Medical Association's Washington lobbyist, strongly opposed legislative action. In testimony before Congress, Woodward raised two objections to the proposed prohibition. First, he argued, marijuana was not dangerous enough to warrant legal sanctions against its social use. Second, and more particular to his professional interests, Woodward told Congress that efforts to enforce a social prohibition would result in a federal

**Being the free world's
first legal pot smoker left
me feeling much like the
man who makes the
lifeboat and then
finds he is alone.**



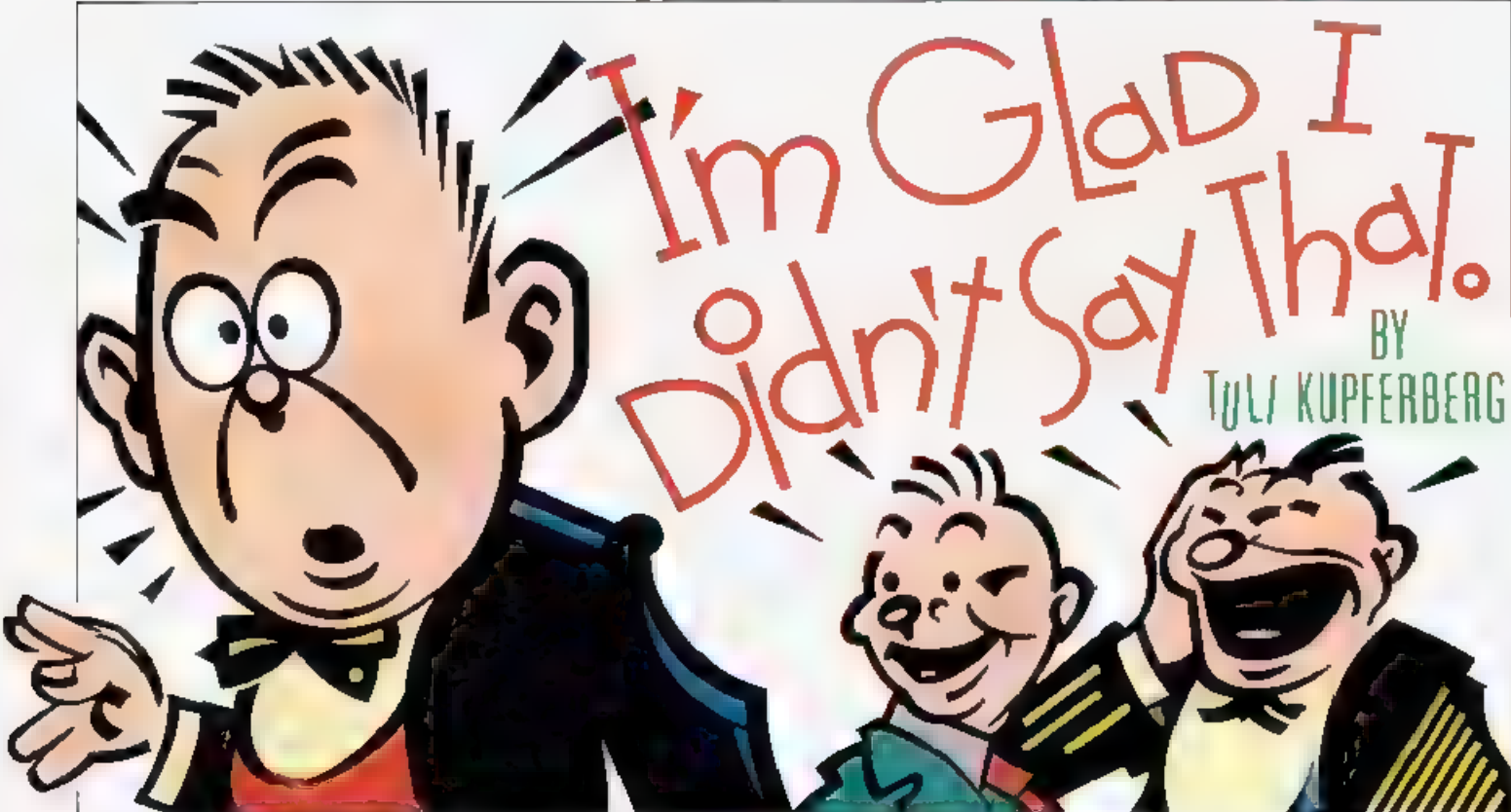
regulatory scheme that would interfere with marijuana's legitimate use and thwart scientific study into the plant's beneficial applications.

"In all you have heard thus far," Woodward said, "no mention has been made of any excessive use of the drug by any doctor or of its excessive distribution by any pharmacist.... To say, however, as has been proposed here, that the use of the drug should be prevented by a prohibitive tax, loses sight of the fact that there are substantial medical uses for cannabis."

Congress dismissed Woodward's medical judgment and passed the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937. Though the act did not specifically prohibit marijuana's medical use, Woodward's fears were quickly realized. By 1938, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics had promulgated 60 pages of additional regulations covering marijuana's use in medicine. Ostensibly, these regulations sought to discourage the diversion of medicinal cannabis into social uses. Whatever the rationale, these federally imposed controls abruptly ended marijuana's medical use in America. Major pharmaceutical companies, including Upjohn, Eli Lilly and Sharp & Dome, abandoned promising research programs. By 1941, marijuana and 28 cannabis-based extracts were dropped from the *Pharmacopoeia of the United States* (a list of available medicants) after a century of accepted medical use.

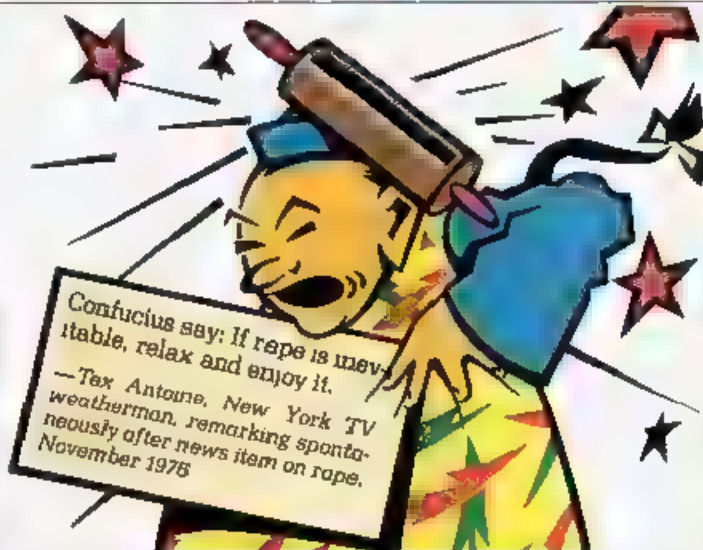
With the medical profession effectively neutralized, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, a police agency of the Treasury Department, assumed absolute control of all cannabis-related study. Between 1937 and 1967 the only extensive, long-term studies of marijuana conducted in the United States were undertaken by U.S. intelligence agencies, notably the Office of Strategic Studies

(continued on page 99)



Here are Jonny Keats' piss-
abed poetry....No more
Keats, I entreat: flay him
alive; if some of you don't I
must skin him myself: there is
no bearing the drivelling idiot-
ism of the Mankin.

—George Lord Byron, in letter to
John Murray, October 12, 1820



Confucius say: If rape is unev-
itable, relax and enjoy it.
—Tax Antone, New York TV
weatherman, remarking sponta-
neously after news item on rape,
November 1978

I see no point in reading

—King Louis XIV



I do like to see the arms and
legs fly

—Cal. George S. Patton III, son of
the famed World War II general

I'd like to see a few heads
bashed in.

—"Distinguished-looking steam-
ship owner who said his vessels
carried nuclear reactors,"
watching nonviolent attempt to
shut down New York Stock Ex-
change to protest financing of the
nuclear industry, quoted in the
New York Post, October 29, 1979

I have always said that if
Great Britain were defeated
in war, I hoped we should find
a Hitler to lead us back to our
rightful position among the
nations.

—Winston Churchill, November
11, 1938

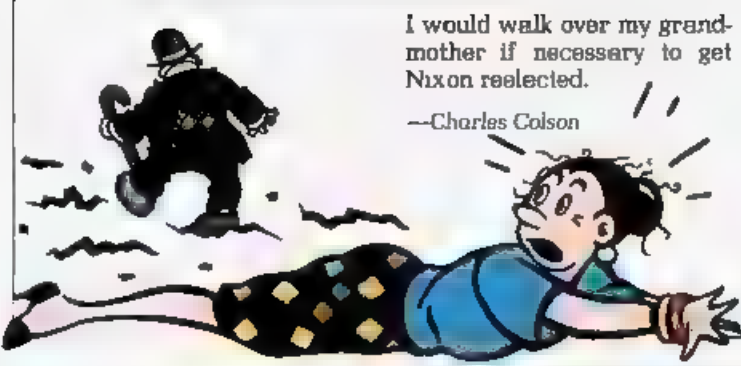
If a man be found lying with a
woman married to an hus-
band, then shall both of them
die...ye shall bring them
both out unto the gate of that
city and ye shall stone them
with stones that they die

—Deuteronomy 22 22, 24



Music should not be broad-
cast over the radio and televi-
sion....Like opium, music
also stupefies persons listen-
ing to it and makes their brain
inactive and frivolous.

—Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini,
July 24, 1979



I would walk over my grandmother if necessary to get Nixon reelected.

—Charles Colson

Remember: the first rule of safety in a police confrontation is: Always stay in the center of the crowd.

—Printed instructions on demonstration tactics by '60s Yippie leader

I don't even go to the bathroom without checking first with Mayor Daley.

—Chicago congressman



If you've seen one city slum, you've seen them all.

—Spiro Agnew



I understand death by atomic radiation is quite pleasant.

—Maj. Gen. Leslie Groves, director of the Los Alamos atomic bomb project

I'll tell you what coloreds want; it's three things: first, a tight pussy; second, loose shoes; and third, a warm place to shut.

—Earl Lauer Butz, former secretary of agriculture, to John Dean, Sonny Bono and Pat Boone. (He resigned soon after the quote was made public in October 1976.)



A good swift kick in the right time and place often gives a barefooted boy a good lift in the end.

—Jack Muer, Christian conservationist 1925

A Jew is just a nigger turned inside out.

—Folk saying, Georgia, circa 1940

Art isn't something you marry. It's something you rape.

—Edgar Degas



Now you know why Mummy won't let you eat your breakfast egg with a silver spoon.

—Margaret Thatcher, demonstrating blackening effect of sulfur on silver, while visiting slum school in London as secretary of state for education and science. (Germaine Greer remarks that these children have barely seen an egg, let alone a silver spoon.)



And while I am talking to you fathers and mothers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again; Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.

—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, third-term campaign speech, Boston, October 30, 1940



Sometimes people mistake the way I talk for what I am thinking.

—Idi Amin

When the president does it, that means it is not illegal.

—Richard M. Nixon



The martyrs at Kent State were the kids in National Guard uniforms.

—Al Capp





Now I would execute these anarchists if I could and then I would deport them, so that the soil of our country might not be polluted by their presence even after the breath had gone out of their bodies.

—Rep. James Luther Slayden (D., Tex.), reciting on the floor of the House to the applause of his fellow congressmen, February 4, 1914

The only position for women in SNCC is prone.

—Stokely Carmichael



My friends! There are no friends.

—Aristotle



There is no prostitution in China. However, we do have some women who make love for money.

—Official of the Chinese foreign ministry quoted by Jay Matthews, Washington Post, 1979



Violence is as American as cherry pie

—H. Rap Brown



The only good Indians I ever saw were dead.

—Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan to Comanche chief Toch-a-Way, January 1869



Gentlemen, get the thing straight, once and for all—the policeman isn't there to create disorder, the policeman is there to preserve disorder.

—Mayor Richard J. Daley, press conference, September 9, 1968

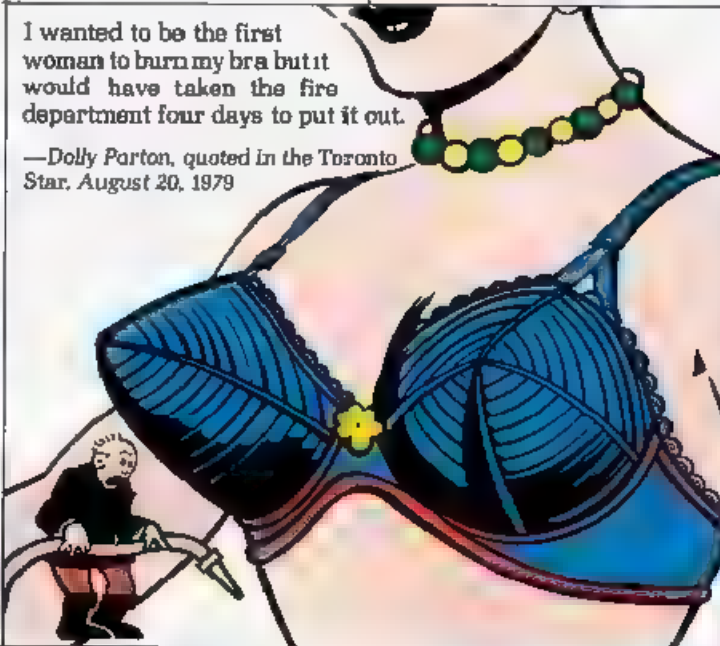


The chickens have come home to roost.

—Malcolm X, after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, 1963

I wanted to be the first woman to burn my bra but it would have taken the fire department four days to put it out.

—Dolly Parton, quoted in the Toronto Star, August 20, 1979



These really are good times but only a few know it.

—Henry Ford, New York Times, March 15, 1931



Gee! This'll make Beethoven.

—Walt Disney, on seeing the "Pastoral Symphony" sequence of Fantasia, 1940



Thank God I've always avoided persecuting my enemies.

—Adolf Hitler



They're all safe. We got them all out. Thank God. It went perfectly. It just went great.

—Pres. Gerald R. Ford, after U.S. Marines rescued 39 interned crew members of the S.S. Mayaguez, in May 1975. However, 41 Americans were killed and 50 wounded during the rescue operation.

Even if he were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers, and they are entitled to a little representation, aren't they?

—Sen. Roman L. Hruska (R., Nebr.) in support of President Nixon's ill-fated nomination of G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court, 1969



More people have died in Teddy Kennedy's car than in nuclear power plants.

—Bumper sticker, seen on Highway 401, Ontario, June 1979

One group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose unfolding as the bomb fell in their midst and blew them up.

—Vittorio Mussolini, son of Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini, in Ethiopia before the Italian invasion, 1934



The Deer Hunter is one of the most graphic, violent films you'll ever see. But it is treated as an art film and not simply a way of legitimizing violence. Clearly they were going after the sensationalism of blowing someone's head up on screen. There's a market in that. No one can pretend they didn't profit from that market. It's responsible business to profit from it.

—Mark Buntzman, Soho Weekly News, November 15, 1979

There! I guess that'll hold the little bastards for another night.

—Uncle Don, radio kiddie-show host, thinking the mike was shut off after a show, 1930s



For the second time in our history a British prime minister has returned from Germany bringing peace with honor. I believe it is peace for our time . . .

—Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, upon his return to Britain from Munich conference at which Czechoslovakia's Sudetenland was ceded to Hitler, September 30, 1938

I'm going to make Attila the Hun look like a faggot.

—Frank Rizzo, while running for mayor of Philadelphia



I'm going to teach you a lesson!

—Emperor Bokassa, of the Central African Empire, while beating to death students who protested order to purchase school uniforms, April 1979

We're not going after their jobs, as long as they do their jobs and do not want to come out of the closet.

—Anita Bryant



It became necessary to destroy the town to save it.

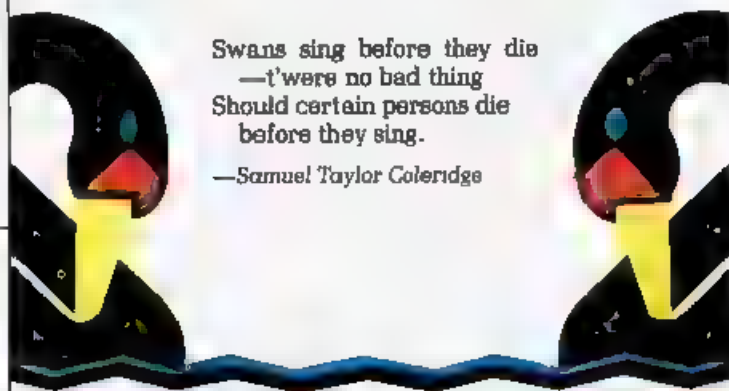
—Unnamed U.S. Army major, Bentre, South Vietnam (pop. 35,000), February 7, 1968

If you got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow.

—Green Beret slogan during the Vietnam War

One Down and 133 to Go

—Slogan on sweatshirts sold by Jacksonville, Florida, police department, following execution of John Spink, 1979



Swans sing before they die

—t'were no bad thing
Should certain persons die
before they sing.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

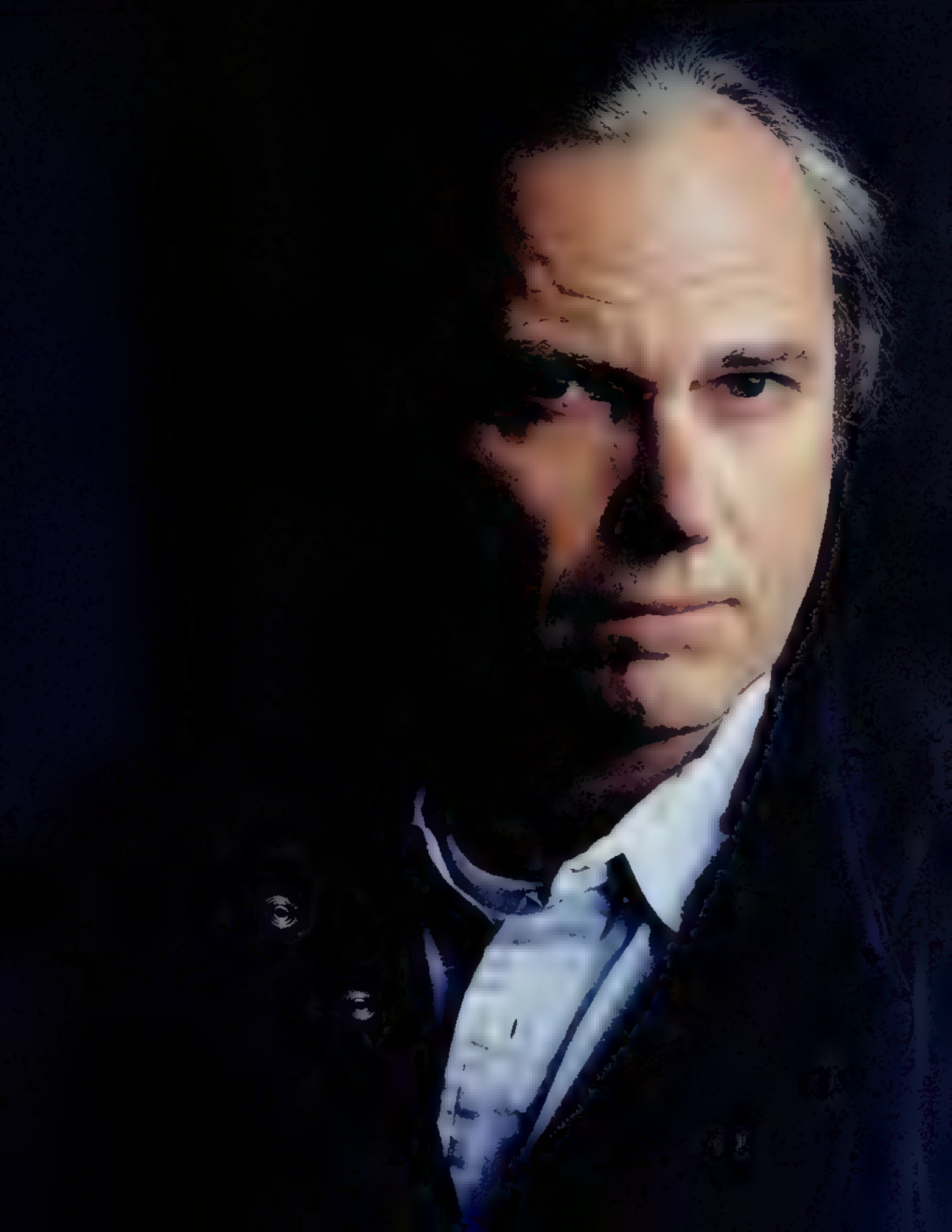
We don't want the Bagel Noah-polyester crowd in here.

—Steve Rubell, owner of Studio 54, July 31, 1979



Let him be damned in his going out and coming in. The Lord strike him with madness and blindness. May the heavens empty upon him thunderbolts and the wrath of the Omnipotent burn itself into him in the present and future world. May the Universe light against him and the earth open to swallow him up.

—Pope Clement VI, imprecation to be pronounced on sinners excommunicated by the all-merciful Church, circa 1350



RIP TORN

The politics of pancake

by Craig Pyes

For Rip Torn, one of America's finest character actors, most of the "Me Decade" passed by as the era of Not Him. It was not that choice roles were not available. It was just that some director, producer or elusive phantom figure inevitably would wave his index finger negatively in a lateral direction, and the word would come down: "Not him!"

Why not him? Rip says, his eyes squinting warily from some psychic foxhole, "They didn't want me to work because of my politics."

In this drama, "they" never appear; only their restraining force is felt. When Torn began his career in the mid '50s he was herded by Elia Kazan as "another James Dean, another Marlon Brando." "I felt like a little balloon floating off into never-never land," Rip recalled.

A decade later, when he should have been approaching the height of his career, Torn found himself in the dreaded space of the Hollywood star wars—unemployed. It was then that a voice in his head began exclaiming repeatedly, "The force is against you! The force is against you!"

For Rip Torn the Not Him Decade lasted over ten years. But he never lost heart, never gave up the mission. I remember in the early '70s accompanying Rip to a taping of the Dick Cavett show. Cavett was on network television and the war in Vietnam was in full swing. Rip grew weary of Cavett's insipid questions about what movie his wife, Geraldine Page, was making, and he shifted the conversation to a then controversial subject: the recognition of "Red" China. Cavett's director jumped up and signaled wildly for a commercial, cutting Rip in mid sentence. Afterward, Cavett was back with a new guest.

A short time later, Rip appeared on the David Susskind show. When the actor said he felt he was being blacklisted, Susskind shot back: "You weren't blacklisted for political reasons." Another guest, actor Larry Luckinbill, added sarcastically, "We can't all be outlaws."

But by anyone's standard, Rip Torn was an outlaw. When other actors kept quiet and

sold products, Rip demonstrated in behalf of political prisoners, organized a Broadway actors' strike, helped bring postrevolutionary Cuban culture to the United States and, worst of all, would not make compromises he felt demeaned the artistry of his profession. So uncompromising has been his commitment that Lee Strasberg, who once considered Rip one of his most promising pupils at the Actors Studio, opined derisively: "Rip Torn's problem is that he never learned that business is business and art is art."

When I first met Rip in 1971, he occupied a position in this country akin to a Russian dissident. Although the reasons he wasn't working were political, a whispering campaign sibilated paranoia—a suspicion Rip reinforced by characteristically cocking his head back at a 60-degree angle and narrowing his eyes until crevices rippled across his forehead. This intensely scrutinizing glance was harmless enough, but it gave Rip the aura of the unpredictable, something that he infused into every character. But it made him famous.

In the early '70s Rip acted in a series of noncommercial pictures like Norman Mailer's *Madstone*, Joseph Strick's *Tropic of Cancer* and Milton Ginsberg's *Coming Apart*, a soft-core psychological porno film about a lecherous psychiatrist (a role that Rip recreated brilliantly as Dr. Renatus Hartogs in ABC's nonfiction TV movie *Betrayal*, which aired last year).

But Rip remained preoccupied about "them." His spirit was almost broken because "they" were blacklisting him. In Hollywood I was told that Rip was simply a paranoid. When I mentioned this to Rip he shook his head and replied, "I don't see much peace between me and Hollywood. I know that I don't give a damn what they say. I don't give a damn what the fuck excuses they make—or what group would come forward and say that it was an exaggeration. I know purely and simply my work was taken away by those cocksuckers! And I was only offered little itty-bitsy kinds of shit-eating roles for no money, to come prove that maybe I wasn't fucked-up, or

maybe I was good enough to play their brand. But you know, they're all full of shit."

In the mid '60s, when Rip was making money (he had just completed *The Cincinnati Kid*, *You're a Big Boy Now* and *Beach Red*), he bought a partially reconstructed colonial villa in northern Mexico that he used as a hunting and fishing hideaway. While there he met a Frenchman named Delaurot, who tried to convince him to make a film of Latin American guerrilla activity. Delaurot is one of those strange people who keep popping up in Rip's life—not one of "them," but maybe on the payroll. As Rip puts it, "Every time a bust goes down, he walks away. I told him the film—this heightened reality thing—was all bullshit. The bishop lives across the street, the CIA guy is down the street—there's no way you can get away with this." Delaurot told Rip he was paranoid. So were the Mexican authorities, who, because of Delaurot, deported Rip for, they claimed, spreading Commie propaganda, dope and guerrilla insurrection. According to Rip, however, he was deported because of pressure from U.S. authorities. Rip was innocent, but the incident convinced him more than ever that somebody had it in for him.

The reasons remain vague. Rip was too much of an individualist to be caught in any ideological snare. As an actor he is concerned more with political character than political line. The character that intrigued him the most was the nation's foremost political actor, whom he studied on TV every night: Richard Milhous Nixon.

Rip translated his study into a video plot of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, in which Rip played Richard as a debased Nixon who exits the stage crying, "Some horse! Some horse! My kingdom for some horse!"

Rip was fascinated with Nixon's gestures and speech. Nixon, who was the most calculating of political beings, was subject to sudden acts of psychomotor terrorism, involuntary physical responses that sabotaged his political masks. For example, Torn noticed that before the camera the former president's upper lip would begin to glisten with beads of sweat. As the rest of the country listened to Nixon's carefully studied phrases, Rip was watching him try and figure out ways to raise his finger and squeegee away the schvitz. When his media advisers warned Nixon against this, Rip studied speeches for points when the president's hand would jerk toward its upper-lip trajectory only to be wrestled down in a Strangelovian grip.

Although the Jefferson Airplane agreed to play backup on Rip's *Richard III*, no one would back the production and the project came to naught. It was not until Nixon was put out in the San Clemente pasture in disgrace that Rip Torn started to work again. Perhaps Rip sensed that behind the mysterious force against him, Nixon was the one! Yet ironically it was Richard Nixon who helped Rip end a decade of blacklist and despair.



As the rest of the country listened to Nixon's studied phrases, Rip was watching him figure out ways to raise his finger and squeegee away the schvitz.

Rip's next chance to work came, interestingly enough, from David Susskind, who had just bought the rights to John Dean's Watergate memoir, *Blind Ambition*, for a CBS-TV miniseries. Larry Luckinbill (who had appeared years earlier on the Susskind show with Rip) was cast to play Nixon, but at the last minute he dropped out. When Rip went to audition for the part with long hair and a beard, Susskind was extremely skeptical.

Rip explained later, "Susskind thought I'd be too villainous, but I played Nixon as a real person without caricature." And then he laughed in an evil staccato baritone. "I wanted to treat Nixon better than he treated me."

For two weeks Torn rehearsed with long hair and beard, constantly fearful that Susskind would fire him for not portraying a convincing Nixon. So he buckled down and went through a total character transformation, first shearing his locks, then going about complete facial reconstruction.

"Nixon's face is like a Hubbard squash," Rip recounted recently in a Chelsea bar as he speared clams from a garlic-and-wine sauce. "It bulges at the top, then comes in like an hourglass. My face is kind of heart-shaped. When Nixon smiled his lip got caught up on his teeth like this." (Rip perched his lip over some imaginary enamel ridges.) "His caps are much longer than mine."

Torn's dental surgeon made the molds for his teeth. "This was my dental surgeon's chance to get back at Nixon! Bob O'Brado-

vich, a makeup artist, made me a bunch of Nixon noses, but we decided the real Nixon nose was too grotesque for television. So I just stuffed Kleenex up my nostrils and packed two chewing-tobacco wads in my cheeks to get that chipmunk look."

But where Rip excelled was in capturing the innermost Tricky Dick. One day John Dean came on the set and was startled by similarities between Rip and his former boss. Dean told Rip, "You sound exactly like him. It's absolutely unnerving." And on the ad lib, Dean, who was Nixon's personal lawyer (someone who paid close attention to detail), remarked that Rip invariably picked the same words Nixon had used.

"I've always maintained," said Rip, "that politics are concerned more with art than with politics. I asked Dean, 'Didn't Nixon consider himself a pretty good actor?' Dean was startled. Nixon had once told him, 'I can put on any face. I can laugh or cry when I want to.'" Rip leaned back and chortled. "Richard III said the same thing." Then, after a pause, "I think for them both the tragic face was the best."

Since *Blind Ambition*, Rip's been working regularly. Previously cast as outcast violent types, he has lately fallen into a succession of roles as rich, powerful men—roles for which Rip, the poor, scruffy outsider, has had to search deeply to pinpoint an emotional memory. He played Howard Hughes in Sam Shepard's play *Seduced*; an oily Southern senator in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*; a record-company exec in an as yet untitled movie with Paul Simon; and chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Buck Henry's *The First Family*, due to be released next year by Warner Brothers.

Despite these achievements, Rip's private passion is theater. Starting his own company is a project he has dreamed about for a long time. Last February he began the Sanctuary Theatre. It's located in Greenwich House, a New York community settlement house. When you ask Rip who's in it, he says, "It's an organic group of people who come and go."

Part of its human liquidity may be due to the financial end. "Artists aren't paid," says Rip. "Art is looked on as its own reward—and most of the time it is. You pay for drugs because you can measure it. You can't measure art."

Although the theater does classics, for Rip it is still a preeminently political vehicle. "Whatever unnerves you, I'm gonna do. Whatever provokes you, I'm gonna do. The theater reflects the times. That's why it's subversive."

Times for Rip Torn have finally changed. "They" don't seem to prevent him from working anymore. "Although," he adds, squinting carefully into the future, "when we opened our theater we had this big benefit with Warren Beatty, Burt Reynolds, Diane Keaton, et cetera, and not one word got mentioned about it in the media. I mean, don't you find that a little bit strange?" ☐

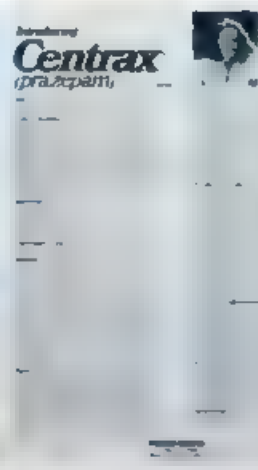
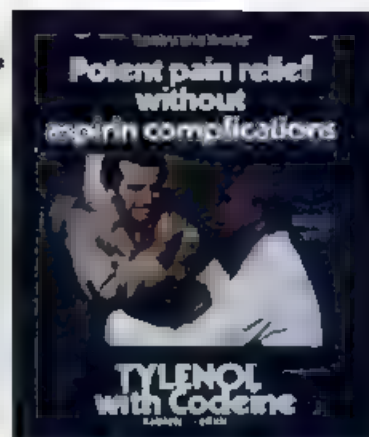
Marijuana Rx



Lift the Mask of
Psychotic Detachment

Stelazine
trifluoperazine HCl

Highly effective against psychotic disorders. Major depressive or



Like all responsible professionals in the drug racket, we at HIGH TIMES keep up scrupulously with all the latest developments in pharmaceutical science by subscribing to medical journals. While the prose itself in these magazines tends to be pretty and and obscure—"Determination of beta-lipotropin binding sites through a horseradish peroxidase vehicle," you'd never guess that was about *smack*—the ads are a pure joy to behold. Madison Avenue obviously details its topflight talent for clients like Merck, Lederle, SK&F and Upjohn, because these productions are far and away the most spectacular achievements of the advertising art ever offered in a print medium.

Doctors of course are notoriously reluctant to keep up with the latest very arid and obscure developments in pharmaceutical science; why waste one's weekends poring over the *Index Medicus* when one could be doing 18 holes on the links? Here Mad Ave. fills the bill, by appending to each of these snazzy ads a brisk recapitulation, in tiny jam-packed type, of the drug's indication, recommended dosage and regimen, mode of action, side effects and contraindications.

For most doctors, it's a fact, everything they know about drugs is what they pick up from Mad Ave. copywriters.

Which is why most doctors, incredibly, don't know the first thing about marijuana. Cannabis happens to be an organic drug, necessarily in the public domain and inherently unpatentable. Since Merck, Lederle, SK&F and Upjohn are forever enjoined from trademarking marijuana, there will never, ever be full-color Mad Ave. ads promoting the herb's long-established therapeutic efficacy for a wide range of conditions. And so it is that all most doctors know from pot are the superstitions they pick up from *Reader's Digest* and the like.

A lot of people here, though, actually worked on Madison Avenue as long as our stomachs could take it, and some of us were really rather good at it. Herewith we present, then, a pharmaceutical ad for cannabis, which most likely offers more information about grass than your own personal physician is ever likely to learn on his own. You might clip it out and leave it somewhere where he's likely to come across it. In his golf bag, maybe.

**"It's the fifth day of chemotherapy—
and the patient's eating like a lumberjack!"**

ONCOLOGY



CANNABIS (Marijuana)

**No other drug has
so many applications
with so few
untoward side effects**

Eliminates Nausea

Cannabis is the *only* dependable adjunct to most cancer chemotherapy preparations, consistently reducing nausea and emesis over a long term. Patients consequently tend to maintain body weight throughout the course of therapy, and further benefit from the drug's allied mood elevation. Cannabis also quiets menstrual nausea and cramps and compares excellently with scopolamine at reducing simple motion sickness. Postanesthetic vomiting can be forestalled with cannabis in almost all cases.

Promotes Bronchodilation

Cannabis opens small bronchial passages up to 60 percent for an extended period with an absence of parasympathetic side effects such as wakefulness, nausea and topical irritation of the gastric mucosa.

Alleviates Anorexia

Cannabis is superb for any condition in which the patient's appetite requires stimulation at regular periods. Morning anorexia in gastritis and alcoholism is dependably curbed by cannabis. Refractory hospitalized patients quickly overcome objections to an institutional diet.

Reduces Gastric Acid Level

Cannabis works indirectly on the G.I. tract to significantly lower the concen-

trations there of hydrochloric acid. This, in combination with its sedative and antispasmodic properties, suggests cannabis as a possible adjunct to therapies for colitis, ileitis, ulcer, spastic colon and gastritis.

Relieves Glaucomic Visual Distortion

Cannabis reduces intraocular pressure up to 60 percent, and the effect is consistent no matter how long the patient receives the drug. Visual distortion is consequently reduced to a minimum and the progress of the disease may be retarded for years or arrested outright. Most importantly, while most other glaucoma medications conduce to retinal detachment, cataract formation or chronic parasympathetic dysfunctions, cannabis has no untoward side effects of this kind.

Promotes Physician-Patient Dialogue

Cannabis, in an appropriate therapeutical setting, promotes interpersonal communication between doctor and patient. The patient may more readily be induced to achieve a profound and objective insight into his or her current emotional state and to discover and disclose deep-seated conflicts that may be aggravating or causing the medical condition. In primarily psychosomatic complaints, this effect may be invaluable.

Please see following page for summary of product information.

CANNABIS

(Marijuana)

Over 60 synergistic compounds in one natural medication

Available:

Cigarettes (350 mg.-500 mg. r.d.)
Concentrated cannabis oil (grass oil)
Concentrated cannabis pollen (kif)
Concentrated cannabis resin (hashish)

Description:

Cannabis is the crude vegetable preparation of the plants *Cannabis sativa* L. and *Cannabis indica*. The pharmacologically active components of the drug are cannabinoids, including delta-9 trans-tetrahydrocannabinol, cannabidiol, cannabinal, tetrahydrocannabinol and perhaps 60 other cannabinoids of varying pharmacological properties. Unique both in botany and pharmacological action, cannabinoids are not nitrogenous alkaloids, and their site and mode of action in the body are unknown, though they clearly modify neurotransmission in the CNS. Cannabinoids work synergistically, in that the effects of delta-9 trans-tetrahydrocannabinol in isolation, for example, are very greatly modified by its interaction in crude cannabis with cannabidiol, which antagonizes some effects of the tetrahydrocannabinol and potentiates others. Cannabis also necessarily comprises a broad variety of nonpharmacological substances common to vegetable matter in general; however, most or all of these extraneous materials can be substantially eliminated, before the drug is ingested, by appropriate filtering devices.

Precautions:

Cannabis is proscribed under the Uniform Controlled Dangerous Substances Act of 1972. Its possession is a felony under federal law and physicians who facilitate its use by patients are subject to prosecution under conspiracy statutes, merely advising a patient where he or she might obtain cannabis renders a physician liable to arrest. Patients who use cannabis should be advised of the risk of prosecution and imprisonment and the material health hazards posed thereby.

Contraindications:

Persons suffering from viral or bacterial pulmonary infections should not ingest cannabis by inhalation until remission of the infection. Extended and regular administration to persons with emphysema and lung fibrosis may aggravate these conditions.

Adverse Reactions:

Idiosyncratic anxiety crises, dysphoric dissociation and depersonalization syndromes may occur in a very few patients experiencing acute onset of cannabis's mental effects for the first time; dosage should be lowered and an attempt should be made to determine the root emotional cause of the reaction. If the reaction persists long after the drug wears off or dependably occurs with succeeding

administrations, a preexisting premorbid psychotic condition may be suspected and therapy should be discontinued.

Raw cannabis contains significant levels of mutagenic hydrocarbon condensates, toxins that irritate pharyngo-laryngeal, bronchial and alveolar tissues; water-soluble cytotoxins exist in cannabis that inhibit the bactericidal activity of alveolar macrophages; and the heat of the smoke from a cigarette depresses the activity of ciliated esophageal cells. While none of these effects poses any material hazard to patients free from pulmonary dysfunction or disease, the use of smoking devices that both filter and cool the smoke is recommended over cigarettes for therapeutic administration. Oral administration of cannabis has shown considerable effectiveness, particularly with glaucoma and antiemesis; but the physician cannot determine the dosage dependably when cannabis is eaten, since the drug is absorbed very unevenly through the G.I. tract and its decarboxylation there by HCl may alter its psychic and physiological effects. In ways not yet adequately studied. The minimal untoward effects of cannabis upon lung function and tissues renders inhalation of its smoke a superior route of administration for therapeutic purposes, the patient is able to self-titrate the dosage, inhalation by inhalation, until the precise therapeutic effect is achieved.

Tachycardia, showing a pulse-rate increase of 30 to 60 percent, dependably occurs during the drug's onset in patients previously unexposed to cannabis; this usually persists 30 to 45 minutes. The rise and decline in heart action is smooth and uniform. Cannabis-induced tachycardia may render the drug inadvisable for use with patients who are receiving Digitalis in cardiac therapy.

Cannabis commonly promotes lassitude and drowsiness and has been shown to significantly prolong reaction time in human subjects. Patients receiving it should be advised not to drive or operate heavy machinery.

Drug Interactions:

While the site and nature of cannabis's mental effects in the CNS are largely unknown, it appears to raise the free levels of serotonin in the intersynaptic gap, probably by blocking its reuptake into the presynaptic neuron. Thus it appears to intensify and facilitate the effects of tricyclic antidepressants by promoting a higher intersynaptic ratio of serotonin to norepinephrine and dopamine. Its interaction with monoamine oxidase inhibitors is similarly felicitous, since both medications work to raise free serotonin levels. With the benzodiazepines, it has been suggested that cannabis may exert some yet-undetermined influence on the brain hormone GABA (gamma-aminobutyric acid) to facilitate the penetration of benzodiazepine metabolites into brain tissue and to potentiate their anxiety-alleviating action there. (Note: By itself, cannabis is not an antidepressant but a

potentiator of moods. As an adjunct to antidepressant therapy, it should be employed only by physicians as part of a broad program of personal counseling.)

Cannabis has no known adverse reactions with any other drug. Suspicion exists, however, that in the liver cannabis metabolites may react with alcohol metabolites to promote an unwholesome modification of both drugs' psychotropic effects.

Dosage and Administration:

Psychophysiological responses to cannabis are greatly dependent on the individual patient's experience with the drug. After an initial period of three to five weeks of regular administration, a subject will exhibit a measure of habituation to some acute effects such as euphoria and tachycardia, while other effects, such as intraocular pressure reduction and antiemesis, will remain constant. Therefore it is advisable in most cases to have the patient determine the dosage for himself until the desired therapeutic effect is realized. Inhaling cannabis smoke is the most dependable known way to accomplish this.

Due to the nature of cannabis as a crude vegetable material, a standard uniform dose is virtually impossible to establish. The erratic provenance of street cannabis, which can originate from anywhere in the world complicates it even further. Cannabis grown in northern latitudes, as a rule, will generally produce a pronounced sedative effect and its physical effects will typically be muted though prolonged. Equatorial cultivars of cannabis, by contrast, may exert a decided tonic effect with immediate and conspicuous physical effects of relatively brief duration per single dose. Of the cannabis cultivars most widely available on the street market to patients in the United States, the commonest commercial Colombian cultivar—"Santa Marta gold"—probably has the most dependable uniform effect per dose.

Usage in pregnancy:

Cannabis has no proven teratogenic properties. Due to the illegal status of the drug, however, no longitudinal epidemiological statistics are available in this regard. The United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare has imposed an arbitrary cannabis-testing ban on all women "who are or may become pregnant," rendering it impossible to scientifically investigate the influence on this or any other health concerns unique to women. The antiemetic properties of cannabis have been widely exploited by pregnant women to counteract morning nausea, but until more is known of its precise action in the body, it should not be recommended for regular use during pregnancy. Recent research has suggested that all psychotropic drugs may exert some measure of subtle teratogeny, and there is no substantive reason to believe that cannabis escapes this category. ☐

THE INGH TIMES SECOND ANNUAL POT AWARDS

by "B."





If everyone's got their rolling gear ready we'll trot out the contestants. At far left, we have your northern California "Green Giant," two feet of woodsy buds, trying for Best High. Behind them, peeking out hopefully, is the Arizona Canyon Run, a frisky Newcomer. Next, all technicolor, is the Haze Brothers' primest purple. Up top, that's your Purple Thai Dolores with the sunny-California resin speckles. Three buds of "Commercial" Maui wowie there; watch out—"Most

Someday if the silly and benighted prohibition of the precious herb is lifted from the land, we'll be able to hold our annual weed awards with a ceremony appropriate to its importance: a prime-time telecast live from Hawaii with gold-leaf statuettes (the Herbies?) for the winners, guest appearances by the greatest growers and lots of samples for the panel of judges.

Because if there were any justice the great herb growers would get the glory and the recognition as the true culture heroes they are. The rock stars, writers, artists, moviemakers who smoke the stuff they grow get the recognition and the groupies, but the growers have to guard their anonymity. And yet aren't they—however anonymous—the true auteurs of the age, the ones who light up not the silver screen of the movie theaters but the inner screens of consciousness through which we apprehend all that is?

Can't you see it now? The scene could be a volcanic amphitheater on Maui. The award presenters approach the center

stage to read the names of the nominees. Instead of showing film clips of each contender, they light up and pass around sample joints. Then when everyone is high and beyond the point of being obsessive about who's won and who's lost, the presenters quietly say, "The envelope, please." Out comes a Ziplock bag containing the winning weed. The Herbie winners step forward to accept the national recognition they've earned.

They'll give acceptance speeches thanking the people who helped seed, weed and tend their crop. Then the dope connoisseur will step forward and give a little rap as to why this particular nominee deserved the special recognition of a Herbie, and what kind of high you can expect to get from it.

Unfortunately this year, for our Second Annual Pot Awards, we were a little late in renting a volcano and none of the growers would show up in public anyway, so all you're going to get is the dope connoisseur's rap. But mark my words, sometime in the third decade of the next century when they're celebrating the golden anniversary

of the Pot Awards, these early years—despite their lack of formal ceremony—will be remembered fondly for their pioneering spirit. This is cultural history you are participating in.

Now let's get to the nominees. This year I've added a couple of new categories. Last year we awarded recognition only to Best High (the winner: a Jamaica-grown sinsemilla), Best Buy (the winner: a Mexican semi-sinsemilla) and Newcomer Most Worth a Try (an indica blend from Humboldt County). This year I've decided we need to subdivide Best High into Mainland U.S. and the Worldwide division. And also to include Worst High and Most Disappointing Buy categories. We'll give all the nominees with some brief commentaries before explaining which were the winners and why.

In the Best High/Worldwide category the nominees are:

Oaxacan tops—ethereal breezy, could be the Thai of the '80s if there were more around.

Big Island Elephant Buds from Hawaii—a tenth generation Thai-Cambodian



Disappointing" sorts "R." Up top again, it's outhentic Kenyan dagga—"Mau Mau wowie"?—for Best High Worldwide. Next is the "Hollywood Deal" under glass, a top contender. And last, and always in the running, is your perennial Puna butter. And now the zip-lock envelope, please...

crossbreed: profound, hypnotic, illuminating.

Puna butter—sweet and intoxicating, like chocolate liqueur.

African Kenya mind twister—wild, spacious, and majestic as the lion country.

In the Best High/Mainland U.S. category the nominees are:

Purple Thai Dolores (northern California)—lively, seductive and bewitching

Haze Brothers' "Purple Haze"—sweet, powerful but spacy, too.

"Stoney" brand Colombian gold grown in New Mexico—surprising, subtle, spiritually revitalizing.

"Green Giant" buds from northern California—strong, resiny essence of enchanted forest.

"Hollywood Deal" dope—cool, powerful, controlled.

In the Best Buy category the nominees are:

Cheap Michoacán colas—an increasingly rare but welcome visit from

below the border.

Wailuku leaf—surprisingly potent manicuring of Maui buds.

"Southern Belle"—seeded colas from the Southeast U.S. growing region with buoyant taste of fresh Colombian.

In the Newcomer Worth a Try category the nominees are:

Kentucky sinsemilla—lively, backwoods wildness.

Arizona Canyon Rim reefer—desert spirituality.

Ozark Wonder Weed—a real surprise.

In the Worst High category the nominees are:

California male cuttings—worthless.

Fool's Gold leaf—a bad fraud.

Green dirtweed—awful.

In the Most Disappointing High category the nominees are:

Stuckless Thai (certain varieties)—harsh and speedy.

"Commercial" Maui wowie—boring

Hothouse African-seed California sinsemilla—bland.

Before I announce the winners I'd like to answer questions raised about the judging procedure. Many people have asked how I can possibly muster the memories of the multitudes of marijuana experiences I'm introduced to throughout the year, measure them against one another and make the many judgments required at nomination and decision time.

Well I'm not saying it's easy, but I do have a certain talent for marijuana memory. Some have compared the precision and storage capacity of my memory for the transformational subtleties of a high with that of Meyer Lansky's memory for the transactional minutiae of the mob. Lansky, you may be aware, is said to have a memory bank like a third-generation computer, able to keep the entire intricate monetary system of mob money movement in all its occult patterns along with details of each individual transaction from the Swiss bank account numbers down to the last loan-shark debt statistic from Brooklyn. Since the mob can't afford to write down any of its important relationships,

the mind, the memory of Lansky is accepted as the last word on all disputes and questions of financial shares and standing.

For some strange reason, God has granted me a Lansky-like memory for marijuana experiences. Total recall of the personality traits of a key high, even if it's woven into a matrix of circulating joints from unknown sources, each adding their own lens to the window of consciousness. Doesn't matter I can sort it out. I can't remember names and faces, states and cities. I can recall states of mind.

And so you'll just have to take my word for the validity of the nominations and the wisdom of my awards. I'm good at what I do and I'm all you have.

Nevertheless, I've got an open mind and I'm willing to entertain the idea of other forms of competition and awards in the marijuana world. At one point I thought a kind of High Olympics might be the answer. Growers from all over the world would bring their best to an Olympic arena and teams of smokers, each high on a competing grass variety, would go through a series of Olympic high-testing trials to see how high the grass really got them. There would be rapping contests, music appreciation, talks about The Meaning of It All, self analysis, giggle and munchie quotes and sensitivity testing.

Maybe this sounds like a foolish pipe dream to you. Maybe it is. Maybe you have your own idea for a novel form of dope awards and/or competition ceremony to supplement the Annual Pot Awards. One thing I'd like to begin with is to ask readers to write in with the answer to these two questions: 1) What was the best marijuana you ever smoked? (The kind you would take to the proverbial desert island.) 2) What's the best grass you have come across in the past year? In future columns we'll analyze the results. But now it's time to announce the Herbie winners. I'm sure some choices will be controversial but remember, don't knock it until you've tried it. Okay, the envelopes, please.

Best High of the Year Worldwide: It was close, a really rough year to have to choose in this category. Any one of the runners-up might have won the grand prize in another year. The African literally knocked several strong people off their feet, and it pains me deeply to pass by Pune butter, but I would be untrue to my connoisseur's conscience if I didn't bestow the ultimate blue ribbon on the Thai-Cambodian Elephant Bud from the Kona coast. The master alchemist grower who came up with this beautiful blend created a grass that conjures up the ancient serenity of prewar Angkor Wat (seat of the centuries-old Cambodian civilization), the bliss of the famous Buddha sticks that once came from the region, and the sweet inspirational sexiness of Big Island Hawaiian herb. What more could you ask?

Best High Mainland U.S.: The strong temptation was to give it to Hollywood Deal dope (see HIGH TIMES, "Dope," November '79, for a detailed description of this high). But it was almost too sophisticated, too controlled, too manipulative a high. A grass for people seeking control rather than liberation. No, the genius who grew it probably deserves an Oscar, several Oscars in fact, for his service to the film community, but this year's mainland Herbie must go to Stoney New Mexican gold.

Let's put it this way, Hollywood Deal dope spins its stories well but you've heard

The genius who grew Hollywood Deal dope deserves an Oscar, several Oscars in fact, for his service to the film community.

them before. Stoney gold has the ability to unfold narratives, paths of consciousness you've never explored before. This decision, by the way, is on merit alone, and has nothing to do with the Stoney brand commune's assertion that they donate 5 percent of total sales to prolegalization and anti-nuke organizations. Stoney makes several varieties, but the grass grown from gold Colombian seeds is a special achievement because it so wonderfully re-creates and then transcends the now-departed glory of Santa Marta gold. Totally avoids the speedy adrenal syndrome that many inexperienced but enthusiastic sinsemilla growers mistake for a good high.

Newcomer Most Worth a Try: Ozark Wonder Weed. No question about it here. Those Ozark growers are really getting it on. The moonshine they made never really compared with fine bonded bourbon, but they can grow grass wilder and better than many of your manicured hothouse exotic specialties from California. Not just the Ozarks but the whole mid South from Kentucky down to Georgia and northern Florida has suddenly become a fertile exporting region. Talk about getting back to nature! Ozark Wonder Weed gets you behind nature, into the secret thickets and hollows of the weird landscape beneath the surface of things. They illuminate the moonshine behind the sunshine if you know what I mean. Southern rock, Southern gothic, that well-known Southern shut-eatin' grin to top it all off. You'll understand the first time you try it.

Best Buy: "Southern Belle." The South rises again to give us another winner. I don't exactly know where this batch of Southeastern stuff I sampled came from, but it

was rumored to be from Georgia and somehow got the nickname Carter Country cannabis. I'll tell you why it was such a special buy. It showed up at a time when the grass market was still schizophrenically split. There was the expensive head, the \$140-to-\$250-per-ounce sinsemilla, and there was the cheap but not bargain head, the \$40-to-\$80 water-damaged Colombian head. The Southeastern stuff was not a sinsemilla; although the long crude colas weren't too seedy, it was not a carefully grown and manicured product. It didn't have that beautiful red green color and tight-knit flower buds. But it did have a fresh, resinous fragrance and, most important of all, the high it yielded was amazingly upbeat, buoyant and clear, just like the freshest Colombian of five years ago. And priced at the \$50-an-ounce level of five years ago.

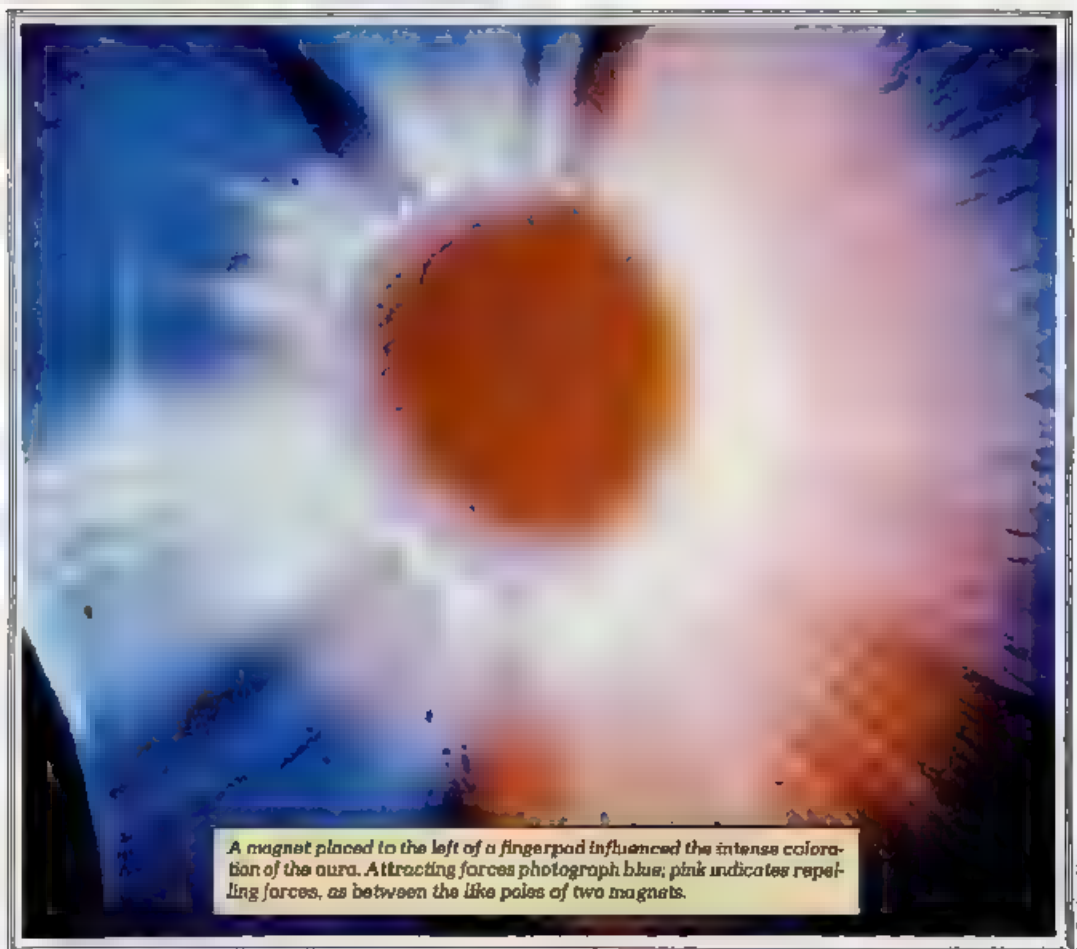
If the talented people who produced this batch could keep turning it out we may at last have found a domestic replacement for the terminally crippled supply of good Colombian. The development of this grass proves a point I've made before: American-grown grass doesn't have to be sinsemilla or sinsemilla-priced to be good.

Worst High: These are all pretty bad. Dirtweed was like smoking dry swamp mud; the male leaf—occasionally sold fraudulently as the manicured cuttings of budding females—just doesn't get you very high even after a dozen joints. But the Fool's Gold gets the prize because it promised so much at first. It had just the right color, and if you looked at a lid through a cloudy Baggie you were sure that those whorls of gold were the tight buds of spicy Santa Marta that haunted your memories. But dig deep inside those rolled-up outer leaves and what did you find—more rolled-up outer leaves. And when you smoked it you might as well have been smoking male leaf mixed with dirtweed. Even the hint of the right aroma just made you depressed about not having real gold. Some thought it was bleached. Some thought it was harvested early. It gave a lot of people sore throats. Truly nothing deserves the first Worst High award more.

Most Disappointing High: Stickless Thai. Truly Thai is in trouble once again. Why just a few months ago I was hailing the return of Thai, but now the chances are 50-50 that what's offered as Thai will be some speedy domestic adrenal sinsemilla. So few people remember the real thing that perhaps it's time we declared a moratorium on calling anything Thai. Let this award be a warning to the careful shopper: Judge by the high, not by the name attached to it.

Remember to send your entries to the two reader poll categories—Best Grass Ever, Best Grass This Past Year—and we'll have a special Readers' Herbie awards column. ☐

KIRLIAN PHOTOGRAPHY



A magnet placed to the left of a fingerpad influenced the intense coloration of the aura. Attracting forces photograph blue; pink indicates repelling forces, as between the like poles of two magnets.

Dr. Eugene Mox

SNAPSHOTS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD BY HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS

Kirlian photography. Electrobioluminescence. Photopsychography. Electrophotography. All these expressions are part of the new lexicon researchers are using to describe the process of recording the aura.

The aura has been represented in prehistoric rock paintings and is clearly defined in the works of Paracelsus, Swedenborg, William Blake, Rudolf Steiner, Annie Besant and many more. Every

religious painting that shows a halo is another example of the prescientific consciousness of these emanations.

*There was a time when
meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common
sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light.*
—William Wordsworth

These instinctual observations were in a sense a security leak from the future.

Science has now proved, a little superfluously perhaps for the ardent occultist, but proved for those who required it, that both objects and organisms emit light when seduced by the right force field, even in a darkened room. The geography of the aura can now be tentatively mapped on photographic film.

The speediest explanation of the process is that electrons are liberated from the subject material by field emission,

The bioplasma reacts to cosmic disturbances. A daisy will flash on solar flares and reflect them in a Kirlian.

and accelerated across an air gap to give off bursts of light in collision with air molecules. The first high-voltage photograph was a contact print taken by a man named Carstone in 1842. In 1893 Nikola Tesla, using his own powerful Tesla coil, took some, leading to a rash of experiments at the end of the 19th century in the United States, France, Czechoslovakia and Russia. But aura-vision was virtually ignored in the 20th century until the Kirlians, a Russian husband-and-wife team, became obsessed with it in the 1950s.

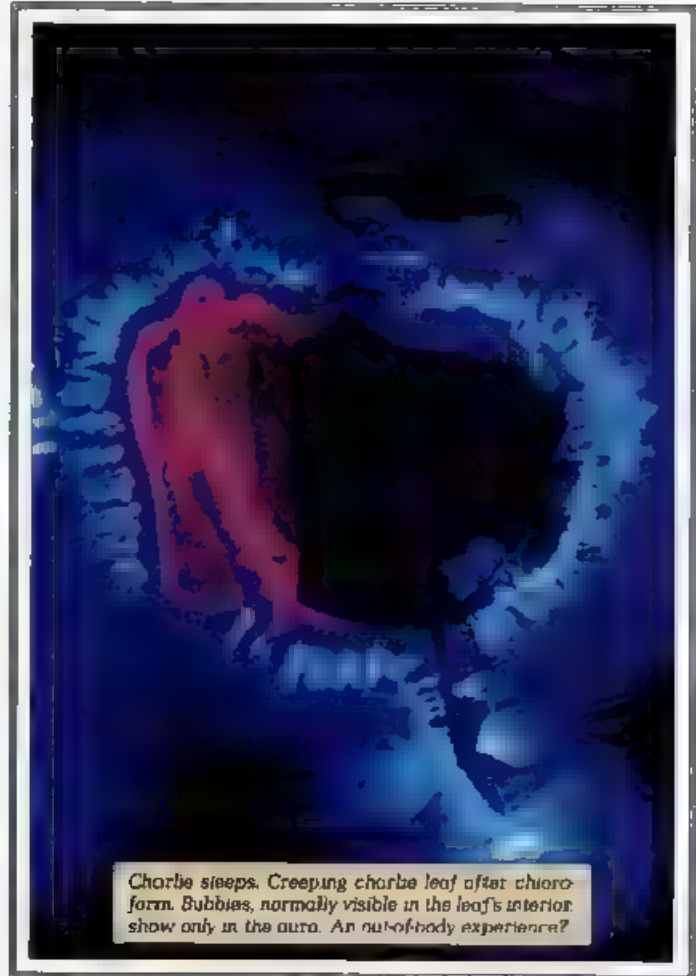
The aura, or what Paracelsus called the "star body," is revealed on photographic film when an object or part of an organism is placed in contact with it and surrounded by a field of high-frequency electrical current. Fibrillating rushes of energy can be seen leaking out through micro-channels in matter and flesh:

the same electronic hieroglyphs that a psychic sees when placing an object or a person in his or her own bodily force field.

Some of them are prophetic. The Kirlians found that confusion in energy patterns showed up in an electrophotograph long before they were experienced in the body of the subject (an early indication of its potential use in medical diagnosis, though it hasn't yet been taken up).

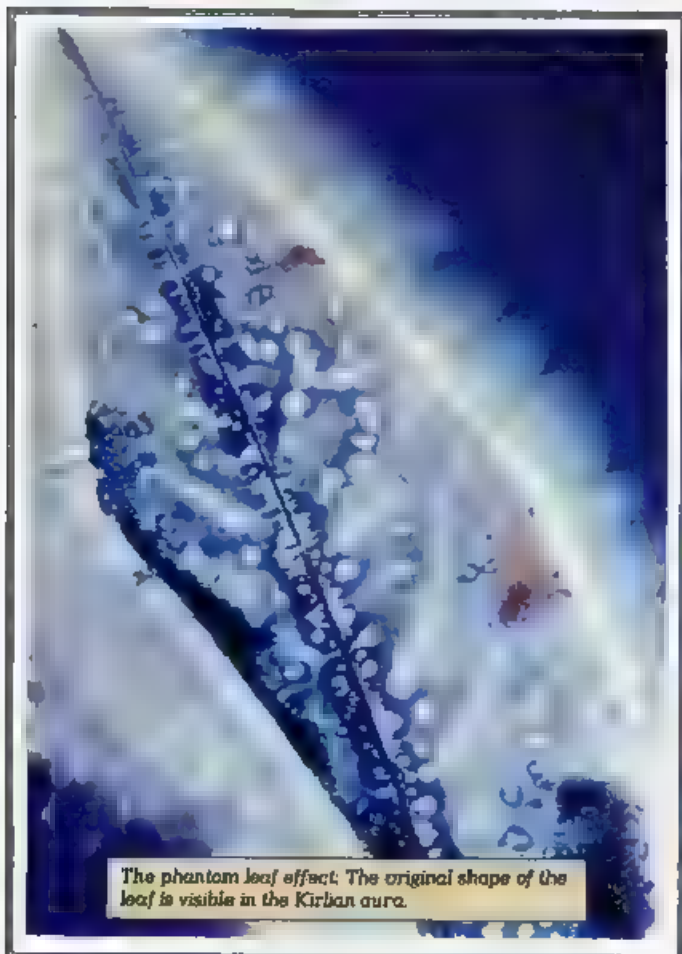
Semyon Davidovich Kirlian, studying his early pictures (acquired at the price of several several jolts), wondered: "Where is the caravan of lights coming from? Where is it going?"

A later experiment, known as the "phantom leaf effect," made by H.G. Andrade in São Paulo, Brazil, in 1972, added to the mystery. Andrade took an



Charlie sleeps. Creeping charlie leaf after chloroform. Bubbles, normally visible in the leaf's interior show only in the aura. An out-of-body experience?

Dr. Thelma Moss



The phantom leaf effect: The original shape of the leaf is visible in the Kirlian aura.

Dr. Thelma Moss

electrophotograph of a leaf showing a glowing aura. He then chopped off the end of the leaf. Using a Tesla coil to create the appropriate force field, he rephotographed it shortly afterward. The aura of the missing section is clearly visible, luminously echoing the original shape of the unsevered leaf.

For a long time there was great difficulty in repeating this experiment, which led to much skepticism, but recently the experiment has been successfully repeated hundreds of times by Thelma Moss, John Hubacher and others in the United States. The arboreal phoenix lives again, scientifically reinforcing the earlier observations of spiritualists that everything has an "energy body" or an "etheric double" that remains unaffected by slash-happy scientists.

The "missing" energy body of the leaf section is obviously not the electrical state of the organism, since that part of the field has been lopped off, but something much higher up the spectrum: some

other more finely tuned essences that can withstand mortal vandalism and that led two Soviet scientists (catching up with what spiritualists had known all along) to christen it the biological plasma body, a counterpart body of energy.

The body is static, but the bioplasma is a swirling, mobile yantra. It reacts to cosmic disturbances. A daisy will flash on solar flares and reflect them in a Kirlian snapshot. The bioplastic body, the energy envelope (which is always open), is affected by the atmosphere and other cosmic occurrences. Disturbances of the sun change the whole plasmic balance of the universe resulting in measurable physical changes in organisms. The 11½-year solar-flare cycle radically affects the human bioplasma and often incinerates it: The frequency of wars every 11½ years (half the ambiguous 23 of *Iluminatus*) is more than coincidence.

The dwarf stars that exude from the fingertips in a Kirlian picture echo Newton's law that everything in the universe



Two people engaged in a friendly conversation generated a bright cascade when their fingertips were placed against the capacitor plate.

Dr. Thomas Moss

is interconnected. The red gases on Jupiter flare out of the heart chakra. Venusian force fields can be found squatting in a Kirlian capacitor plate and be activated and nabbed on film when a sympathetic object is placed there. The hairs on your head are antennae tuned to pick up Martian gossip. These flare patterns indicate the tuning of the human gyroscope to the galactic wave field. *Anima est sol et luna.*

The bioplasmic body is cosmically linked—a luminescent litmus paper that records changes in the environment, seasons, tides, noise levels and all the resonances that flesh is heir to. There are changes in the bioplasmic body (as well as in brain waves, enzyme levels and blood volume) when telepathic messages are coming through, detectable via polygraphs, plethysmographs and a Kirlian camera. Your ears may go red when someone is talking about you behind your back, but your aura will also show a large dent; if they're being kind about you, your aura will

reveal a rich red, burgeoning corona.

Interconnectedness is inescapable, though variable. Two close friends whose fingertips are photographed together on the same capacitor plate will generate a brighter cascade than will two strangers. The auras of two lovers' fingertips photographed side by side will merge in a purple haze. Two people projecting antagonism toward each other will exude negative, sinuous, viscous patterns, like Portuguese men-of-war, that avoid each other as much as possible. A small drop of blood from a pregnant woman has, on one occasion, revealed the image of a spectral fetus.

The aura is the skin brain at work. It is quite unrelated to galvanic skin response, that is, it's not sweat. Three U.S. scientists who at one point interrupted all the finances for Kirlian research in their country by publishing an article in *Science* (October 1976) in which they alleged that the Kirlian effect was caused merely by moisture were forced to recant. A seed has next to no moisture at

Patterns of radioactivity can be felt with the fingertips, and a photograph of their aura will reflect it.

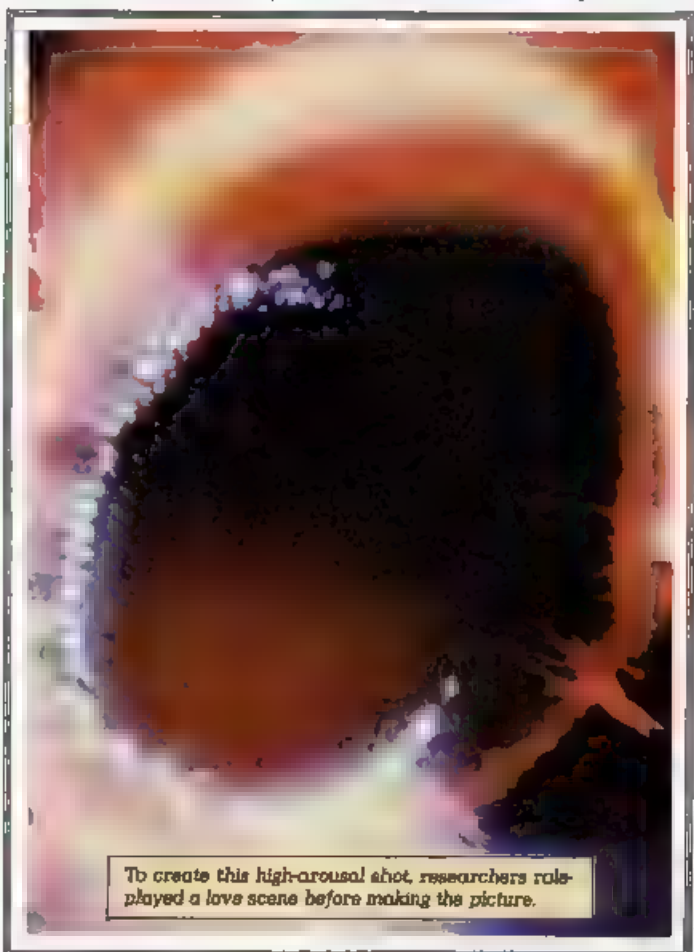
all, and yet most seeds give off a vibrant coronal discharge.

The auric force envelope around the body registers electromagnetic waves from everywhere in the spectrum. Patterns of radioactivity can be felt with the fingertips, and a photograph of their aura will reflect it. Perhaps it is a skill left over from earlier stages of development. In worms receptors for light, sound and smell are dispersed all over the body surface. Christian worms make the following supplication on the first Sunday in Advent: "Let us put on the armour of light" (Rom. 13 : 12).

Events that radiate the fact that they're going to happen before they do register themselves in the auric field. If this seems nonsense, consider particles that can go backward in time, now quite conventional. Consider the neutrino that can pene-

trate a lead wall 50 light-years thick. Dr. A. Podshibyakin discovered the electric potential of the skin rises during close-to-the-ground magnetic storms. Some people get forebodings of these invisible whirlwinds 24 hours before the storm happens. Others get them three or four days before the storm shows up on physical instruments. It may be that the aura is composed of a swirling mass of tingling telepathons: psychic bees performing exploratory dances that encompass the globe in the twinkling of an eye in order to inform their sluggish queen, the body, which was fool enough perhaps to fall from spirit into matter, of dangers or delights ahead. It may be that the streets are riddled with thousands of auric sandwich men displaying the whole history of the future for those who have eyes to see.

(continued)



To create this high-arousal shot, researchers role-played a love scene before making the picture.

Dr. Thomas Moss

There are, of course, some creatures that are all aura, and who will only pose for you if you've got a Kirlian glint in your eye. Angels, ghosts, dybbuks, goblins, sprites, daevas, undines, sylphs and fays are common to all cultures, and maybe to other planets. (Michael Marten, of the Martian Liberation Front ["Fight for

the right to land"]) believes that Martians are composed entirely of electromagnetic fields and the metallic rubbish that the Americans are dumping there seriously interferes with their orgasms.)

Conan Doyle believed that these auric creatures were a "sister stream in evolution," and took up their cause when

two girls from the village of Cottingley in Yorkshire claimed to have captured pictures of them on their uncle's Brownie camera. The case caused a global sensation after World War I, and allegations of fraud abounded. But the plates of subsequent pictures that the girls took were scrupulously marked, and in the 1940s the positives were blown up to the size of a house in order to try to detect double exposures, fake shading and the existence of models, but to no avail.

The pictures show some very dramatic images of earth spirits who'd crept through a crack in the void to model for the two Cottingley girls. My initial reaction to them was suspicion, since the beings are all in contemporary '20s costume, but then a nexus of theosophist brain cells whispered: "Well, that's how they materialized at that time in order to be recognized." I retorted: "But what if it was to happen now? Punk-rock fairies would be carrying it a bit far, wouldn't it?" The theosophist was not to be outdone and commented that I had been conditioned by a prissy Victorian attitude to the Secret Commonwealth. "Fairies," the voice said, "are simply angels that fell from heaven but didn't fall as far as hell. Any entity, any entity can contribute to these strange fields."

Recently, according to John Chesterman, coauthor of *World Within Worlds*, the Cottingley photographs were subjected to a form of analysis known as computer enhance-

ment, first perpetrated by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Pasadena, California, and wires were apparently found through this method, stretching up from the creatures to the top of the photographs. John Nicholson, author, bookseller, and propagator of the magazine *The Fanatic*, commented: "Ah, but faines are for children to see. That's their nature. A machine would quite naturally only see wires. That's its nature."

Be that as it may, I've found that the Kirlian camera I have been using over the last year is a mechanistic Maria Callas, wired to the no-osphere, the far-gone-osphere and the far-gone-outosphere, and that there's precious little accounting which firmamental pressure group it's wired to when you plug it in. A.S. Presman has noted that electromagnetic fields facilitate information exchange between living organisms. I have found that my field and the field that the Kirlian camera is creating have a relationship: If you're in a bad mood, or trying to show off the process to someone, or doing a picture under any kind of negative pressure, it won't work. If you're in a good mood it will. ("Just think if guns, cars, the telephone and nuclear weapons were that responsive," bleeps Mr. Natural.)

A dramatic example of the machine's feelings occurred when I photographed the key to the room where I keep it and compared it with a photograph of the key to my shed, where I keep a broken wash-

Kirlian Hardware



The simplest Kirlian device employs a Tesla coil, a transformer that produces alternating current of high voltage and frequency but in a safe low-amperage flow. The current is delivered to flat, horizontal positive and negative copper electrodes, parallel and close together. On the lower electrode lies a piece of film, emulsion side up.

The electromagnetic field generated by the current elicits field emission; that is, it sucks electrons from the subject. They knock other electrons loose from atoms in the air, producing negatively charged free electrons and positively charged ions. The electrons cluster at the positive electrode and the positive ions move toward the negative pole, but when these two clouds of oppositely charged particles grow large enough, they attract each other more than the electrodes do and come crashing back together. When the atoms reunite with their lost electrons, they give off photons—little sparks of light. This light is the flamelike corona that can be seen on the film or by the naked eye in a dark room. The energy field (aura) of living tissue shows up in the changes it makes in the corona.

Single millisecond bursts of current show tiny points of light, individual ion-electron clouds; continuous pulses cause these points to flow together into a full halo. Black-and-white film may show more fibrous detail in the flares, color film seems to reflect more dramatically a subject's changes in mood. (For the latest advances in Kirlian technology, consult *Communications*, a bulletin of the International Kirlian Research Association, 411 East 7th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.)

—Gary Seiden



Computer enhancement of the Cottingley photos showed fairies were models suspended by wires.

Auric effusions show the lust of every scrap of matter for spirituality, for another state of play. At the subatomic level, matter is spirit.



A Kirlian taken from the fingertips of two people during an angry argument. The avoidance pattern is analogous to the repulsion between the like poles of magnets.

ing machine and assorted rubbish. The first had a sort of irradiated halo, the second a couple of confused blurs spilling out of it in a desultory fashion.

Thought, feeling, illness and death all show up on the auric map. No Kirlian picture has for certain yet been taken of a human being dying, but doubtless it will. Photographs of a leaf dying show long striations of energy streaming off into never-never land. They vary in length with the sensitivity of the equipment; in other words, given superlatively sensitive equipment, they may never end. The energy that is released by the artificial transformation known as death is still extant, and the body-lightning rodeo can perhaps be reconstituted in its original shape, should anyone be so attached to it, given the right force field on the other side of the fence.

A psychic needs no machine to detect other life forms in this atmosphere. It was a basic Celtic belief that the air was crammed with spiritual entities and that heaven was celestially swirling right here and behind you and in you and around you and up you. You snorted in boggarts and elves and daevas and demons (underexposed Kirlians) at every breath. Christianity, on the other hand, showed heaven, or the spiritual and auric ether, miles and miles away, in order to make the earth seem second-best, and in order that the powers that shouldn't be could do with it what they willed.

The auric effusions made manifest on the Kirlian camera show the lust of every scrap of matter for spirituality, for another state of play, and indeed, at the subatomic level, matter is spirit. Things placed in front of a Kirlian camera display their fundamental image of themselves,

dancing an aery fandango on an incorporeal plane. It shows that any contact with "objects"—picking up a pebble on the beach, for example, moving its position, chucking it into the sea, is a serious business, let alone the way half this planet's been fucked up and its aura turned into an Aertex shirt by insensitive meddlers. Things can be fucked up, but when did you last see a thing fuck itself up of its own volition? Not an attack on you, gentle reader, but where are you standing or sitting now, what on, and why? Why aren't you an inch to the left or an inch to the right? Await the Auric Dictionary.

The word thing is one of the most mysterious and undefinable words in the language, and seems to have more different uses than any other noun. "The supposition," stated Bishop Berkeley, "that things are distinct from ideas takes away all real truth." One of the earliest semantic snares that this

strange portmanteau, holdall concept—a thing—got tangled up in was to become a synonym for the word assembly or meeting: "Let's go to that thing on Tuesday night." The earliest religions worshiped imbued matter, a thing, a clashing of energy vectors; later the word came to mean them, the people drawn to the thing, the assembly, an anthropomorphic, self-centered and personalized corruption of the original meaning. But despite human chauvinism many things have far stronger auras than human beings.

LSD has recently been the subject of atomic analysis, and reveals extremely high energy levels. There are far more electrons in its outer orbits than in any other drug, and far more again, it seems, than in that more primitive drug human being, which deals itself to itself constantly with little thought of the consequences.

An Orange Sunshine tab looks fairly merry being an Orange Sunshine tab (and glowed Cheese in five-D when I threw the Kirlian switch on it). I photographed a tab of acid from Operation Julie (the bust of an English ring alleged to be the world's biggest producer of LSD) shortly after the spiteful scenario involving prison sentences totaling 170 years had taken place. The Kirlian picture of the tab struck me as having the distinct feeling of a persecuted will o' the wisp, but one determined to keep itself intact despite ignorant and philistine opposition.

These Kirlian Rorschachs show that an "inanimate" thing has emanations capable of a plethora of emotional, psychological, ecological, spiritual and perhaps even political interpretations, either correct or incorrect, but certainly challenging heuristic skills. So you've caught me on film, what have you caught? "God's sons are things" (Samuel Madden, *Boulter's Monument*, 1712).

Dave Lawton, who built the Kirlian camera I now use, is building a Tesla coil with which he proposes to fire 500,000 volts of plasmoid spark-mush through his body. The whole human aura is visible in such a field. If he turns

(continued on page 97)

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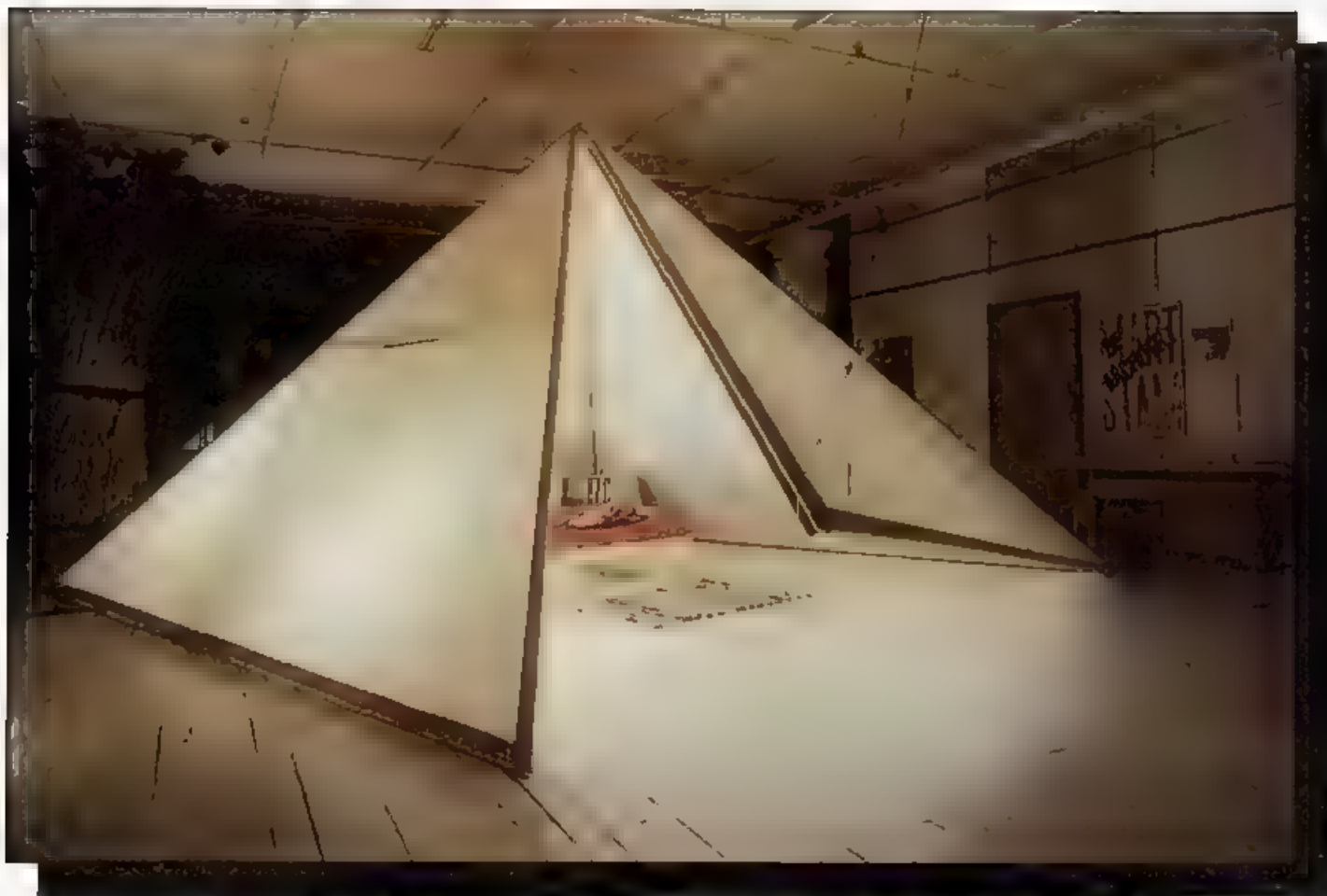
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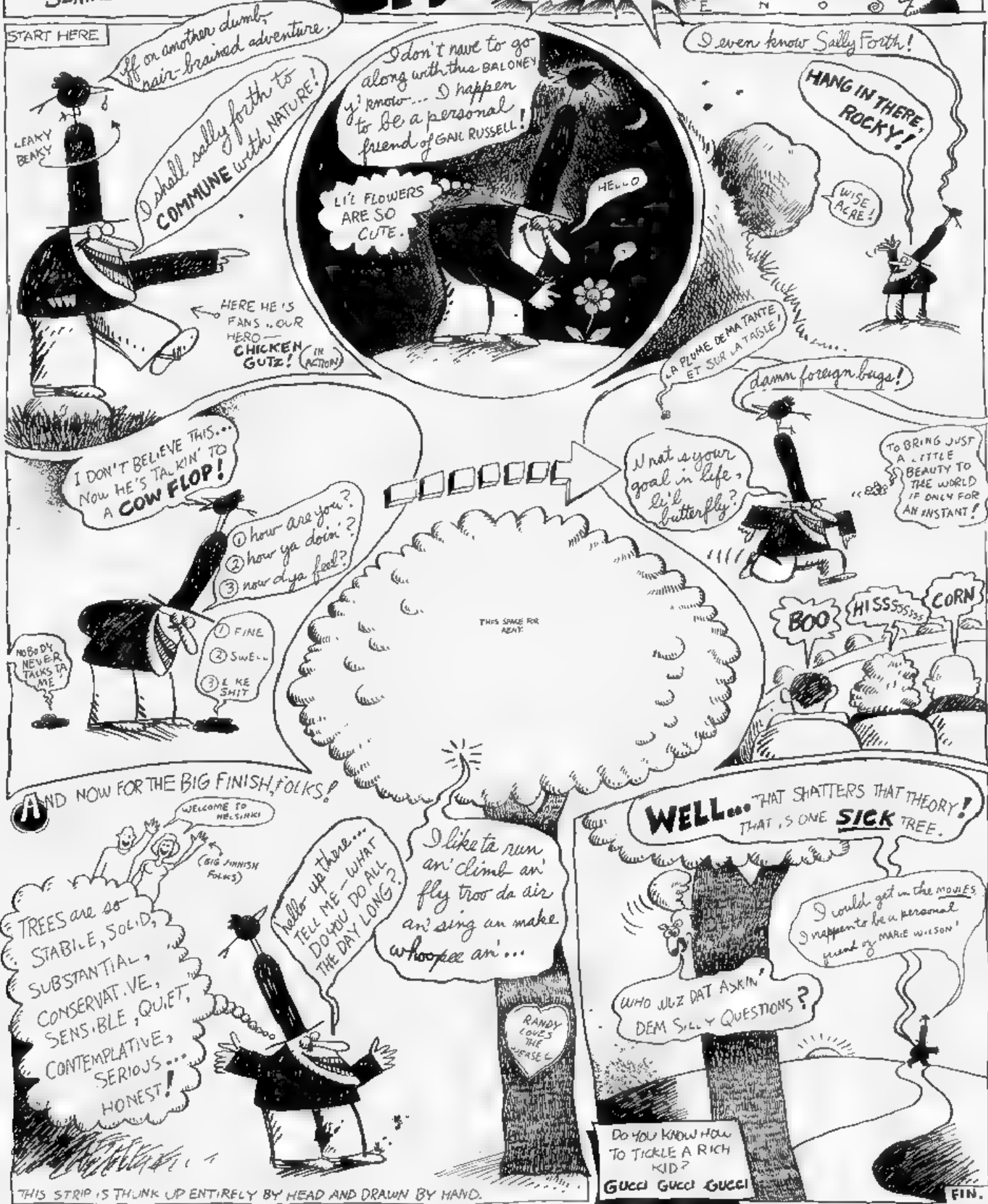
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DOUG SAHM'S HOMEGROWN HOEDOWN

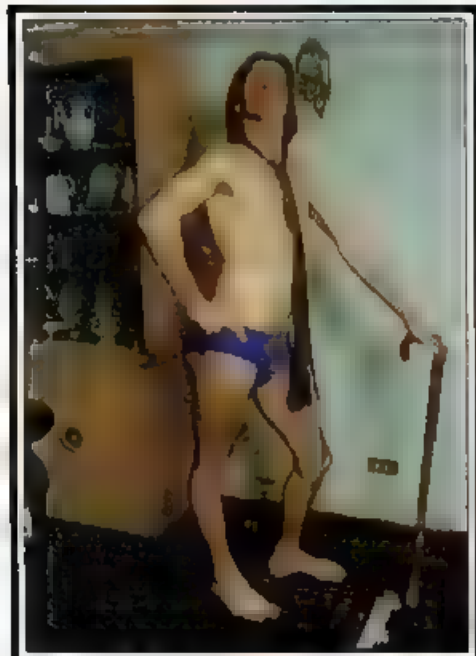
Doug Sahn, aka Sir Douglas aka Doug Saldana, is one of this country's greatest natural musical resources. A child prodigy steel-guitar player, Sahn absorbed most of his rich Texas musical heritage by his teens, playing country-western swing and the blues of T-Bone Walker's stirring, liquid guitar lines. He was also influenced by the deep, lyrical Tex-Mex tradition. Sahn turned it all over when he heard the British rock 'n' roll groups of the early '60s and put together a rock band called the Sir Douglas Quintet that used Augie Meyer's adaptation of accordion music to Farfisa organ for a sound that has influenced hundreds of rock bands since.

Since then Sahn has released 13 albums that have covered the breadth of the American musical tradition from blues and big-band horns to country ballads to rock 'n' roll to unaccompanied folk songs. Through it all Sahn's strong, clear voice and astonishingly clean guitar playing has carried the day. His latest record, *Hell of a Spell* (Takoma TAK 7075), maintains the high quality of his recent releases. (At the end of his contract with Mercury records in the '60s, Sahn went through a period when his albums were scattered and uneven, but even then each record had several priceless moments.) But *Spell* is by far the best recording sound of his career. Grateful Dead engineer Dan Healy worked the boards in this session, catching a smoking groove that saw the whole record cut in about a week. This spontaneity and loose precision represents Sahn at his absolute best.

Some of Sahn's most stalwart musical



Sahn's strong voice and astonishingly clean guitar playing carried the day. *Hell of a Spell* is by far the best recording sound of his career.



Sir Doug's back in style.

sidekicks were assembled for this record, notably bassist Jack Barber and the traveling San Antonio horn section, trumpeter Charley McBurney and saxophonist Rocky Morales. "Tunnel Vision" leads off with tremendous good-time energy, real hit-single potential. Several tracks on the record are dedicated to Eddie Jones, the great Guitar Slim, whose "I'll Take Care of You," "The Things I Used to Do" and "Nothin' but the Blues" are all covered here. On those tracks Sahn has cut some of his best guitar playing: crisp, ringing lines with a fat, sure sound that makes you want to grab the nearest beer and chug it. "Hangin' On by a Thread" is the other full-stop rocker on the set and Sahn really gives it the top-shelf vocal treatment. But the real show-

stopper here is the title track, a superfunk reggae vamp that positively burns your needle. Reggae rhythm sections took their cues from the stalwart R&B tracks that filtered across the Gulf from the South, particularly Louisiana, and Sahn reclaims the tradition here with absolute surety, completely avoiding the prefab, self-conscious reggae most whites come up with.

Onstage at the Lone Star Cafe or taking a powder to the horizon, Sahn's soulful delivery is always a delight. "What's wrong with the music today," he complains in his lightning fast rap, "is that nobody smokes pot anymore. Too much coke and all that bullshit!" With that, he lights a joint of Arkansas homegrown and laughs like hell.

—John Swenson

LAST YEAR'S ROLE MODEL

All right, so why shouldn't a regular American kid from Detroit try to come on like a mystery maiden from the Transylvanian forest? We've all met at least several of the type. Besides, a casual survey of passing bumper stickers will present the variations on the theme: "I'd rather be sailing," or dancing-jogging-flogging out on some Australian mountain range, you name it. So what if it's a game of fill in the blank! As the world sprawls out into an infinite Detroit, who could wish "the blank" on anyone?

Still, Lene Lovich has gotta learn to

Why shouldn't a regular American kid from Detroit try to come on like a mystery maiden from the Transylvanian forest?

laugh at this predicament. It was humor, after all—that good ol' self-deflating stuff—along with a few infectious hooks, that made her first Stiff LP, *Stateless*, a medium-sized hit. Not that her best songs don't have more than flirtatious fun to recommend them. In "Home," for instance, she painted that basic bourgeois habitat in stark enough shades, and the emphatic tag line, "I don't wanna go back anymore," is a perfect slogan for the antinostalgia revival I'm rooting for these days; but it's Lene's coy suggestion, "Let's go to your place," that does the charming. And the European chartbuster, "Lucky Number," basks in a narcissism so shameless it's scandalous; but, lucky us, this is no turgid Stirnerite treatise, just a pop charmer that bounces along as wonderfully as a nubie in Spandex.

Anyway, spouled by this, I awaited the

return of the Circus Lady, expecting more of such treats. But her new bag of tricks, *Flex* (Stiff-Epic 6308), is not so nifty. It's not the mere fact of her "je suis une artiste" pretensions that irks me. Joni Mitchell got away with that for years, with substantial results and no little panache. No, the problem lies in the discrepancy between tone (serious) and context (frivolous). I mean, you can always put one over on the peanut gallery. Just say, "Wow, folks, this is art" with enough special effects and someone's bound to believe you. But if one is going to drape oneself with the mantle of high art and serious music, then one had better be Bartók, baby. Lene ain't.

The profound musical sources of the devices she resorts to constantly include: vocal affectations of the yelp-squeal-and-hiccup school, copped from Gene Pitney and Brenda Lee; callopie-sounding organ riffs, as heard from Del Shannon or "Palisades Park" by Freddie Whatusname (in fact, on "Angels," the arpeggio line over a descending minor progression is close enough to Del's "Runaway" to warrant litigation); oh yes, and the chain-gang male chorus echoing many Volga boatmen or the theme from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. Mind you, I have nothing against the music we grew up on. It's all great fun, as long as it's treated as such. I just liked it better when it came from honest, unpretentious, openly crass greasers. But to pass it off as "new"? Or as "art"? Gimme a break, lady.

I love you, Lene, but I can't have you providing a role model for the zillions of flaky, impressionable young creatures who'll no doubt strive to become your clone. Either you lighten up or I trade the next one in for a Pretenders album. They, at least, know they're not "preh-shus." —Tom Ward



Night stalker Lene contemplates her audience's luscious throats.

SKA PARTY

The roots of reggae are in a style of music called "ska" that came out of Jamaica in the mid '60s. Ska was and is serious dance music organized around a big, insistent, unilateral beat—sounding something like a syncopated polka. And the beat was considerably faster than most reggae, so it was perfect accompaniment for the island versions of the twist, the stomp, the mashed potato and, of course, the funky chicken. Ska drew on many styles of music from doo wop to swing. It was horn-dominated music, subtle, outrageous, and it



Hey Rudy! Your mama's calling you, man.

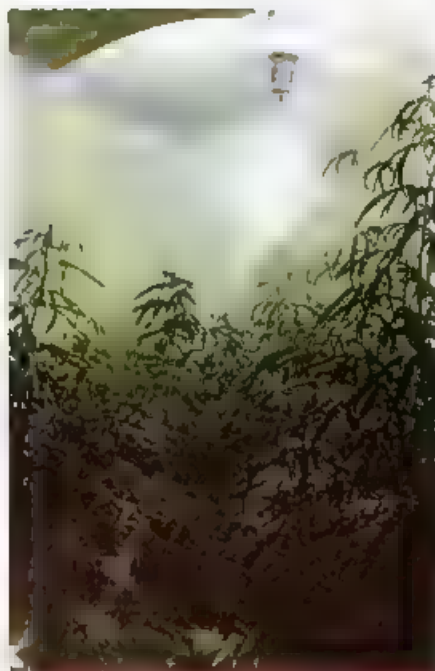
gave birth to the beat that makes you want to get up, stay up and move your extremities fast and precisely.

It was inevitable that ska would be "revived" where it had never been done before. Any true reggae nut is deeply versed in ska—and plenty of 'em listen to little else in the privacy of their garret. The first time around it never got a chance to grow beyond the island of Jamaica. Now it is taking over Britain. Here's neo-ska: integrated skinhead bands, dressed like Jamaican chuckies of the '60s in flash sharkskin suits, and narrow-brimmed hats, blasting out the real rollickin' thing: Madness, the Selecter, and maybe most of all the Specials. The Specials album, *The Specials* (Chrysalis 1265), is one of the most brilliant debuts of recent times.

The Specials are not camping it up on some old weirdo funk arcana—they are doing the real, original but educated thing. They play it deep. They are quite fit to play with their trombonist Rico Rodriguez, one of the original creators of ska, and that's a real compliment. They are also capable of paint-blistering, equatorially exotic rock, putting rock's best techniques, like post-Berry guitar, for example, on a new beat basis.

On "Concrete Jungle" they take a very upbeat reggae and then turn it up again into a killer American "Let's Go" beat. "Do the Dog" is a hitsville boogie-ization of the

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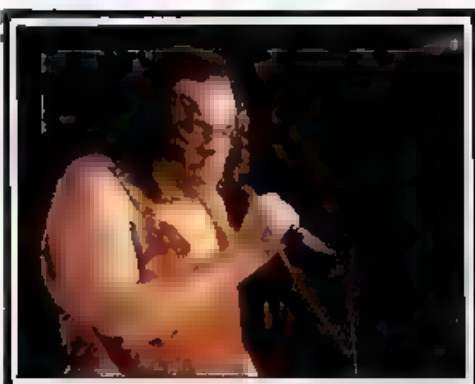
Specials dish out some steaming roots rock ska.

skank rhythm that's dance compulsive, really funny, right on and charmingly melodic, too. "Nite Klub" is a moon-person manifesto explaining the difference between nightlife and real life aptly and funkily. "Too Much Too Young" is a lovely dance ditty about premature conception. "Gangsters" is definitive Coptic reggae.

smokin' soul progressions meet the serious upbeat and together journey into an exotic oriental love flavor. You'll hear it on the radio soon. Anyway, this is a great album by a great band (and a great producer, Elvis Costello) that will help you have a great party, even if you're by yourself.

—Glenn O'Brien

SPARE CHANGE FOR A SEX CHANGE?



Just imagine it. Up on the bandstand is this 250-pound quivering jelly of a man dressed in a pair of soiled bathing trunks. When he opens his mouth he sounds like a cross between Captain Beefheart and Aqualung. And oy, he sings about the heartbreak of psoriasis, child molestation, the problems of fat men getting a little on the side, or losing one's wig while being hip and suave at the giggle-glitter disco. Surely rock 'n' roll is all about spectacle, but where does it all end?

There seems to be a hoary rock tradition that involves fat honkies who make their living shouting the blues. There used to be a guy from Detroit named Catfish Hodge who, I guess, started it. He had a few albums out on Epic in the early '70s, then on Eastbound and then God knows. Finally he was reduced to touring in his van and picking up musicians as he went along. Now that fat man could wail on piano and had the ability to excite even the most jaded candy rockers to frenzy. Later there was Meat Loaf, also from Detroit I believe, and he's still in the public eye or at least in People. Now, praise Jesus and Weight Watchers, here's Root Boy Slim, aka Foster McKenzie

III, renegade Yalie, American studies major met up with Bob Greenlee, sometime student, sometime draft pick for the Miami Dolphins and guitar player.

First "Rattlesnake Rattles" bumped into Ernie "Sex Ray" Lancaster, formed Danny Dollar and Change and worked the D.C. area. They played disgusting songs—before it was fashionable—with titles like "A Lot

**When Root Boy opens his mouth
he sounds like a cross
between Captain Beefheart and
Aqualung, a 250-pound
jelly of a man in soiled
bathing trunks.**

of Songs About Pat Nixon" and "Naughty but Nice." When Root Boy joined, they became Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band. The rest was almost history.

After developing a D.C.-based following, Warner Brothers came into the picture. They'd heard a tape of "Boogie 'Til You Puke" ("Put a quarter in the juke/Boogie 'til you puke."). It was every bit as sociologically revealing as the Tubes' "White Punks on Dope," and besides they were looking for someone to fill the bill after canning Frank Zappa. Being such sports and flush at the time, Warner Brothers called in Gary Katz, Steely Dan's producer, to birth the baby. About \$250,000 came and went. Warner Brothers couldn't sell the package and rather than be laughed out of the business, gave Root Boy and crew \$40,000 and told them to split.

"Boogie 'Til You Puke," "You Broke My Mood Ring," "Too Sick to Reggae" and

other obscure gems never made the Top 100 or even close. Many blues cognoscenti, however, enjoyed the band in the privacy of their rooms or in a few sleazy clubs. This fat man could not be denied despite Warner's heinous acts.

Happily, Illegal Records (distributed by A&M) has taken up the challenge and released *Zoom* (IRS 006). Although not as slickly produced as the WB effort, it contains the essential Root Boy scruff, dirty blues played with fervor and abandon. Whether he's shouting about copping an imaginary feel off some loops at the local

porno palace ("Quarter Movie on My Mind"), or proclaiming fat power ("Dare to Be Fat"), or talking about his experiences with the mind-controlling drugs ("Doin' and Droolin'"), it's pure entertainment. Backed by the incomparable Rootettes, who make the Harlettes look like prep-school girls, the Sex Change Band plays with that sleazy old-timey feeling, like a lot of young and enthusiastic groups who play hard and fast R&B-based stuff. There's an urgency in their modes. Perhaps they sound like their manager or the police are about to pull the plug. —David Walley

THE SOUND OF SINCERITY

You're driving along in your car listening to the FM radio and this song comes on. Crisp guitar intro, punchy drums, melodic synthesizer riffs built into the arrangement, close vocal harmonies cranking out in metronomic, toy-town pop formula. It sounds great: "Take Me to Your Leader" is the name. "That's funny," you think. "I don't

The strength of the material and performance here suggests that the Sinceros could be one of the bands to watch in the next few years.

remember liking a song on the new Cars album that much and I certainly don't remember one with a weird name like that." But the sound is letter perfect, unmistakably that anthem style associated with the Cars. So the disc jockey comes on and says it was the Sinceros, yet the song sounded so good you wouldn't even think of holding it against them.

An addiction is born. I can't stop listening to this record, *The Sound of Sunbathing* (Columbia JC 36134). The Cars reference evaporates on the rest of the album but the

group's unerring musicality and bright melodic sense certainly places them in the same commercial category. The band has picked up a few tricks on the British rock 'n' roll circuit over the past few years. Lead singer-guitarist Mark Kjeldsen, bassist Ron Francois and drummer Bobbi Irwin were part of the mid-'70s London R&B scene as the Strutters, while keyboardist Don Snow was in the Vibrators. More recently the Sinceros were Lene Lovich's backup band on her *Stateless* album and the Be Stiff concert tour. Kjeldsen is a clever songwriter who mixes his musical references carefully, working out of a Byrds-inspired rhythm-guitar sound and Move/ELO vocals and turning classic riffs around, like the Supremes' "Come See About Me" twist in "Quick, Quick Slow."

The strength of the material and performance here suggests that the Sinceros could break big, but when you consider that the group's identity is still not quite realized on this record, it's easy to consider them one of the bands to watch in the next few years. In the promotional \$5.00 Concert thrown by CBS Records last December to showcase four of its new acts, the Sinceros completely stole the show. It won't be the last time, either.

—John Swenson



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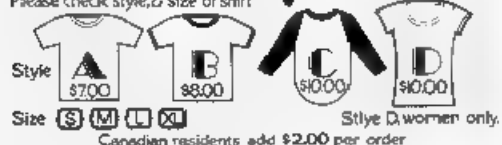
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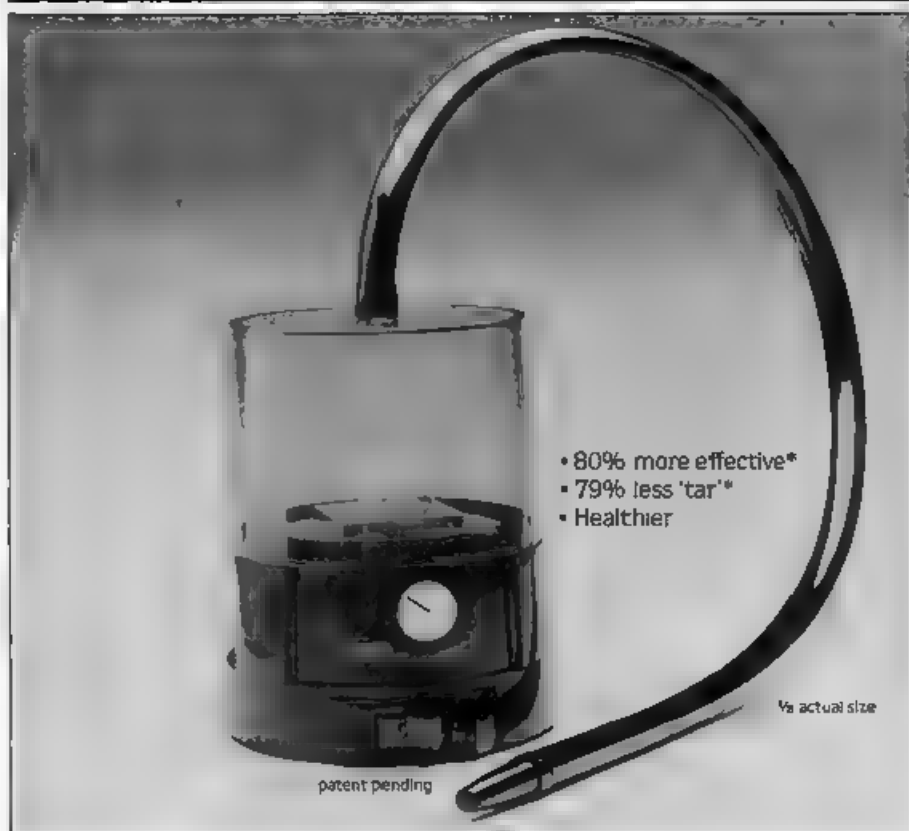
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THE PLANEET

Evidence for Dowsing Suggests "Occult" Is Real!



ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA—Dowsing—the art of locating underground water—has been vindicated as an applied science, after thousands of years of hotly condemned, albeit successful, practice. The secret of the dowsing procedure doesn't lie in the Y-shaped sprig of wood held by the operator, it turns out, but in the body of the dowser. Recent research suggests that special cells in the adrenal and pituitary glands of at least some humans are sensitive to changes in the local electromagnetic flux of the earth and atmosphere; when the electromagnetic field changes, as it does in the vicinity of underground water deposits, these glands seem to subtly alter a sensitive individual's blood pressure. A slight congestion

of blood in the capillaries of a dowser's fingertips, it's speculated, may account for the characteristic vibration of the dowser's stick over a subterranean water deposit.

The sensitivity of animals to electromagnetism accounts for bird migration and other such behavior. Recently scientists have isolated in pigeons cells containing metallic substances that respond to electromagnetic flux. Birds are sensitive to the electromagnetism emitted by radio and television waves, thunderstorms, rushing or bubbling water, air currents, radioactive minerals and seasonal alterations in the tilt of the earth's axis. To determine whether humans may

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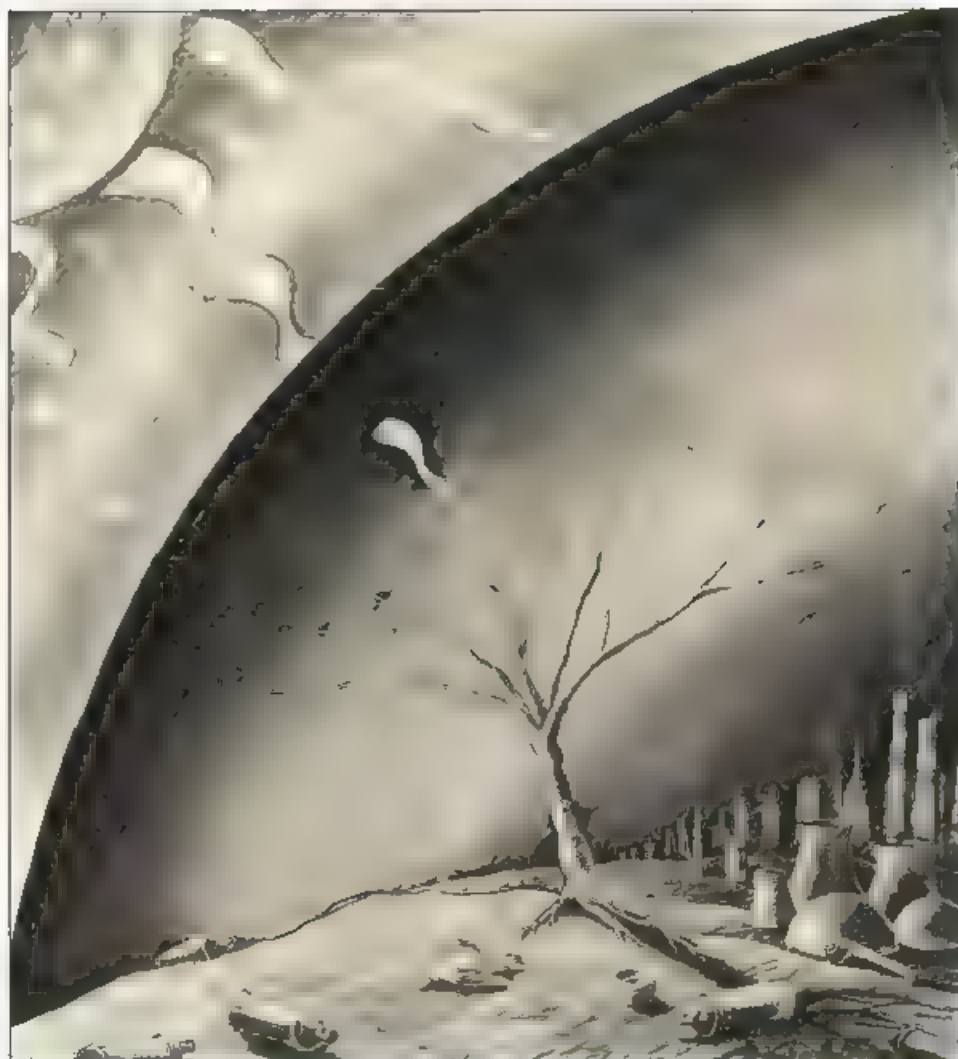
Global Effort Needed to Rescue Ozone

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—The ban on aerosol propellants in spray cans in the United States may have only a negligible effect in reducing the erosion of stratospheric ozone. If other countries don't eliminate chlorofluorocarbon-producing spray propellants, and particularly if other sources of fluorocarbon emission increase as expected, the ozone layer will be depleted by at least 16.5 percent by A.D. 2100. Without ozone to deflect ultraviolet solar radiation, cases of skin cancer in the United States alone would increase by several hundred thousand—including several thousand cases of severe melanomas, which are untreatable.

Home refrigerators and automobile air conditioners also give off chlorofluorocarbons, which rise up into the stratosphere to destroy ozone particles. In addition, industrial processes involved in fast-freezing food, dry cleaning and metal cleaning, plastic-foam manufacturing and surgical-equipment sterilization all produce harmful fluorocarbons.

Technicians here and at the University of Colorado are working, under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences, to reduce all sources of ozone erosion. In the areas of foam production, instrument sterilization and metal cleaning, alternate industrial processes not involving fluorocarbons could be imposed. Cars and refrigerators might be fitted with devices that would contain and recycle fluorocarbon particles. Other options include public education and quotas and taxes on chemicals.

However, the ozone peril is necessarily global. "Whatever happens, it happens worldwide," points out Princeton University researcher John Tukey. "It really wasn't very difficult to get rid of [aerosol propellants]." However, few other countries have followed suit.



Evidence for Dowsing

continued from page 81

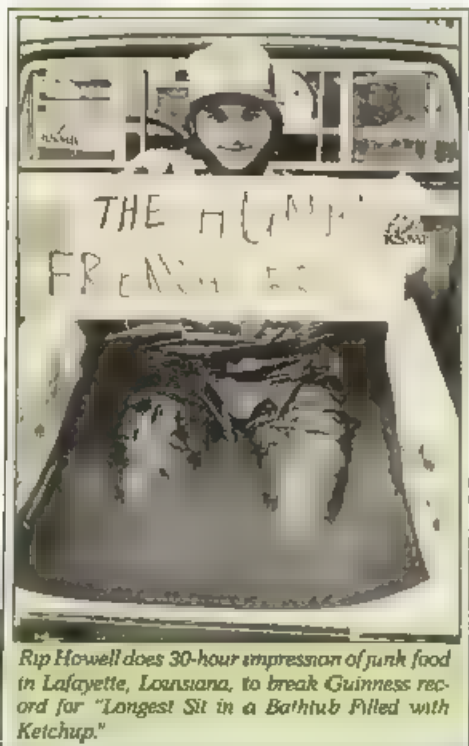
share some of these physical systems with lower animals, researchers here have been working with dowzers.

U.S. Army researcher Dr. Zboj Harvalik enlisted the world's top professional dowser, Rutenmeister Wilhelm DeBoer of Bremen, West Germany for the study. After observing that DeBoer could ordinarily zero in on deposits of underground water with amazing consistency, Dr. Harvalik tried wrapping parts of the dowser's body with strips of aluminum sheeting that would theoretically block any magnetic impulses. It turned out that when he insulated the areas around the pituitary and the kidneys (site of the adrenal glands), DeBoer's dowsing stick no longer quivered over hidden water. This strongly suggests that those cells sensitive to magnetism are part of the adrenocorticotrophic system—a primitive arrangement of glands and nerves that is nearly identical in birds and mammals.

By setting up a test environment of various electromagnetic states, Dr. Harvalik recorded the varying sensitivity of dowzers and ordinary

individuals. Rutenmeister DeBoer, for example, could dependably detect microampere fluctuations down to a fantastic 10^{-12} gauss (making him far more sensitive than advanced laboratory magnetometers), and even nondowzers often reacted to fluctuations as fine as one-half a milliamp. Furthermore, when nondowzers were advised that they were reacting to these imperceptible changes, they typically got more sensitive to them in further tests. It turned out that by drinking a tumbler of water—and thereby presumably priming one's kidneys—a test subject increased his or her sensitivity to electromagnetic flux.

DeBoer, according to Harvalik, reacts to a spectrum of electromagnetic alterations ranging from one to one million hertz (cycles per second). If this sensitivity is latent in everyone, it means that the human body is much more sensitive to natural phenomena than previously believed. We may, without being consciously aware of it, be picking up mesons, quarks or even tachyons—particles believed to pass backwards through time, carrying, perhaps, intuitions of the future.



Rip Howell does 30-hour impression of junk food in Lafayette, Louisiana, to break Guinness record for "Longest Sit in a Bathtub Filled with Ketchup."

Space-Age Evangelists Haul In 3 Billion—Bucks

SACRAMENTO—"The electronic church is the application of free enterprise to religion," testifies Ben Armstrong of the Christian Broadcasting Network. "We are a viable business as well as a religious phenomenon."

It was through genuine grace from above, everyone agrees, that the electronic ministry of the gospel has mushroomed so abundantly over the last decade: namely thanks to industrial telecommunications satellites. Even a relatively neophyte American theologian like the Rev. Jerry Falwell, who expects to make only \$1 million a week this year, can very profitably lease a satellite channel for 52 weeks for just \$1 million. The message, sent forth from a sole transmitter, is reflected back to a multitude of cable stations all across the land easily reaching over a million of the faithful. Basic unit costs reach barely a penny per week, and the returns are nothing less than miraculous.

The appetite of Americans for television evangelism has no bottom evidently. There are more than 1,400 radio stations and 30 television stations currently broadcasting nonstop, seven days a week, throughout the country; each day a new religious radio station opens and one religious television outlet starts up every week.

The message is not lost on regular independent stations either, who are widely contracting through CBN for programs like Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour" and various Oral Roberts specials. The Falwell show mainly consists of women opening the reverend's mail. He receives up to 10,000 letters per day and more than half contain money. Preacher Rex Humbard piles his mailbags onto an "offerings altar" and blesses them all, even the half that don't contain cash.

The television ministry has gradually developed its own panoply of superstars, who make the rounds from program to program, testifying to their colorful experiences of agony and redemption. Entertainers Graham Kerr (aka the Galloping Gourmet) and Johnny Cash clock a lot of satellite time, and electric parishioners tune in breathlessly for any panel that includes former Nixon hatchetman Charles Colson and former Black Panther firebrand Eldridge Cleaver. In addition to evangelical programs, Armstrong reports, "we also run a few programs which don't compromise our beliefs, like Lassie."

In 1979 the nationwide electronic church grossed, by its own reckoning, around \$3 billion. And of that, less than a quarter was amassed by the "big six" preachers like Falwell, Humbard, Roberts and Herbert Armstrong. The amount of cold cash changing hands even among relatively bush-league TV prophets is therefore incalculable, especially considering that accountants for religious outfits only have to answer to God and their own consciences.

The federal Securities and Exchange Commission is not eager to look into religious financing. In 1973 it charged the Humbard outfit with fraud totaling \$12 million, and wound up in such a sordid First Amendment morass that it was glad to settle for repayment of the funds in question—effected largely through the sale of a Humbard-owned girdle factory. Last year, California state authorities started looking into Herbert Armstrong's electronic episcopate—whereupon Armstrong ordained that henceforth all donations were to be mailed to his home in Arizona, safe from the philistine revenueurs of California.

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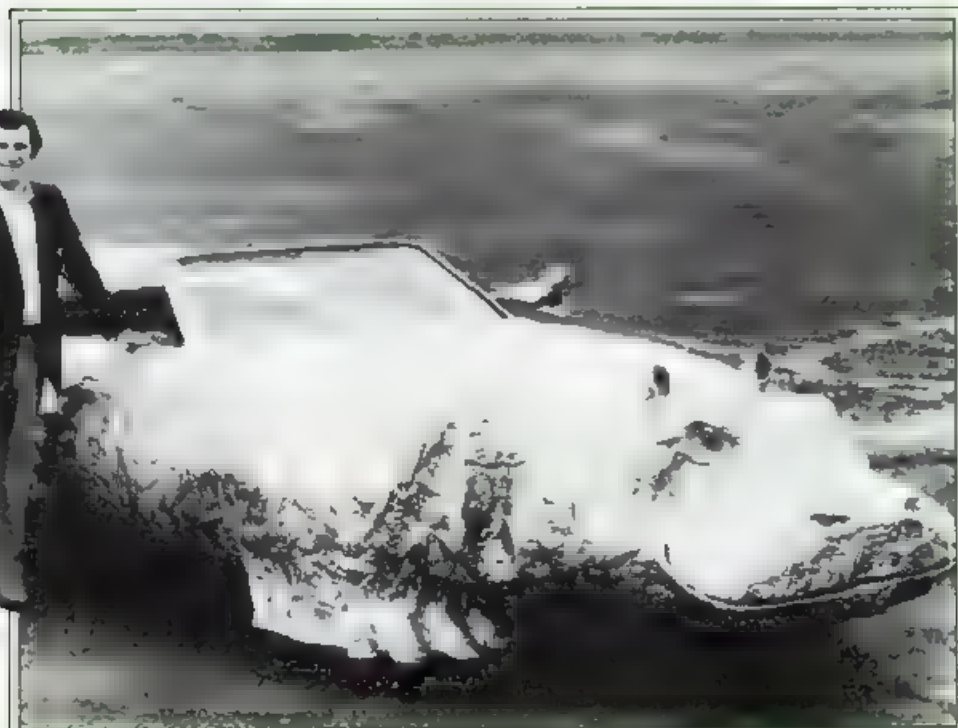
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United Nations Moves Drop by Drop toward Abolishing Torture

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY—

Julio Cooper lost his commission with the Sixth Cavalry of the Uruguayan army when he refused to torture a prisoner and now his testimony before the United Nations Human Rights Commission may eventually help stop torture the world over. Cooper, then a 20-year-old lieutenant, had been systematically torturing suspected political dissidents for some time beforehand—following the semiscientific procedures laid down for the Uruguayan military in the mid '60s by CIA advisers—when a hooded prisoner with a limp was brought in for interrogation. Recognizing by the limp that the man was an old friend, Cooper refused to start the usual three-day "softening" procedure by half-

drowning the prisoner in a bucket of filthy water. For this he was ostracized for five years by his fellow officers and ultimately discharged dishonorably from the service.

Last spring at the annual Geneva convention on human rights, Cooper candidly described some of the nuances of institutionalized torture. Though torturers commonly try to maintain a businesslike attitude toward their work, the intense emotion that inevitably exists between torturer and victim seems to take its toll.

After savagely working over a prisoner, a torturer will often try to reduce the intolerable tension by offering the victim a cigarette or by allowing him or her to catch a little sleep. When the victim reacts with craven gratitude, the torturer experiences such a surge of mingled shame and disgust that the impulse to resume the torture is nearly irresistible. Stories abound of torturers who gradually build up such massive inner conflicts over their work that, while they may remain "businesslike" on the job, they take to torturing their wives and children at home.

But of course the victims are the permanent casualties of institutionalized torture. Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay and Chile now have scores of thousands of people who have been tortured, at some time or other, on suspicion of various subversive activities. The commonest permanent syndrome is insomnia, frequent dizziness and vomiting, and phobias about anything from driving to walking through open spaces.



The purpose of the meeting at which Cooper testified, along with victims of torture from nearly every continent, was to devise legislation that would make torture an international crime. According to the London-based human-rights outfit Amnesty International, at least 57 countries currently practice torture, either by government agents or by paramilitary "vigilante" groups working with government approval.

The problem of defining torture is touchy, of course. The International Commission of Jurists has cited Israel for routinely subjecting Arab prisoners to sleep and sensory deprivation, keeping them hooded and bound in isolation cells, subject to constant interrogation. But persuading the allies of Israel, such as the United States or the Republic of South Africa, to denounce this as "torture" might be impossible, and thus defeat the whole project. Then there's the practice of Communist nations, particularly in the USSR and Rumania, of forcibly administering drugs like haloperidol to political prisoners confined to mental hospitals. (This problem is further complicated by the likelihood that the Soviet dissidents may only be receiving the same routine maintenance trunks that nonpolitical mental patients receive.)

The likeliest scenario for ending global torture derives from disclosures by the International Committee of the Red Cross and the Revolutionary Government of Iran. After toppling the shah last year, the new Iranian regime disclosed secret

documents pertaining to Red Cross visits to 18 Iranian jails in 1977 and 1978. Somehow the visitors were permitted access to prisoners without jail guards being present and were told horrifying stories of torture being routinely practiced by agents of SAVAK, the shah's secret police. When these accounts were disclosed last year, the Red Cross confirmed them as authentic, but released later reports showing the SAVAK greatly reduced its incidence of torture once it learned that the Red Cross knew what was going on. (The new Iranian government, incidentally, has allowed the Red Cross only one visit to check on allegations of routine torture being practiced by its own police in Tehran's Qasr prison.)

Accordingly, if an international law forbidding torture can be devised, a special independent inspectorate will be needed to implement it. Inspectorate officials would be empowered to make unannounced visits to the jails of any country signing the antitorture agreement. The Human Rights Commission has high hopes that if such a treaty can be drafted, it would go a long way toward eliminating torture, since refusal to sign it would be implicit admission of guilt.

On the other hand, some observers fear that an international antitorture law might only encourage more Argentina-style "disappearances." Countries wishing to continue using torture would make sure the victims didn't live to tell the tale.

The Geneva Commission also heard from two people who had spent time in the infamous Campo Olimpo prison in Buenos Aires, where the military practices the most abominable forms of institutionalized torture. But at least Olimpo prisoners stand a chance of eventual release. The men told of other camps they'd been through, near the seashore, where hundreds of prisoners were processed for "transference"—absolute elimination. When a prisoner is "transferred," he or she is commonly rendered unconscious by a tranquilizer injection, wrapped in heavy chains, flown out over the ocean in a helicopter and dumped overboard. The lungs of the still-breathing victim fill with water and the body drops like a stone, to disappear forever.

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Computer Pirates Terrorize World's Cops

PARIS—Once upon a time, a computer programmer in a U.S. bank punched in a secret system whereby the bank added ten cents to every service charge under \$10, and \$1 to every service charge over \$10, with both surcharges to be paid into an account—in the same bank—held by his own pseudonym, "Zwizcke." And he went on for some good while effortlessly piling up money, until the bank just happened to offer a special public-relations prize to the first and last names on their list of depositors. Thus the avaricious programmer went up on a charge of illegally using computer time—but only because of a wildly improbable fluke of circumstance.

Officers of Interpol, the northern hemisphere's top private-spy squad, were entertained with many similar computer-crime stories at their latest convention here. "A new international crime world of mind-boggling electronic proportions" was opened before them, one official admitted with awe. While nearly half a million computers have been installed in banks, finance agencies and so on, not much has been done to make them secure from shady-minded operators. Thus

computer ripoffs are virtually impossible to detect, experts quietly agree. Computer thieves, Interpol was told, enjoy "a lack of previous criminal record, fairly high educational level and a deep personal conviction that they are not crooks at all, because they are making money out of a machine."

Computer tapes are inherently erasable by nearly anyone with access to a console. In at least one instance, a disaffected American employee wiped all his computer's memory tapes, so that his very large company no longer knew how much it was owed by each of its creditors; the firm had to advertise in newspapers, begging people to pay up, but to this day it's not known how much they lost.

Then there was the American programmer who secretly diverted a flat million from company funds into his personal Swiss bank account one morning, caught a quick flight to Zurich, withdrew the million and bought a cache of diamonds with it. Hed intended to quickly resell the diamonds back in the States, pocket a handsome profit, redeposit the original million with

his company and wipe the computer tapes of the whole transaction. As a computer pirate he was brilliant, but his smuggling wasn't up to snuff; he got ripped going out through Swiss customs with the hot rocks and went to jail. But for the customs slipup, he never would've been caught.

Even if he'd been caught afterward by his own company, the culprit probably would never have been prosecuted. Investigators from the Stanford Research Institute of California, who reported on 700 computer thefts for Interpol, suggested that most companies ripped off in this fashion are leery of reporting it, such disclosures might shake the public's faith in the infallibility of their computer systems.

Interpol learned that anyone with a basic knowledge of computers can, with about \$600 in basic gadgetry, plug into nearly any bank's data systems through a common telephone. Once plugged in, a computer pirate can snoop into the details of private accounts or even engage in huge money transactions. "We found out what a lot we do not know," one delegate unhappily concluded.

Kidnapping Boom: Profits for Terrorists and Industry Alike

PALERMO, SICILY—At last count only four people—an Italian rock star and his girl friend and the wife and daughter of a British businessman—were being held for ransom in the mountains of northern Sicily, which actually constitutes a rather slow season for the European "political" kidnap racket. The rock star's showbiz associates don't appear to be overanxious to meet the sum demanded by his captors, whereas the businessman is prohibited under British law from paying for restitution of his loved ones. This has so insulted and annoyed the semipro terrorists holding the hostages that they've taken to beating up on the teams of professional negotiators who periodically deal with them.

The kidnapping of wealthy people, especially international business execs, has evolved into something of a routine industry over the last decade. Highly dramatized mass political kidnappings—the episodes at Entebbe and Mogadishu, most notably—had demonstrated by about 1975 that such tactics brought little more than bad press to the terrorists who carried them out, but individual, low-profile kidnappings tended to pay off big. In 1974 the American-based multinational Exxon paid over \$14 million to Argentine leftists for the return of executive Victor Samuelson, and since then profits have gone nowhere but up. A year later, the rescue of two members of an Argentine industrial family brought \$25 million to the Montaneros urban guerrillas. Last year, Lloyds Bank of Great Britain readily shelled out over \$10 million to San Salvador terrorists for two employees.

The economics of abduction have ordained that the prime target now is a top male executive of a business with extensive holdings in underdeveloped countries; this way the kidnappers can righteously claim a "political" motive but hopefully avoid too much publicity, which might prohibit the corporation from coming across with the loot. In 1978, for instance, the Italian



The radical Red Brigade lost points for messiness when they kidnapped ex-premier Aldo Moro and then murdered him after the Italian government refused to negotiate.

Red Brigade invested about a million dollars in the scoop of politician Aldo Moro; but after the episode pulled so much international press, there was simply no way the government could pay any ransom, so Moro was snuffed and the Brigades took a near-fatal loss on the caper.

So nowadays kidnappings tend to serve more as fund-raising gimmicks than media stunts. Insurance companies like Lloyds of London are offering ransom policies for worried execs, with

premiums from \$500,000 to \$1 million. Private detectives and security firms have developed intensive special services, specializing in ransom haggling, verification of handwriting on ransom notes and 24-hour bodyguard services. Some claim they can tell by a victim's handwriting how close he or she is to cracking up, and others are in so tight with international terrorists that they can nearly serve as mediators from the inside.

Antiterrorist agencies report that 90 percent of "political" kidnappings involve men, generally moving from one business office to another alone. Mortality is low—only 35 victims have been dusted in hundreds of episodes since 1970—though bodyguards are very commonly blown away on the scoop site. Evasive maneuvers such as changing cars and residences, keeping irregular schedules, switching restaurants and so on, are largely futile. Most kidnappings are strictly inside jobs: Either the terrorists plant someone on the exec's staff or they bribe people already there to get a line on a propitious scoop opportunity. In any case, widely advertised international business conferences can provide a veritable smorgasbord of vulnerable execs.

Every time a corporation ransoms a kidnap victim, of course, more incentive is provided for prospective kidnappers. The procedure is so awkward, dangerous, sordid and dehumanizing to all concerned that just a few instances in which payoffs were refused would very likely cripple the industry, but the corporations and insurance companies just keep paying off. According to the Conference Board, a New York research organization that keeps tabs on developments in the field, big international companies now seemingly look at kidnapping as just another industrial hazard; kidnap insurance and protection is regarded as something of an executive prerequisite, necessary to the morale and efficiency of topflight globe-trotting officials.

German Sportscar Makers Kick the Dinos When They're Down

LONDON—"You can be sure we will treat the brontosaurus with more respect in the future," pledges John Ellner, director of Volkswagen's European ad campaign for the Audi. Under Ellner's direction, ads and TV commercials for months early this year were comparing all Audi's competitor cars to the extinct brontosaurus, attributing all manner of fatal defects to the unfortunate dinosaur and hinting that various other cars would follow it inexorably into oblivion.

A massive public outcry promptly arose against the Audi campaign—though not from rival manufacturers, but from dinosaur devotees. The ads loudly and blatantly proclaimed that the brontosaurus "literally ate itself out of existence" and qualified as "arguably the worst designed creature of all times." According to Ellner's copywriters, "since he could not venture out of his lake on to dry land without collapsing under his own weight, he finally starved in his own empty larder."

"It is an absolutely infamous libel!" exclaimed Dr. Alan Chang, dinosaur czar for the British Museum. The noble bronto actually thrived in high style from 205 million to 65 million years ago. "rather longer than we shall manage, I suspect," snorts Dr. Chang—and never went near the water. "They had claws for gripping hard earth," points out best-selling dino buff John (The Day of the Dinosaur) Man, "and relatively compact feet that would sink into swampy soil, let alone lake bottoms."

The popular notion that the monumental brontos ate themselves to extinction is viewed by most experts as rank small-mammal chauvinism. The bronto was superbly designed on a grand architectural plan, rather like a cathedral: graceful arching ribs that formed a perfect, mutually reinforcing dome, supported by massive pillarlike legs. Its rather abrupt extinction coincided with the disappearance of several other, unrelated species of wildlife, leading scientists to suspect a drastic act of God was responsible—a sudden climate change, reversal of the earth's poles, a gigantic meteor collision. Some have suggested that the appearance, about that time, of flowering plants was the culprit. Many of the new plant species contained jimsonweed-type belladonna alkaloids and may have poisoned nondiscriminating herbivores like the bronto. It has long been suspected that small mammals wiped out the dinosaurs by eating their eggs.

The storm of international outrage forced Ellner to confess to an "unjust libel," but he still maintains that the point of his ads is valid.

Evolution has left man standing on his own two feet, while the brontosaurus disappeared 65 million years ago. Only the fittest or most adaptable survive, and this is true of the car market today.

Still, Great Britain's Advertising Standards Authority is solidly on the bronto's side: "We would not want the image of the dinosaur to be unfairly distorted by advertising," they gravely declare. "If the advertisement is wrong, we will require it to be put right."

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Bedouin Lifestyle Saved by Trucks

DAMASCUS, SYRIA—The movement toward Islamic fundamentalism in the Middle East may have at least one striking short-term benefit: the arrest of the "desertification" process, which in the past generation has destroyed thousands of hectares of previously viable land in the Arab world from Pakistan to Morocco. Believing that agriculture was a better way to exploit land than traditional sheep and camel herding, governments throughout this area had previously tried to progressively "sedentarize" the ancient Bedouin tribes, encouraging them to settle down and begin farming. Unaccountably, though much grazing land merely turned to desert when the flocks were gone, and it was widely predicted that the Bedouins, being somehow unsuitable for farming, would go the way of the North American Indians.

Now international investigators believe that in fact herding exploited the land superbly. Under their traditional *hema* system, each Bedouin tribe was hereditarily allotted a fixed expanse of grazing land. Since incursion into another tribe's grazing plot could incite a nasty feud, and since the Bedouin knew that overgrazing by their own flocks would kill the precious ground cover, they exercised a natural control over the size of their herds. In places where the herds have been dispersed and the ground broken for cultivation, the thin layer of topsoil mixes with the chalk and clay subsoil. The plant cover disappears and the soil eventually erodes.

Dr. Dawn Chatty, a Syrian-American anthropologist who has lived among the al-Fadi and al-Hassan Bedouin of Lebanon's Bika Valley (she is

the first woman anthropologist to do so), believes that the Bedouin themselves are coming to grips with the problem. It is not necessary for pastoralists to settle and become cultivators in order to



How to obey the Prophet—at a profit.

contribute to the regional economy," she points out. Traditional Lebanese camel herders like the al-Fadi and al-Hassan have lately converted to herding sheep, she says, and thus improved not only their own lot but the quality of Lebanese Jordanian and Syrian meat products.

At the beginning of the '70s, Bedouin began buying trucks as they switched to sheep raising. "These trucks have given the Bedouin mobility and independence which was lacking under the old system," Dr. Chatty says in her dissertation *From Camel to Truck*. "Before they were at the mercy of middlemen, and mostly they were underpaid for their animals. Now they are able to transport the sheep to a choice of markets to get the right price for themselves. The same holds for their dairy products. They have learned to time the slaughter and sale of their animals according to the demand for meat. These days some own cheese factories and even invest in real estate."

Land ownership, she emphasizes, doesn't necessarily mean settling down. "A Bedouin does not usually settle on the land and farm it, he will use it to graze the animals or even rent it to others to cultivate."

Dr. Chatty discounts the rising migration of Bedouin to cities like Damascus as a sign that the old nomadic ways are dying. "The core of the population has remained the same over the centuries," she points out. "The Bedouin birthrate has always been high, and modern medicine has cut infant mortality and increased longevity. The result is an excess population, some of whom leave

Central Africa Fears "Once and Future Emperor"

BANGUI, CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC—"For the last three months of the year, I insisted that no one be brutalized," declared president David Dacko toward the end of 1979. "The time is now up."

Coming from any ruler of the Central African Republic, such a comment is inevitably a little bloodcurdling. Dacko succeeded to the presidency here last year after the flight of Jean-Bede Bokassa, who had changed the name of the country to the Central African Empire, inaugurated himself emperor for life in a fantastic medieval-style ceremony and conducted a reign of terror that outdid Idi Amin's rule in nearby Uganda. Among other things, Bokassa was noted for his ritualization of capital punishment for political prisoners, who were commonly compelled to bash each other to death with blunt instruments in stadiums crowded with spectators.

Bokassa was stoutly upheld in office by the French government, former colonial proprietors of Central Africa. The maverick French journal *Le Canard Enchaîné* ("the enchained duck") has published several secret government documents illustrating the close ties between Bokassa and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—including a gift of diamonds from the emperor to Giscard that was never properly accounted for. The French defense ministry openly views Central Africa as integral to its retrenchment of power in Africa, from Chad to Mauritania, and clearly had no qualms about supporting the marauder Bokassa

—until last year.

It was the massacre of the school children that finally sank Bokassa. He had promulgated an edict compelling all students to wear a particular uniform that incorporated a portrait of himself—uniforms made in factories owned by his own family. When children from several Bangui schools demonstrated against the crushing expense of the uniforms last January, scores of them were murdered in cold blood by cops, and scores more were penned up in Ngaragba prison, where political prisoners were routinely tortured and executed; Bokassa himself reportedly participated both in the mass murder and in maltreating the children in jail, where several more died.

Thus, evidently, was too much even for the French. Dacko, a close adviser to Bokassa who had been recently exiled to France, was returned to Bangui by several squads of French paratroopers. Bokassa, given ample warning, fled to the Ivory Coast—another French client nation—and was provided a comfortable haven there. Bokassa's prime minister, Henri Moulou (who had signed the school-uniform decree), was demoted to vice-president under Dacko, and the paratroopers were installed as a permanent security force.

Initially, Dacko was hailed as a sort of liberator. However, when he commenced jailing opposition political figures (the same figures who had opposed Bokassa) and kept on most of the for-

mer emperor's henchmen, many began to smell a rat. Observers now believe that only the presence of the French paratroopers prevents a popular drive to have Dacko himself removed. And as the republic's economic woes continue to mount—the coffee crop has been ample, but the extreme scarcity of gasoline makes a decent harvest impossible—Dacko begins to sound ominously more and more like Bokassa.

David Dacko: *Vive la France!*



and the Koran

for the city

The prosperity of the sheep-raising nomads is also partly accounted for by the superiority of their meat over imported lamb. Says Dr. Chatty

Tests by the American University of Beirut revealed that pen-raised sheep had an astonishing number of intestinal parasites compared with sheep raised on natural grazing. Customers in the Lebanese markets invariably asked for Bedouin meat. It seemed they knew from instinct what the lab results were to prove: The Bedouin produce healthier, tastier meat!

Over the last few decades, the main competition the Bedouin have had to deal with has been

the insistence, by bureaucrats in Damascus and other capitals, that they abandon the *hema* and adopt Western-inspired cultivation schemes. But now, since the *hema* is specifically legislated for in the holy Koran—where the Prophet Muhammad personally sets off the pastures of the Hema Anaquina near Medina for special protection—the Bedouin may enjoy the security of the resurgent Islamic state.

Concludes Dr. Chatty: "The Bedouin are not fading on the vine of 20th-century technology so much as integrating themselves into a changing economy while at the same time keeping a firm hold on their unique lifestyle."

Armies of Coolies Up for Hire

PEKING: Construction contractors around the world are advised that they can now retain a small army of authentic coolies, at exceptionally reasonable rates, within two months of making an agreement with the People's Republic government. The government has proposed to ship populations of unskilled and semiskilled laborers, in teams of hundreds or even tens of thousands at prepaid rates of \$300 to \$500 per worker per month. The workers will put in six-day, 48-hour weeks (with time off only for Chinese New Year observances) and are guaranteed "diligent and obedient to the employer's reasonable instructions and work assignments, as well as abiding by the law in the place of work."

It's expected that most contracts will come from the Middle East where oil money is being channeled now into extensive industrial development, though European and Japanese firms have also been contacted for work gangs. While salary fees are rock-bottom by industry rates, they amount to about ten times a Chinese laborer's usual salary; so even though the Peking government will keep 80 percent of the fees to augment its foreign-currency reserves, workers will effectively double their regular incomes. They will also gain skills in operating heavy machinery and modern construction development to be used whenever China's ready to start development on its own.

Nuke Scramble Perils African Power Grid

DAR ES SALAAM, TANZANIA—The discovery of large uranium deposits in the West African nation of Niger has unsettled observers elsewhere in Africa. Niger, previously one of the most underdeveloped backwaters on the continent, is suddenly being enthusiastically courted by the United States, West Germany, France and the European Economic Community. The desiccated sub-Saharan nation has received so many massive development loans already that many fear that Western interests will wind up controlling Niger and all its resources before long—a neocolonialist syndrome that has been repeated again and again throughout Africa.

"The sharply increased Western scramble to control and exploit Niger's uranium indicates that despite antinuclear movements in many capitalist countries, the Western powers are stockpiling uranium both as fuel for nuclear power plants and for nuclear weapons," observes columnist Obi Bini in the *Tanzanian Daily News*. "Thus, previously neglected territories have suddenly become important."

Great-power competitions over African nations have chronically resulted in brushfire wars, assassinations and the emergence of genocidal dictators propped up by one Western faction or another. France, in particular, currently has troops stationed in many of its former colonies throughout West and Central Africa and is exceedingly likely to garrison Niger at the first opportunity.

A strengthened gendarmerie in this desert

country," notes Obi Bini, "will complete the chain of French military outposts now stretching from Morocco in the northwest to the Central African Republic in the continent's heart to tiny Djibouti in the eastern horn of Africa."

Inflation Begets Celibacy

LAGOS, NIGERIA—Sam Mbakwe, governor of Imo State, has appealed to community elders to put a lid on bride prices, which have spiraled nearly out of sight in the latest inflation binge. "If the trend continues, we are bound to have on our hands many unmarried girls," frets Mbakwe. In 1956, a suitor could score a decent bride for 300 to 500 nairas (about \$560 to \$930), but nowadays it takes 700 to 5,000 nairas before any self-respecting father will let a daughter go, lest the whole town suspect she's damaged goods.

The inflation of morality, Mbakwe estimates, has already prevented more than 20,000 bachelors and spinsters from getting married. The state of affairs has gotten so drastic that suddenly the trend toward women's liberation has been getting an unprecedented welcome hereabouts. Girls who stand up to their fathers, stoutly refusing to be treated as negotiable capital, are much less likely to be beaten for it now.

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Sex Secrets of the Teddy Bear

"The first thing I expect to happen is that they will go off their food," zoo keeper George Callard hopefully speculates. "They may even stop eating the bamboo shoots."

Puberty for pandas is an exceedingly delicate proposition, and so the attendants of young Chua Chua and Chung Chung at the London Zoo are leaving as little as possible to chance. Photos of Chua Chua's pubic upholstery, taken monthly, showed at last reckoning that his furry testicles were about seven centimeters in diameter—still some one-third shy of optimum development. Daily urine samples from both giant pandas, though, show hormone levels gradually approaching proper pucker point, so observers are getting progressively sweaty palms.

The point is to instill in the bears that sense of prickly anticipation. Only some 1,000 giant pandas still subsist in the wilds of China's Szechuan Province, and outside of China so far, not a single



live panda cub has been birthed in captivity.

So as prime time approaches, Chua Chua ("the very best") is being conducted occasionally through his prospective mate's cage, while she's locked elsewhere, to get acquainted with her scent. Soon Chung Chung ("crystal bright") will be introduced to Chua Chua's ambience and if all goes well, they'll presently be allowed to sniff each other in person. And if that still doesn't incite them to prurience, Chung Chung will be gently dosed with aphrodisiac steroids.

Time is of the essence here. Both pandas, gifts from Chairman Mao to Prime Minister Heath in 1974, are getting ripe. But on the other hand, rushing them could be disastrous. Pandas are constitutionally solitary, reclusive creatures, unused to intimacy, and so when the different sexes are forced crudely together they tend to skip lust entirely and settle down companionably in a nonthreatening brother-sister setup.



Bird Bops Boer

The giant bird, says farmer Carel Lotter, crept up behind him unawares whilst he was feeding the ducks, and with one massive blow of its foot pitched him face-first into the pond. Then the killer ostrich leaped full upon him and held him underwater for several thrashing, struggling minutes. Lotter averted drowning only by grasping a floating stick and brauning the bird. He left it dead, and was admitted to the hospital in Nigel, South Africa, with cuts and a bruised back.

Crippled Nun Saves the Day

"You wouldn't be running away from the police, would you?" Sister Mary Vianney, 86, asked the desperate-looking man seeking entrance to the Sacred Heart Convent in Sydney, Australia. She blocked the veranda door with her wheelchair (Sister Mary's right leg having been recently amputated), and left the 53-year-old man crouched in an outer alcove. In fact, the thwarted pseudo-

pilgrim had only just broken loose, with a covey of other badmashes, from a local courthouse, having assaulted two stout constables in the process. When officers arrived at the convent in pursuit, they found him fingering a rosary string and "trying to look inconspicuous."

Bugger Off, Nurse

Physician, Keep to Thyself Dept.: As reported previously in *HIGH TIMES* ("The Planet," June 79) when doctors went on strike in Los Angeles for several weeks in 1976, the local mortality rate dropped by 18 percent. Now U.S. physician Dr. Robert Mendelsohn in his book *Confessions of a Medical Heretic*, offers several other similarly unsettling incidents. When the docs struck in hospitals in Bogotá, Colombia, in 1976, the death rate dropped 34 percent over 52 days. During a month-long Israeli doctor's strike in 1973, the country benefited from an astonishing 50 percent mortality drop.

Ironically, in many cases the docs were protesting the cruel burden of malpractice insurance.



Manna from Israel

Prospectors are still scouring the Sinai Desert for buried treasure, as Israel gradually returns the territory to Egypt. The most fabled prize, for the fortunate finder, may be an \$86,000 Mercedes-Benz, outfitted with television, radiotelephone and bar, believed to have been interred in the Sinai by Bedouin smugglers. Israeli legislator Samuel Flatto-Sharon says his fabulous Mercedes was nipped last year and probably driven by the thieves to Gaza, where it was sold to the Bedouins, who buried it for resale when the territory eventually goes over to Egypt.

Flatto-Sharon launched a federal investigation and now estimates that possibly as many as 140 Mercedes-Benzes have been buried by smugglers in the Sinai, near El Arish, more than 30 have since been exhumed, in fact. It's said that enterprising smugglers have seeded the Sinai with buried stashes of dope, money, linens, TV sets, radios and spare car parts, waiting for Egypt to take over ownership.

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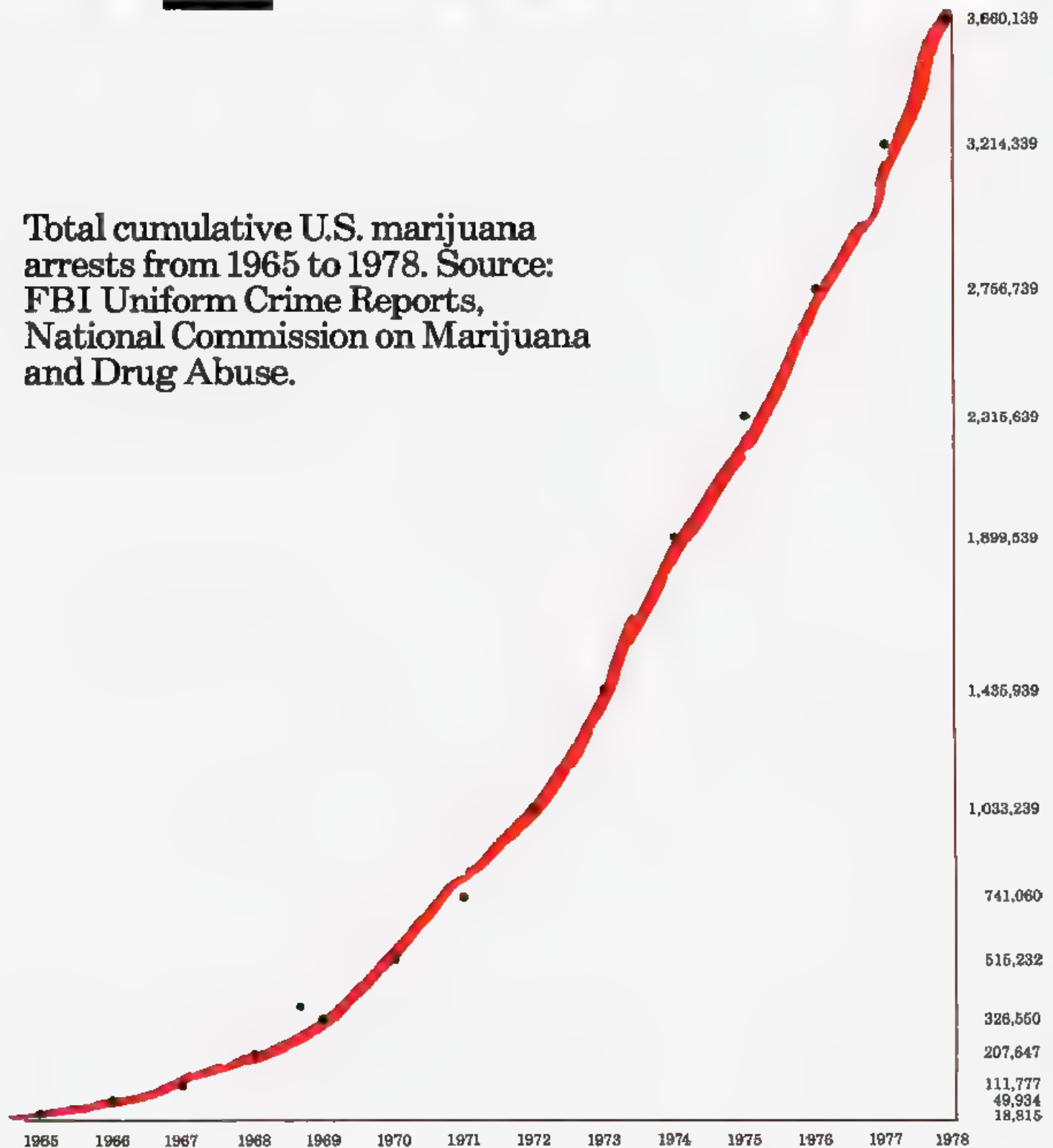
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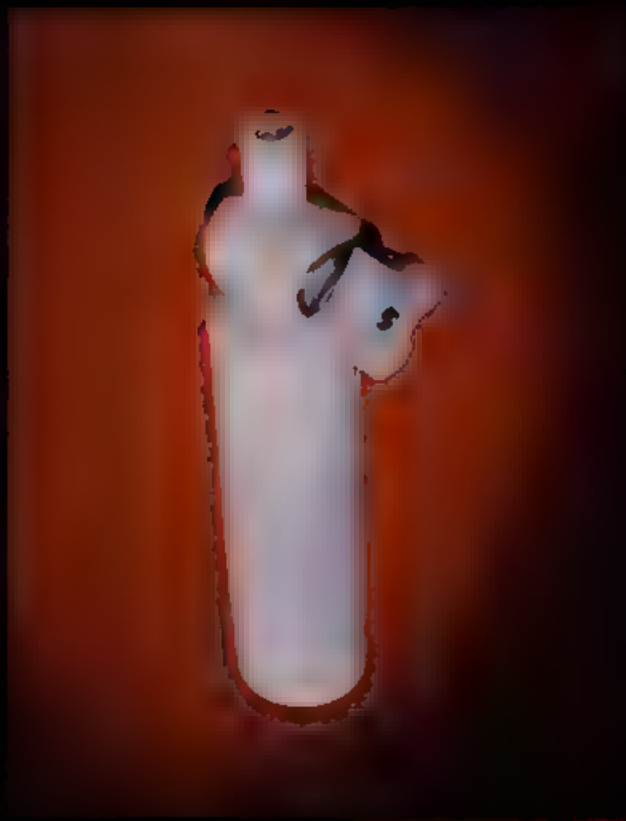


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Kirlian Photography

(continued from page 67)

himself into a potato chip during the process, it might be possible to put a tracer on his aura and see where it goes, but hopefully he will not.

The modern science of electrophotography has borne out instinctive human experience in several ways. The phrase "all lit up," a common phrase for intoxication, is an interesting example: Electrophotographs of the fingertip of an intoxicated subject show great heavy spurges of light clumsily leaking out, an indication that large quantities of energy are being burned up very quickly and exaggeratedly illuminated.

The ancient Chinese meridians in acupuncture, the irrigating junctions of the energy circuits, show up dramatically in Kirlian pictures of the relevant parts of the body. Light squirts out, in stark powerful beams, from the very places indicated as meridians of energy in the traditional acupuncture charts.

The laying on of hands is clearly a benevolent auric transmission. The V sign, or the first and last fingers of one hand splayed toward you as practiced on the Continent, the *mano in fica*, the *mano impudica*, the *mano cornuta*, and the demonic Indian gesture *mudras*, are an attempt to earth you and paralyze you with negative currents.

At the dawn of experience people worshiped things rather than each other (or hypostatized versions of each other). They worshiped them with a curious reverence, rather than raping them with a destructive fetishism. People currently pick on their elders and betters, namely things, like a fractious child molesting and tormenting a peaceful adult in order to get a reaction. Now perhaps things can be seen in a new light.

The science, however, is still in its infancy, and sadly, shortly after its birth, sciolist soul-spirits and hucksters moved in on it with the assiduity of an end-of-the-pier palmist. They sell overpriced Kirlian cameras and woo the unwary

with extremely dubious character studies based on an electrophotograph. At the Kirlian stand at the recent Festival of Mind and Body in London thousands of people queued to have their fingertips photographed and then were lured into shelling out a considerable sum for what sounded to an eavesdropper like a shallow, hazardous and ridiculously generalized analysis.

The left-hand path will surely lead to Kirlian beach photographers and bioplastic photobooths in Woolworth and the right-hand path (or vice versa) to auric bug-ging. If thoughts show up on the auric field then the thought police won't be too long in trying to stitch it all up, so that everyone will be too scared to have any aura at all, and we'll be back to square one. The low-minded subreality putsch. "What my net won't catch simply ain't fish. The spark of life you say? I can't see it. Turn the light on." The middle path shows the way across the Rainbow Bridge.

Our energy is continuous and immoral. Self-absorption short-circuits your field and makes an ugly snap. Auric altruism refreshes the plamsphere and returns your electrons to you at compound interest. See yourself coming in bigger than you were when you went out. Clean your spark plugs, Nosferatu Nerdniks. Ye that are heavy laden, rip off your clothes, rise up and bathe the world in light. The Recording Angel's got a Polaroid. Where are the Kirlian clapper boards? Akashic flashers, unsheath your auric fronds and let it all hang out so far you gotta pump air into it. Click. Click. Take infinity!

Go with the glow and renew the glue that sticks everything together. Cosmic superglue. Let your light so shine before men... Sickness is pulling the plugs out on it all. If you keep your aura to yourself you won't have one. If you rip off something or someone else's the farce will desert you. Crown King Thung. The aura bomb has been detonated. Our energy is continuous and immortal. Fiat lux in the unfucked flux. ■

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THE PRIMORDIAL NIXON

(continued from page 19)

night did the news arrive that King Richard III had been butchered on Bosworth Field, leagues and leagues away in Leicestershire, by the new king, Henry VII, earlier that afternoon.

It was a big deal, the upstart Tudor dynasty wiping out the God's Anointed Plantagenets, full worthy to inflict a clairvoyant vision on the brain of a moron. If psi phenomena exist, this is probably how they work. And of course, when word got to King Henry about it, he was unspeakably flattered, and resolved to set up this Nixon loon as his court seer.

Which provided the occasion for Nixon's second straight prophetic ring-snag. No sooner was the invitation out of the king's mouth down in Westminster, they say, than leagues away, up in Cheshire, Nixon took to flopping around like a chicken with its head cut off, shrieking that he was doomed shortly to be clammed to death.

This has a nauseating ring of authenticity about it. Because, as it developed, the king dragged poor Nixon to Westminster over his better judgment, and set him up there in high style. The idiot was given swell clothes and swanky quarters, and a horde of stenographers trailed him day and night to transcribe the gibberish that spilled from his lips. He was victualled handsomely, and ate like there was no tomorrow—yes, he was definitely on the quiver—and sure enough, ere long all the court flunkies despised him monumentally.

And yup, by and by King Henry leaves for a prolonged hunting expedition, chuckling paternalistically at Nixon's wretched pleas to be taken along. No, no, they put daft Robert in the care of the palace staff, who torment him unmercifully with ribald jests and practical jokes. And behold, the royal chamberlain, having pity on the youth, stows him in protective detention, in a palace closet. An urgent summons arrives: The chamberlain is to hie to Winchester forthwith, on the king's business. He forgets all about Nixon, takes off, and returns in three days to find him still in the closet, dead as a doornail—clammed to death, even as he foretold.

Both Mackay and Oldmixon attribute Nixon's ghastly demise to starvation. But they both also remark he was "fat as an alderman," and was only in stir three days, so that's not really too likely. It might more reasonably be deduced that Nixon, with his primordial horror of being clammed, was claustrophobic, and croaked from the stark horrors of close confinement.

If so, he croaked within the very seat of English might and power, surrounded by all the appurtenances of Renaissance majesty, but unable to use any of it to save his own fat arse. In anyone else this would evoke compassion and remorse. But this creep just had a lousy name, is all. ☐



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Mr. Randall Goes to Washington

(continued from page 47)

(OSS) and the Central Intelligence Agency, in their search for a mind-control drug. This valuable store of data on marijuana and specially prepared cannabis extracts was destroyed in 1973 when retiring CIA director Richard Helms ordered all mind-control files shredded.

Of course, the federal government's ironclad control over marijuana's availability for medical study did nothing to discourage the drug's social use. By the mid 1960s, millions of white, middle-class youths were turning on. Citing these patterns of accelerating social use, Pres. Richard Nixon called for an even more comprehensive system of federal controls. His vehicle was the Uniform Controlled Dangerous Substances Act, drafted in 1970, a year after the Supreme Court ruled the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 was unconstitutional because it was based on double jeopardy.

The Controlled Substances Act creates five distinct classes or schedules of regulation. Marijuana was placed on Schedule I, the most restrictive classification possible, along with drugs such as heroin and LSD-25. Schedule I substances, legally defined as "without accepted medical value," are said to have a "high potential for abuse." As such, the medical use of Schedule I drugs is forbidden. Research on cannabis is possible, but only after such study has been subjected to review and approval by federal drug-abuse agencies.

The Drug Enforcement Administration, a progeny of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and a police agency of the Department of Justice, administers the Controlled Substances Act. The FDA has the authority to determine a drug's classification and the DEA enforces the determination through the power of arrest. Charged with regulating the security that surrounds Schedule I substances, the DEA can veto any program of cannabis study it deems "inappropriate."

To make marijuana available for officially sanctioned research while respecting Schedule I prohibitions against the plant's therapeutic use, the FDA has declared marijuana a new drug. As a new drug marijuana is regulated under the Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act and researchers must comply with the agency's complex Investigational New Drug (IND) procedures. Through the IND process, the FDA has the power to accept or reject, advance, delay, adjust or amend any proposed program of study involving marijuana. A third federal agency, the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), enjoys an exclusive monopoly over the legal cultivation of marijuana in the United States. NIDA functions as the federal government's marijuana drugstore, and manages federal funds available for the study of drug

(continued on page 104)

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TRIPLE VISION



SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT, by Robert Anton Wilson (New York: Pocket Books, \$2.50).

Thus is bound to become one of those legendary books that are rumored to have strange effects on their readers. When word gets around, it'll have a reputation for inducing a higher, "enlightened" state in many of those who read it. Merely knowing this, unfortunately, will prevent some people from getting such a high out of reading the book. If you strain too hard trying to figure out the Hidden Meaning of every other syllable, then nothing very special at all may happen. Just relax, enjoy and keep in mind that some of the changes in your brain will take place without your awareness, at least for now. But whether or not you happen to attain any immediate, major peak experiences as a result of reading Schrödinger's Cat, you'll still find that it's at least as entertaining as it is bizarre.

The novel is based on a theory in quantum physics that, if true, would mean that ours is not the only universe. Wilson explores three universes. Each one is similar to ours, but just different enough to make a difference. While ostensibly showing us what happens in these other worlds, he uses the opportunity to describe several alternative directions our own future may take, ranging from sudden, complete disaster to success. He also conveys a strong sense of how things really are if the overlapping universe theory is true, primarily by his peculiar semilinear style. The book doesn't flow smoothly in a line from the

first word straight to the last. Instead, channels change rapidly, as if we're watching several shows at once on a single TV set. We find out enough to know what's happened on one since we last switched away from it and then we're swept along to another.

Each chapter begins with a quotation calculated to blow at least some of the readers' minds. Many of these quotations have been altered, or are attributed to the wrong sources. A few of them are completely fictitious. However, some of the most startling are genuine. All of this playing around with words is intended to help raise the consciousness of the readers to a higher state than they would otherwise enjoy. Anyone familiar with Wilson's previous works knows he likes to try and "illuminate" people with this sort of Zen-like epistemological slap-in-the-face technique. But illumination doesn't necessarily mean everything is spelled out. Like a mystery writer, the author plants a number of teasing hints that Something Else is lurking between the lines. Unlike an ordinary mystery, however, not all of the puzzles are solved for you at the end.

Wilson tells some of his stories by looking out at the world through the eyes of very different people, along with some non-human beings, who are followed through various inner changes. You may despise some of the characters into whose shoes he ships you, but you'll certainly understand them from the inside. Moreover, in

doing this, Wilson makes a point of importance to all budding perception engineers. Your consciousness is not rooted to the universe directly. Instead, you interact with the world through the medium of a nervous system. So no matter how "objective" you may try to be, you can't actually experience reality as it is, but only as your nervous system processes it. The way you distort incoming signals depends on such variables as your genetic makeup, upbringing, mood and chemical input. Even though some of these factors are beyond your control, others can be altered at will, resulting in corresponding changes in the way your universe looks and feels. In other words, "reality" can be to a great degree whatever you want it to be. Also, it means there are as many different universes as there are conscious beings. So even though some physicist in the future may disprove the multiple universe theory, the idea is still meaningful in this other sense.

Although it isn't necessary to have a degree in physics to enjoy Schrödinger's Cat, Wilson does add a "guide for the perplexed" at the end. Aside from explaining some of the heavier scientific stuff, this glossary strikes a sudden contrast with the rest of the book. It serves as a final reminder that what you've finished reading wasn't just an overimaginative psychedelic fable. It could've really happened, maybe even so close to home as in the universe next door.

—Roman Constantine

UTOPIA FOR SWINGERS

TETRARCH, by Alex Comfort (Boulder, Colorado: Shambhala Publ., \$12.95).

Thus, says the hype slip from the Random House distributors, is what Alex Comfort's been up to since *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy of Sex*. In fact it reads precisely like the idle amusement of a 60-ish British professor type who finds himself with lots of leisure time, piles of bread, and publishers slaving to print anything he will put his best-selling name to. Writing this must have been heaps of fun, especially the pure sword-and-sorcery parts, with the outlandish William Rice Burroughs critters and the good gory butchery. But it's mainly a real chore to read, and only a kind of intellectual morbid fascination will keep you going back to it, laying it down in annoyance and embarrassment, and then opening it gingerly again, until it's done.

Dr. Plinth-Garnell of "Saturday Night Live" ought to feature *Tetrarch* as the epitome of Bad Art in the utopian-fantasy genre. Every irritating cliché that might attend the instructive adventures of a lusty young swain and a buxom maid in a looking-glass fairytale crops up here, with really astonishing dependability. One minute the narrator-hero is computer-translating Linear A for a stuffy Scots university and next moment he's decked out in medieval light-

cavalry gear astride a gigantic carnivorous horse, his main squeeze with him wearing "slave girl" ankle chains. They encounter such dreadful creatures as the Avuncular Sage, one Thaspis, who patiently lectures them for whole chapters about alternative modes of perception and being; and also the Gruff Realist, one General Kari, whose job is to protect the lotus-eating realm of Thaspis (which resembles nothing so much as the campus of an expensive private university) from its patently nonilluminated enemies.

Given all this, you have to know exactly how the plot proceeds: intermittent spasms of sex and blood and thunder alternating with long enervating screeds of didactic dialogue twist skeptical young hero and patient old father figure. Every time Dr. Comfort's characters deliver themselves of a half chapter of straight philosophic drone, they take up nearly half as much space again in ribbing each other good-naturedly about their crushing seriousness. Cracks Thaspis at one such point, "If you want to write a book on phenomenological ontology, do, but I'm about to do your Ph.D. thesis for you." In this novel, that's comic relief.

Sex abounds, inevitably, but mainly in the far abstract. The swain and maid fall into this uncommonly dreary rabbit hole

while acting out a rather pedestrian S&M fantasy, and they eventually finish it up, too, learning in the process what they evidently hadn't known: There's lots more to good lovemaking than wicked fantasies (although to be sure, fantasies are okay too between intelligent consenting adults!). Neither character, frankly, projects any sexual interest for the reader, nor any real personality, either.

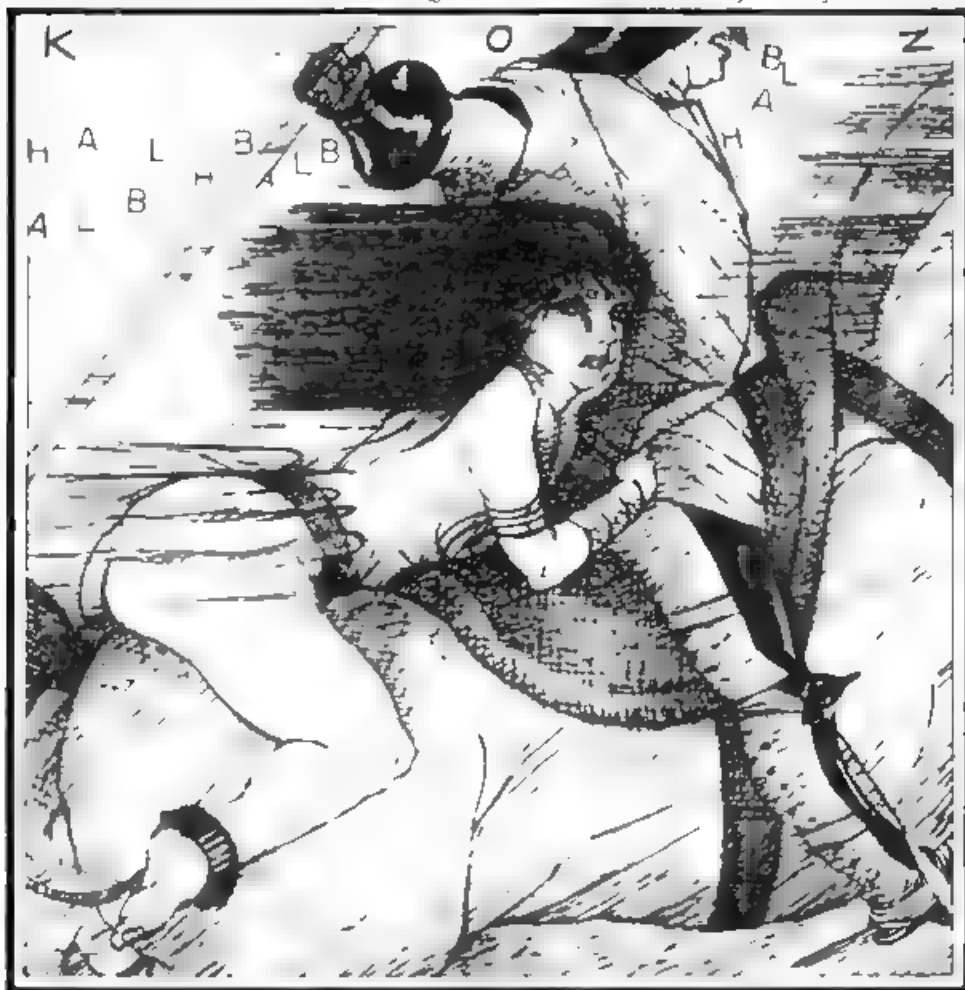
The world into which they are translated is sort of interesting, kind of along the lines of a London *Sunday Times* crossword puzzle. Dr. Comfort appears to be concocting an orthodox spiritualist doctrine here, copping loosely related speculations from Emanuel Swedenborg, Aleister Crowley, Zen and Yoga, various Renaissance alchemists and, inevitably, William Blake. Murky spiritualist shibboleths like Urizen the demigod, the riding chalicothere and amnesia-inducing nepenthe are all quite concrete in Comfort's netherworld, and so are a lot of other balmy spiritualist-type conventions no one ever heard of, which seem to be "remembered" by Comfort's "Adepts" anytime something new is needed to balance out this creaky cosmology.

Withal, there are some genuinely intriguing notions here. Thaspis's lotus-eaters are imperiled by a neighboring kingdom (blatantly inner-city) of smoggy overindustrialized, frightfully goal-oriented nonvegetarian crypto-Nazis called Verulans (they eat women for kicks, which evidently makes them deserving of lynching even in illuminated Comfortland). Verulans have nukes, but the lotus-eaters handily vanquish them with "aegises"—sort of electrified billboards, illustrated with strobing mandalas designed to trigger off short circuits in the beholders' brain wiring, inflicting on them disorienting optical illusions, migrainelike retinal moiré patterns, instinctive terror and nausea. While this might not really work too good on a pro battlefield, the principle is absolutely sound and could come in very handy for urban crowd-control strategists. Next time you go to a draft riot, wear your shades.

And Comfort's never-never land has plenty of splendid monsters in it, inhabiting a superbly described landscape ranging from glorious jungle to lunar volcanic wasteland. His characters, Plinth-Garnell would declare with placid revulsion, really bite the big one, but his nonhuman stuff is just grand. Tolkien he ain't—if anything, Comfort's etymological horseplay is even more intrusive and stupefying—but if he ever wanted to jettison all the phenomenological ontology, Dr. Comfort could clearly produce something worthy of a paperback cover by Frank Frazetta.

As it is, *Tetrarch* here is rather like Joseph Smith's *Book of Mormon*, with a little *Joy of Sex* dished in between the chapter and verse. I did find it genuinely hard to put down for very long at a stretch—but then, the TV was busted that night.

—Dean Latimer



DAN MITRIONE WAS HUMAN, TOO

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HIDDEN TERRORS, by A.J. Langguth (New York: Pantheon Books, \$3.95). "This



is a hard job, and somebody has to do it," The Dan Mitche who was played by Yves Montand in *State of Siege* would never have uttered anything so banal and quizzical about his profession as latter-day Torquemada, which is

why the movie was such unpersuasive propaganda. In this book we get the real Mitri-one in his total human dimensions, as American as you or I, a big, fat, upward-mobile, second-generation Italian-American (a life spent among hyphens) with an enormous Illinois family to nourish and a civil-service job that didn't pay off on half what he put into it.

The humanizing of Dan Mitrione occupies the first eighth of this book, his friends and family in Rockford, his adventures in Kessler's Sporting Goods and International Harvester, so heavily American he becomes another kind of cipher, changing from arch torturer of the American Imperium to another mildly unpleasant suburban fat ass. Even the grief and anxiety of his family during his 1970 kidnapping, which is portrayed with absolute compassion by Langguth, ultimately amounts to a perplexed resentment and sniveling, which is precisely the way Americans always react when those greasers down there get out of hand. When the story moves skillfully from the Mitrione family saga into the geopolitical maneuverings of the United States in Latin America during the '60s, you move with it into that cesspool happily; now it's getting interesting.

It's true, y'know, we do have a rash tendency to blame the CIA for every sordid atrocity that transpires among the greasers down there. In truth, Mitrione was just a cop working for the Office of Public Safety (OPS), a State Department euphemism so far down the list of U.S. espionage longs that to the CIA, Mitrione was lower than snau shit under a horse turd. OPS agents, mainly huck cops like Dan here, merely taught local police in places like Uruguay, Greece, Iran and so on how to torture people effectively without killing them prematurely, and supplied them with multipurpose field telephone kits stamped with the USAID flag design. The OPS was about the first CIA cover to be tossed to the liberal wolves during the 1974 reforms; by then its agents were held in such massive contempt by the U.S. law-enforcement bureaucracy that the only place they could get rehired was the Drug Enforcement Administration.

So the OPS is dead now (interestingly, lots of local U.S. police stations have lately been euphemizing themselves as "Public Safety Centers"), leaving mainly a lot of old Amnesty International torture records that turn your glands to quicksilver to read. Probably the crowning achievement of this book is how Langguth can describe torture sessions as real events, incidents that occur among human beings. He can humanize Mitrione, and he can even convey Mitrione's profession in terms understandable to ordinary people.

The cops who ran the torture detail on Rio's Isle of Flowers, for instance, were mainly political appointees, middle-class types with decent educations and decidedly cultural leanings. After buzzing a prisoner's sex organs for the first three days of routine, noninterrogatory "softening," they tended to fancy they'd been properly introduced, and dropped by the cells afterward for occasional conversation with their college-educated peers: "I never have anything to talk about with these other torturers."

"I'm a serious professional," one guaranteed a student rebel between sessions. "After the revolution, I will be at your disposal to torture whom you like."

He probably will be, too. Torture is so especially horrid, it may turn out to be impossible to stem the cycle of revenge-for-revenge-for-revenge for it. The point is, it was U.S. civil-service schlepps like Mitrione who first institutionalized torture in Latin American jails in the '60s. They justified it with a typically American banality: Isn't a cop justified in working over a prisoner if there's a kidnapped 12-year-old girl out there whose life might depend on it? So to this day we have teenage posterhangers in Santiago being routinely buggedgered with electrified cattle prods because of some early-'60s American wet dream of Fidel Castro menacing one of the then-pubescent Midwestern daughters of Dan Mitrione. Yanks are just the nicest people around!

Mitrione was a real angel himself, from all accounts. Evidently he put more emphasis on psychological terrorism homosexual molestation of prisoners and such, and advocated outright torture mainly after the questioning proper, to deter the greasers from further political activity. Clearly he lacked a suitable political head himself: he had the very poor judgment to torture the girl friend of the Montevideo police commissioner at one point, which is how the dirt on him eventually got out. Mitrione was not Yves Montand doing James Bond, nothing like it, just a guy with a big family working toward his pension. It all came very naturally to him. His secret for keeping a prisoner from succumbing to the luxury of despair during a torture session, for example, is the American attitude toward greasers everywhere, in a nutshell. "Always leave them some hope, a distant light."

—Mark Swain

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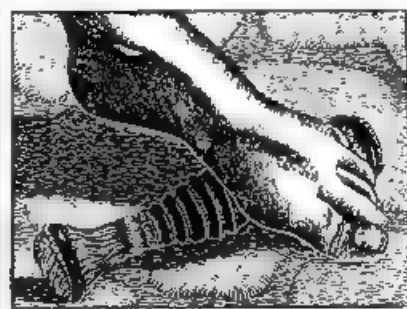
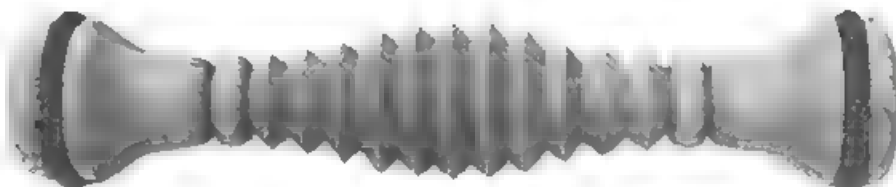
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Mr. Randall Goes to Washington

(continued from page 99)

abuse. By exercising its dual authority over marijuana supplies and research funds, NIDA has a direct influence on the design and direction of marijuana's evaluation. Thus, to obtain access to federal stocks of cannabis, a licensed physician (or a state) must request and receive supplies of marijuana from NIDA, comply with FDA procedures and satisfy DEA Schedule I security requirements.

In the past decade the federal government has spent more than \$40 million on marijuana-related research. Yet less than \$1 million has gone into the exploration of the potentially beneficial applications of cannabis. The vast bulk of funds and research has gone instead into a deliberate effort to scientifically and medically demonstrate that marijuana is a drug of abuse.

Under the Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act, only two essential criteria qualify a substance as a medicine. First, it must be "safe" relative to the disease being treated; second, it must be "effective" in providing patients relief.

Since 1970 federal drug-abuse agencies have been aware of marijuana's potential use in the treatment of glaucoma. In that year researchers at UCLA accidentally discovered that cannabis lowered eye pressure. By September 1971 Dr. Robert Hepler communicated an outline of the UCLA findings to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Hepler wrote, "The purpose of this letter is to present preliminary data concerning the most impressive changes observed so far, namely, a substantial decrease in intraocular pressure [following the use of marijuana]. The possible implications," he stressed, "including... therapeutic action in the treatment of glaucoma are obvious."

While Hepler continued his work without funds, other short-term studies, some unauthorized, rechecked his findings and reached the same conclusion. By 1975 Hepler informed NIDA that "marijuana produces a consistent, dose-related, clinically significant reduction in intraocular pressure."

University of Georgia at Athens researcher Dr. Keith Green, approaching the question from a different perspective, reached the same conclusion. In 1976 Green told reporters, "Marijuana is as good as, if not better than, any existing glaucoma-control drug."

The federal response to these important medical discoveries was nonexistent. Even my court victory demonstrating marijuana's potential value in the treatment of glaucoma in 1976 failed to ignite interest. NIDA, for example, funded no glaucoma-related research in 1976, 1977 or 1978.

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In late 1978, the National Eye Institution (NEI) publicly announced it would fund study in this area. At present NEI tells reporters there are five federally approved programs of study. NEI fails to point out that none of these programs is funded and that three are in various stages of suspension. My private program of medical care and a second single patent constitute the remaining two studies reported by NEI. Thus, a decade after Dr. Robert Hepler discovered the link between cannabis and reduced intraocular pressure, only two glaucoma patients in the United States are legally receiving marijuana.

Thus same pattern of neglect toward marijuana's medical use is not confined to glaucoma, but extends across a wide range of inquiry. Dr. Norman Zinberg and Dr. Stephen Sallan, of Harvard University and the Sidney Faber Cancer Center respectively, became intrigued when cancer patients who smoked marijuana reported less nausea and vomiting following chemotherapy. Working without funds they clinically analyzed these "anecdotal accounts" and found marijuana was an effective antiemetic. Moreover, Zinberg and Sallan learned what to most social marijuana smokers is obvious: Marijuana stimulates the appetite. Cancer patients who smoked marijuana got the "munchies," ate well and maintained their weight during chemotherapy.

By 1978, Zinberg and Sallan reported their findings to the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Sallan, who has continued his research, says, "To have less anxiety, little vomiting and a better appetite takes care of many of the toxic side effects of chemotherapy."

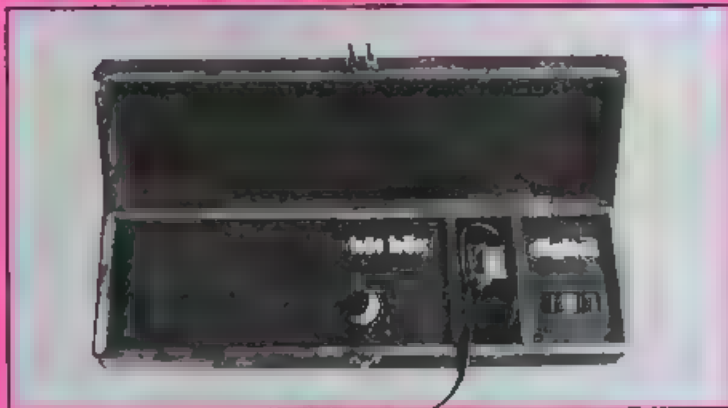
Ann Guttentag, a 53-year-old Pennsylvania cancer patient, agrees. "Without marijuana I doubt I would have made it this far." Mrs. Guttentag calls Compazine, the antiemetic her physician prescribed, "a real dud. It made me feel doozy and didn't work. I would vomit for hours. But with marijuana I just take a few puffs and the nausea and vomiting goes away. My appetite returns and I raid the refrigerator." With the help of her doctor Mrs. Guttentag is now seeking federal permission to smoke marijuana legally. "I just don't like getting my medicine off the streets," she says.

Physicians whose patients smoke marijuana face a compromising dilemma. A Washington, D.C., oncologist who asked not to be identified laments, "What am I supposed to do? Call the cops? Tell my patients to stop smoking? Not when the patients know marijuana works and they know that I know it works. I tell them to keep puffing. I'm a doctor, not a policeman."

With all the evidence, both clinical and anecdotal, from cancer and glaucoma patients and their physicians demonstrating marijuana's medical value, why is cannabis being denied to those who might benefit?

The Drug Enforcement Administration argues it is a police agency, not a medical

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clearinghouse. The Food and Drug Administration describes its role as "passive" and notes it has no funds to pursue marijuana's medical use. The National Institute on Drug Abuse says its responsibilities are limited to evaluating a drug's "abuse potential," not its therapeutic value.

Dr. Sidney Cohen, a longtime investigator of illicit drugs, told *Psychology Today* in 1978, "It is not necessary to be a masochist to study marijuana, but it certainly helps." Cohen then listed 11 federal and state agencies involved in certifying, licensing, supplying and approving his marijuana-related research. Another physician familiar with this intimidating, multi-bureaucratic system of controls came away with "a gut feeling the federal government does not want anything positive to come out on marijuana."

This same system of regulatory disincentives is now being deployed against those states that have legalized marijuana's therapeutic use. Last December, Barbara Weiner, an official of the Illinois Dangerous Drug Commission, complained, "The federal government is speaking with so many different, often conflicting voices, it is nearly impossible for the states to divine an appropriate remedy."

Even if the states penetrate these regulatory barriers, their efforts may prove futile. Since 1976 the quality and quantity of federal supplies of marijuana have declined dramatically. Indeed, NIDA has so mismanaged the nation's only legal marijuana drugstore that the federal cupboard is bare.

By conservative estimate 1.5 to 2 million glaucoma and cancer patients reside in the 20 states that have already recognized marijuana's medical value. Even under the most restrictive programs of access, 150,000 to 400,000 individuals are legally qualified to receive access to marijuana. Yet in the face of rapidly accelerating demands and despite dire warning of an impending supply crisis, NIDA actually reduced the size of the 1979 crop to a mere three acres. Federal officials continue to reassure the states that supplies are adequate to meet "any conceivable need." But by mid 1979 the supply shortage was so acute that Dr. Seymour Perry, chairman of a Carter-appointed interagency committee, admitted that NIDA could meet the medical needs of fewer than 250 individuals.

NIDA is now offering the states a consolation prize: a synthetic marijuana substitute called delta-9 THC. Despite the fact that THC is more psychoactive than real marijuana and medically inferior in terms of the relief it provides, NIDA is aggressively pushing THC. A "pot pill," even if ineffective, is more bureaucratically pleasing than having to admit that real marijuana has real medical value.

Several states, sensing these trends, have sought to avoid the red-tape run-around. If NIDA fails to make good on its promise of adequate supplies both Iowa

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and Michigan have threatened to use confiscated (state-owned) marijuana. Oregon may abandon federal control completely and establish an intrastate program of cultivation and distribution.

Washington will not look kindly on such innovative approaches. Control over supplies of marijuana is the last means by which federal agencies can manipulate the issue and the legality of intrastate solutions is uncertain. Indeed, only one thing seems certain: Patients, promised medical access to marijuana under state laws, are being deprived of marijuana by an entrenched federal bureaucracy terrified by the prospects of change.

Unable to obtain marijuana legally, seriously ill patients are resorting to the illegal, unregulated black market for relief. According to *American Medical News*, "thousands—and perhaps tens of thousands—of glaucoma and cancer patients across the country" are medicating themselves with marijuana. As bureaucrats bicker and interagency committees meet patients, physicians and health-care professionals are stumbling through a legal no-man's-land, making do with what is available.

Should marijuana be released for medical applications? To thousands of patients, their families and physicians, this is like asking if the pope is Polish. The federal government may pretend marijuana is as mysterious as the planet Mars, but marijuana's ability to reduce intraocular pressure, reduce the nausea and vomiting associated with chemotherapy, and control the spasticity generated by certain types of multiple sclerosis is obvious to many patients without a day of medical training. As long as the federal government retards research it can inversely argue there is not enough data to reach a conclusion. As long as "anecdotal accounts" are greeted with the same neglect given "folk medicine" (that vast 5,000-year period immediately preceding the Marijuana Tax Act in 1937), the prohibition will remain in force.

Two generations—four decades—of Americans have already suffered unnecessary pain or blindness due to federal interference in marijuana's medical evaluation. Perhaps it is time to consider a fresh approach. The state laws now being enacted beckon toward a more reasonable and responsible policy. But these actions will remain unfulfilled gestures until substantive reform occurs in Washington and in the philosophies of abuse that dominate bureaucratic interests. Until congressional action revamps existing policies, bureaucratic assumptions centering on marijuana's social use will continue to condemn seriously ill citizens to a choice between unnecessary physical injury and violating the law. This choice, really no choice at all, has been made. Patients are smoking marijuana. The only question is When will they be allowed to buy medication in pharmacies instead of on the streets? ■

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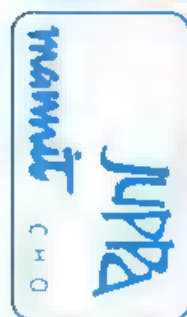


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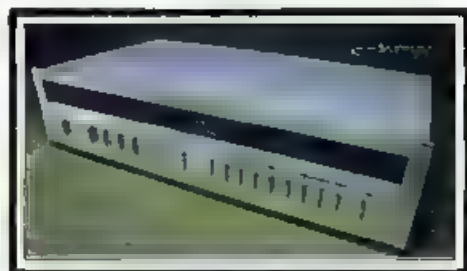


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HIDDEN CREEK™ Magic Mushroom Farms are easier, faster and far more productive than any of the mushroom-growing 'kits' on the market today and best of all: **SUCCESS IS GUARANTEED!**

PSI ENERGY™... A natural path to a new experience from Hidden Creek, the magic mushroom people who are forever keeping your mind in mind.

DELUXE MATIAS ROMERO MAGIC MUSHROOM FARM

Two tubes of **MATIAS ROMERO** mycelial Superstarter and six growing chambers \$45

ECONOMY MATIAS ROMERO MAGIC MUSHROOM FARM

One tube of **MATIAS ROMERO** mycelial Superstarter and three growing chambers \$30

DELUXE RENAISSANCE CUBENSIS MAGIC MUSHROOM FARM

Two tubes of **RENAISSANCE** mycelial Superstarter and three growing chambers \$40

ECONOMY RENAISSANCE CUBENSIS MAGIC MUSHROOM FARM

One tube of **RENAISSANCE** mycelial Superstarter and three growing chambers \$25

For more complete information on mushroom growing, read:

Magic Mushroom Cultivation by Steven H. Pollock, MD \$6

A la Carte Superstarters single tube or 2 for

MATIAS ROMERO mycelial Superstarter (Oaxacan Superstar—variety of *cubensis*) \$25 \$40

RENAISSANCE *cubensis* mycelial Superstarter \$20 \$35

and these Exotic Psi Energy Superstarters new from Hidden Creek!

Prima Donna CAMOTE™ ("2 in 1") Superstarter (Psilocybe tampanensis cloned mycelia) \$95 \$150

SUPER CYAN™ Superstarter (Psilocybe cyanescens cloned mycelia) \$40 \$70

HAWAIIAN CYAN™ Superstarter (Panaeolus cyanescens cloned mycelia) \$40 \$70

SUPER SUBB™ Superstarter (Panaeolus subbalteatus cloned mycelia) \$40 \$70

SUPER CYAN™

Our *Psilocybe cyanescens* Superstarter is the finest and most intense of over 20 strains tested.



Super Cyan

HAWAIIAN CYAN™

The named Hawaiian *Panaeolus cyanescens* Superstarter makes this outstanding tropical species easy to grow.



Hawaiian Cyan

SUPER SUBB™

Now you can grow *Panaeolus subbalteatus* mushrooms with our strongly bluing Superstarter!



Super Subb

Prima Donna CAMOTE™

("2 in 1") Superstarter. With our magic *Psilocybe tampanensis* cloned Superstarter you can grow both

COSMIC CAMOTE™

nuggets and

PRIMA DONNA™

mushrooms

and then discover

for yourself an

extra natural source of

PSI Energy.



Prima Donna

COSMIC CAMOTE™

New to science! Superlantic Metagalactic Stone of Ages. Truly a Philosopher's Stone more precious than gold!



Cosmic Camote

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They're on a mission from God.**



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Executive Producer BERNIE BRILLSTEIN

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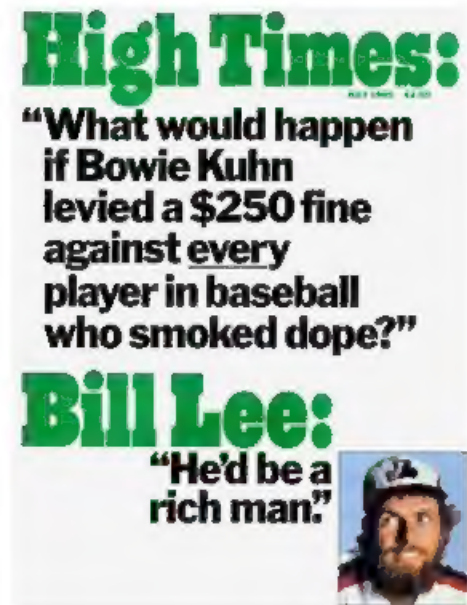
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High Times

JULY 1980



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